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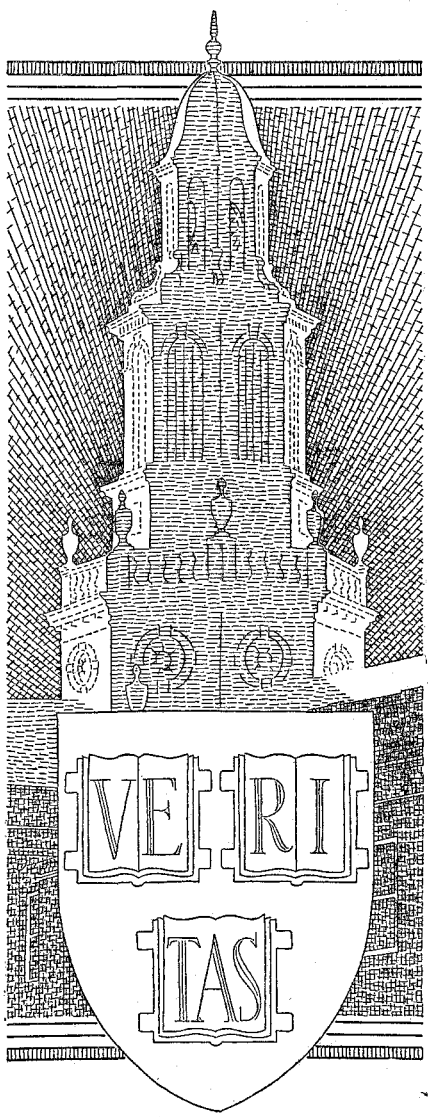

Faces are not empty masks of stone,
Graven once and charactered for time.
Mark this printed record of our own;
Mark, and note the moral of this rhyme.
H. T. PULSIFER.

Twenty-Fifth Reunion

By John R. Tunis

Thousands of college men and women are celebrating this June a quarter of a century in the "fellowship of educated men." Five hundred Harvard men of the class of 1911 here record their biographies and their reactions to the world of today. Mr. Tunis's study of his classmates reveals much that is striking and significant

THE Harvard stadium, not as the football crowds see it under November skies, but a-flutter with streamers and banners in the tense heat of a Cambridge June afternoon. Before thousands of their friends and families in summery attire, the sons of Harvard are marching to the sounds of many bands into the enclosure. Undergraduates first: freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, next our class, the seniors, trying hard not to look self-conscious and silly in our caps and gowns. We march in and stand watching the long procession, the ten-year men in red-striped blazers, the fifteen-year men in sailor blouses, the twenty-five-year graduates preceded by a long procession of children, two stalwart youngsters in front carrying a huge red banner with the class numerals.

It's difficult for us not to look upon these old men with a touch of pity. By the time a man has been twenty-five years out of college, life has practically finished. We wonder whether we'll ever be as old as that. Seems unlikely. Because most of them are the age of our fathers, in fact one or two are our fathers. Several are actually grandfathers. Well, they look it.

For instance, that old fellow on the end of the line there. In a way, he resembles me, or what I might possibly be like in, say, fifty years. But probably I'd never look as old as that. Gives one the creeps to see him. He has on flannel trousers, a blazer, and the class hatband on his straw hat. . . .

Good God, it *is* me. And the fat man beside me is Jim Turnbull who roomed across the way senior year, and the careworn old man is George Judd. And there's Arthur Sweetser, and Laurence Winship and Bill Taussig . . . we aren't seniors just taking our degree. We're twenty-five years out of college. We are the reunion class.

These old men marching into the stadium are myself and my classmates. Twenty-five years ago this month we joined the fellowship of educated men and set out in the world. I look about and wonder. What that twenty-five years has done to us is plain enough in our faces. What have we done with twenty-five years? Have we produced any really distinguished men? Have we given such service to state and nation as our advantages would imply? What have we accomplished for our fellow citizens? How much original thinking have we contributed to a suffering world, what scientific discoveries have we made, what have we given to the professions, to music, to the fine arts? In a word, what have we done with twenty-five years and our education at Harvard University?

II

Our class is a fine cross-section of men to study. In the first place, we were an average, not an extraordinary group. If we had no dissensions, we had no amazing record in college, no illustrious intellectuals, no All-American athletes, nothing to mark us specially from other like bodies. For instance, in my own profession we can show only two or three average men, whereas the class of 1910 produced Jack Reed, Heywood Broun, Walter Lippmann, Stuart Chase, Alan Seegar, and T. S. Eliot. In the next place, those who graduated from American universities in the second decade of the twentieth century have been living in the most interesting

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as well as the most turbulent period of our civilization. For better or worse we passed through two great catastrophes, the Great War and the Great Depression. The effects of these events on our personal histories will be plain in the following pages.

The first thing noticed as you study the class is that we have kept up the tradition of Harvard individualism. Among us are all kinds and conditions of men: a past national Commander of the American Legion, a former president of the New York Stock Exchange, a radio announcer, a grand potentate of the largest lodge of Elks, a bank president in Manhattan, the greenskeeper of a golf course, a machinist, the head of the biggest coal company in the country, an official of the League of Nations, Bowery bums and cabinet officers, railway mail clerks and editors of metropolitan newspapers, an owner of a dog-wagon and a president of a university, boondogglers and a man who calls himself a capitalist, a foreman in a cotton mill, members of the Harvard Club of Sing Sing, free-thinkers, ministers of every denomination, Christian Science practitioners, Communists and Ogden Mills liberals, one hard-boiled Bostonian who believes in Roosevelt and many who are unable to mention the present Administration without calling the President a traitor. And one admitted utter failure, and "damn glad of it."

Shortly after we graduated, 121 of us were in mercantile work; 71 lawyers; then followed education with 60; banking and brokerage with 56; manufacturing, 54; engineering, 43; farming and journalism, each with 25; medicine, 21; accounting, 19; and architecture, 16. In its early days the American college was for the professional man. Two hundred and seventy-five years later, only 175 men, or a quarter of the class, adopted a profession. The majority went into some form of business.

Lucky is the man, and unusual, who knew what he wanted to do and stuck to it. The brokers have forsaken their tickers to study law, the lawyers have turned into brokers—one prominent New York attorney has just been made the Federal Administrator for the SEC—the business men have skipped from real estate to manufacturing and then into insurance, exchanging one line for another as the years passed to no apparent purpose. A teacher after eleven years studied engineering, took a job, and ten years later returned to teaching. Another man has worked as a clerk in a department store, sold radios, washing machines, insurance, and is now on relief. Another says, "I have been in so many different kinds of businesses that, when any one asks me what my business is, I feel like saying, 'You guess. I'm tired.'"

If you are graduating from college this year, the chances are almost even that by 1961 you will be disappointed in your life work. Forty-five per cent of the class admitted privately that their occupation at present was not what they hoped for on graduation, and twenty-five per cent wished they had chosen a different career. Another thing taught by the lives of these men is that *there is no such thing as security*. Those who married rich girls invested the money unwisely, or permitted their fathers-in-law to do the same thing. In either event they are broke today. The poor boy who worked his way through Harvard and was unknown to all but half-a-dozen classmates is now head of a big cigar company, the man who was a night operator in the Newton North exchange, who attended classes and slept when he could, is one of our few really distinguished educators today, the man who handshook his way into every club and was an important figure as an undergraduate is down and out with no friends to assist him. One of the four professional soldiers in the class left the army after eleven years, as he puts it, "to achieve economic stability. Instead I found myself lucky to get a job." Today he is a teacher in a small-town high school instead of a colonel of engineers!

III

Of the 614 men of the class alive today, some 500 replied to the Twenty-Fifth Report just published, from which the statistics and statements to follow have largely been drawn. On the whole, the men who answered were successful ones. It takes a brave man to admit before his friends that he is a failure. If that hundred who did not answer had been included the results would have been far less favorable.

Six years after graduation the war came. Almost 50 per cent of the class served in some capacity. One hundred and ninety-five of us were officers and 29 enlisted men in the army, 47 were officers and 13 seamen in the navy. Seventeen men lost their lives, of whom 4 were serving with the French or British at their death. There were no recorded conscientious objectors. Unbelievable as it may seem, there are still among our numbers many who look back with longing to the days from 1916 to 1918, and even yet consider the war as a great romantic adventure. This is certainly not, however, the feeling of the majority, which may be summed up in the following remark on the war:

"Mud, lice, futility in an abattoir: the confounding realization that our civilization was a flop."

After the armistice we adjusted ourselves as best we could, and in ten years the country was swept by the greatest depression of its history. Thirty-five per cent of the class state that the depression seriously altered the pattern of their lives, and about the same number feel the war changed the course of their careers. Of the depression one member says: "One feature of the depression which impresses me still is the great good nature with which people endured this terrible experience. That it was taken so good-temperedly makes me believe in our ability to weather calmly the storm of unrest which seems to be troubling the world today." Says another: "It was interesting for a time to listen to the great Wall Street minds explain everything and demonstrate that so long as the Republicans continued to run the country prosperity was bound to return. But it became slightly nauseating after the first four years, and my only impression of that period of my life is the narrowness and crass stupidity of most of our self-constituted financial geniuses. It is a strange thing that such ignorant and opinionated people can make so much money as middlemen between those who lust to buy and those hungry to sell."

Some of us are on relief. No statistics are available, but probably not less than 100 are living on the government or our families. Our most distinguished writer admits to being $12,000 in debt, and wonders how he can get out. Another is working as night telephone operator in a big city office building

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and glad to get a few dollars to eat with.

Naturally we have several $100,000 a year men and one or two who make —let's not use the word earn—twice as much. Bankers of the class averaged $4432. The only groups over $5000 were the doctors, with several highly successful specialists averaging $6150, and the lawyers. But the average of the class is not high. Four employed newspapermen reported income-tax figures in 1934 of $8000, $3654, $2561, and $2000, averaging about $4000 a year. Some groups are lower, some higher. The insurance men make on an average $1200 a year. Our corporation lawyers are our richest body, at $8250. Teachers, including one $10,000 a year man in a big college, average $4281, and of our seven farmers, none reports earned income for 1934 over $1000.

Some of these men come from wealthy families. But the largest actual earned incomes are seldom over $20,000, and the class average of employed men only would be $4500. Thus thirty names picked at random reported an average income-tax figure in 1934 of $4459. This is above the nation-wide median, for in 1929, our year of largest incomes, over 50 per cent of the population had incomes of less than $2000. But $4500 is certainly not a large sum for a preferred class with the supposed benefits of a college education.

IV

"Haven't made much money in the past twenty-five years, but our family is all well and speaking to each other." Unlike some other recent classes, we appear, on the whole, to be happily married. In 1930 64 per cent of all males over fifteen in the state of New York were married, whereas 80 per cent of us are married, and we average only one divorce in ten. We have produced twelve hundred children, one of us being the father of ten, one of nine, and there are several families of seven, six, and five. The average is two per family and the average child is eighteen years, seven months old.

Only 33 per cent of us married college women, Vassar being the favorite followed by Radcliffe and Smith. Many speak of the effect on their life of marriage, and one man confesses: "During the past twenty years I have read extensively. This was a combination of choice and necessity, as I found my wife's education at Mt. Holyoke was vastly superior to my own in all lines except history and economics." A famous physiologist writes: "My mistress has been neurophysiology, a fickle and exacting jade, toying one on with torments and occasional rewards. I remain her abject slave save for an occasional blessed hour at dawn on horseback, or near midnight at a chessboard with her only rival my wife."

Forty-eight per cent of our wives have an outside career in artistic or professional circles. There are 57 sons of our class attending Harvard at present, and of our children 59 per cent went to private and 41 per cent to public schools. Eighty-two per cent hoped to have their daughters go to college, while 14 per cent express the desire to have their sons attend some other university than Harvard, and several have achieved this wish. There are sons of our classmates at Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Bowdoin, Amherst, Oregon, St. Louis, Oberlin, Beloit, Dartmouth, Trinity, Maine, and Michigan.

On the whole, the class allowed its sons to choose whatever college they desired. One son, who went to Dartmouth, grew up in a large high school in a middle western city, and wanted to go to college in a small eastern town. A distinguished chemist who teaches in a middle western university sent his son to Amherst because he did not wish him to go to college in a metropolitan environment.

A Los Angeles man sent his boy to Oregon for a year "to receive the atmosphere of a western school before going to Harvard so he might realize the difference between eastern and western schools of thought." One son is not going to Harvard "on account of the College Boards." Fathers who have sons of college age know what this means, and one suspects this man is more honest than some parents. A boy attending school in Baltimore became interested in going to Princeton because his friends were going there. Several confess with discouragement that they have been forced to withdraw their sons from Harvard for financial reasons.

Almost universally the class believes their sons' outlook to be broader than our own at their age. Those who are teachers all speak of the improvement of the undergraduate of today over ourselves as undergraduates. A typical remark, from a professor at Cambridge, is: "The student of today is an admirable creature, modern, of course, but with a perspective that we as undergraduates might well have envied. To teach him is sheer pleasure." A teacher at a small college believes that "the present college generation has to be shown. I find them willing to think, more so than some of their elders." Says another man: "I used to feel that my principal avocation was the education of my children; only recently I have discovered that it is they who are educating me. They are the most patient teachers I ever had, and they have a confidence in their pupil which I have never dared betray. If Dean Hurlbut had had equal confidence in me twenty years ago, I might have become a scholar."

V

What do these 500 men do with their leisure time? Some of our unemployed classmates have far too much of this commodity, and many of the employed have too little. The headmaster of a boys' school speaks of thirteen-hour days and a daily rising at 4 A.M. Only a giant could stand that, but our farmers work just as long for six months of the year, and during the golf season, too! Many of our business men toil at an outside job in the evenings to put a boy through high school or college, and thirteen-hour days are not unknown to them either.

Fifty-five per cent of the class have hobbies: sports, games, collecting, gardening, woodworking, an interest in the arts or sciences. The majority, 87 per cent, go in for sports. Thirty-five per cent are golfers, 25 per cent still play tennis, 11 per cent sail, 7 per cent walk, 6 per cent ride. Games and sports such as badminton, skating, skiing, squash, and archery are enjoyed by many.

The golfers take their game hard. Or else adopt an apologetic attitude. "Like many others, I have used golf for recreation, but have found it more punishment than recreation," seems to express a general viewpoint. Another reports: "My golf has never been much and I'm convinced it never will be, but it serves

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as my chief recreation." We can boast of no champions, but we have had the president of the United States Golf Association, and if you consider the present ball an improvement over the old, Mr. Herbert Jaques should have the credit.

Music, hunting, fishing, mountain climbing (very popular), gardening, swimming, riding, photography, bridge (contract), ornithology, stamp collecting, and in fact collecting of all kinds are listed as hobbies. Most of us spend some time outdoors. "I now think the fellows who had hunting, fishing and the like for recreation when they were in school, instead of athletics, are much better off." A few have indoor hobbies. "My chief recreation is string quartet playing. My viola is out once a week for Mozart and Beethoven." For a great many, our children are our hobbies. "My principal hobbies are trying to grow up again with my two boys, aged ten and fourteen." Another lists medieval Latin as his choice. "It is still my favorite indoor sport, although in recent years my children have introduced me to Cicero and Virgil, and I have begun to understand why these gentlemen are so highly regarded by educated men."

The truth is, however, that such intellectual pursuits are the exception and not the rule. One or two find genealogy enticing, several have taken up amateur acting in earnest. One man built a house in his spare time, finishing it in two years and personally doing all the excavating, foundation work, electric wiring, plumbing, painting, and woodwork. Another, whose wife made excellent candy, set up a roadside store and sells Christmas candy sticks in winter and peanut bars in summer. What he terms "one of Henry Ford's small industries in rural communities, I suppose." An enthusiastic stamp collector who failed in his business made a successful business of his hobby and now earns far more than the rest of us, as a stamp dealer. Another, who salvaged only a home from the crash, was interested in early Americana. With the help of his wife he turned his house into a studio for the reproduction of period furniture and work of the loom. A lawyer, who had a small country place and specialized in breeding hens, fell back on poultry raising for a livelihood. "Raising Rhode Island Reds is a lot more fun than practising law. From what some of my friends tell me, it has been almost as remunerative the past few years." So it goes. Not all the old Yankee ingenuity is dead yet!

VI

Harvard college was founded in 1633. Of the 543 graduates in the seventeenth century, the first seventy-five years of its existence, 265, or one-half became ministers. Only 13 men, or 2 per cent of our class 275 years later, went into the ministry, of whom 7 were Episcopalians, 2 Congregationalists, 2 Presbyterians, 1 a Catholic, and 1 a Unitarian. One man shifted from metallurgy to the ministry, and a sales manager became a minister fifteen years after graduating. The latter is no longer in the profession. He was a missionary to Mexico, and when funds from the north dwindled away in the depression, he returned to this country and entered business.

"There is nothing at all in life but to do the will of God, absolutely, without reservation, and that is all-satisfying." The spirit of this classmate is certainly not universal, for as a whole if the group is affected by religion they fail to show it. Questioned as to whether they believe in immortality, they split almost evenly for and against.

"I like my work as a city pastor very much," writes a minister. "The stones of my church seem to live. I keep busy and feel that my work counts. Sin is sin. I've learned that, unlearned it, relearned it. This is a moral universe. Strangely enough, by not doing certain things deliberately we discover a great, positive drive in our lives leading to righteousness, love, and peace. That's intimate, very intimate."

Some write that having urged their children to attend church, they felt obliged to go, became regular communicants, and from this start, at least one man ended up as a Sunday School superintendent. Another who has taught nine years in Sunday School, speaks against it. "Most boys go to Sunday School under compulsion; and because most boys have no sustained interest in religious, ethical, or spiritual development, the results are far from commensurate with the efforts. I feel I've done far more by occasionally forgetting the lesson and discussing moral situations at length. If I were a minister I should insist that no boy comes to Sunday School except by his own wish. I think that forcing unwelcome religious and ethical concepts down children's throats turns them from religion, at least for a while. I shall never attempt Sunday School work again."

Some men feel the lack of religion in their lives. "I have not escaped a feeling of futility and disappointment in life for which probably the times and a lack of religious conviction are partly responsible." Another says: "As for religion, I am a free thinker, but believe that religion is better for society than Communism." The Roman Catholics seem deeply touched by their religion. "I am Roman Catholic and work at it," one man declares. The majority of the class omit any reference to formalized religion, and only 30 per cent admit attending church regularly. Yet notwithstanding this seeming indifference to the forms of religion, there is a note of aspiration in many remarks. "Troubles are ever before us, but the satisfaction of overcoming them makes us feel our human power and makes life, which is now perhaps two-thirds run, an interesting struggle in the goal that we aspire to though may never reach."

Describing his life, a local judge in a small New England community writes in characteristic vein. "It's not an easy life (who wants that?), up at seven, breakfast at eight, court at nine, thanking one's God if any good can be done, and not a mere penalty inflicted, afterwards toiling on a title to land, or some other legal work, then home to dinner, a brief rest, then out of doors, and then study. It's a satisfying life if you can do good, even if you feel at times what you might have been or might have done. Sometimes I go to the little Cape Cod cemetery where my father is buried and where I shall, if the Lord wills, be laid myself in good time, and look at the graves of farmers, sea captains, soldiers of two wars lying all round. They fought the fight the best they knew how. I have not succeeded very well but intend to keep on trying."

VII

In politics, it appears that we were, are, and apparently always will be Republicans. For instance 70 per cent

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voted for Hoover in 1932, as against 26 per cent for Roosevelt and 4 per cent for Thomas. (The returns from the New England members of the class showed 80 per cent for Hoover and only 19 per cent for Roosevelt.) One man says he never asked his wife for whom she voted, but of the rest, 80 per cent were Hoover girls and 18 per cent Roosevelt. It's extremely unlikely that the astute Harvard man in the White House anticipates much help from his fellow graduates this coming fall. "Any one but F. D. R." seems to be our slogan. Broken down into figures, the class certainly stands behind this slogan. Next November 73 per cent will vote the Republican ticket, 40 per cent for Landon (many couldn't spell his name correctly), 18 per cent for Hoover, 35 per cent for any Republican candidate, and the remainder scattering among Knox, Ham Fish, Edward VIII, Carrie Chapman Catt, and Borah. Our wives will vote as follows: 22 per cent for Roosevelt and 78 per cent for the Republican candidate divided into 23 per cent for any Republican, 20 per cent for Landon, and the rest scattering.

Unfortunately we seem to have lived up to the tradition of Harvard indifference, because only 40 per cent claim to have taken an active part in political and civic affairs, and there is no reason to believe this figure is understated. Most of us have done nothing for good government except vote once a year, those evincing a desire to improve the lot of the community are in the minority. A few have held unpaid offices in charitable or social organizations. "I should like to see more graduates in political work. There is no serious difficulty in finding a Harvard man to run for the Presidency, but greater services can be performed by working for good from the bottom up," says one man.

Those who have given their time and efforts seem to feel uplifted. "I doubt whether I'll ever again get the opportunity to serve humankind as I did during the period when I was Penal Commissioner." Another man who has in the past twenty-five years held four different public offices, all with distinction, among them Public Service Commissioner of his State, considers: "the most interesting is my present office, Justice of the Supreme Court. Based on my experience I believe that there are certain cases that might better be tried without a jury, but I am a strong believer in the jury system and if it were in my power to abolish it I would not do so. I have found that in the vast majority of cases the verdicts of the jury have, generally speaking, coincided with my own judgment."

Government in Massachusetts. That might be the title of the story of the public service of a distinguished Boston lawyer. He was appointed to the Boston Finance Commission, an unpaid body of five to report and check on the finances of the city. When Mayor Curley became Governor, he and a fellow member were summoned before the Governor. "The hearings (for their removal on grounds not stated) were unforgettable, particularly when at the very beginning counsel for the Commissioners who arose on their behalf was ordered to sit down. On his not doing so, the Governor summoned two state troopers, who appeared armed and were instructed that if the counsel did not sit down, he was to be removed." The lawyer calls this "Massachusetts' first taste of personal dictatorship."

VIII

"Today we are the hosts of hosts and therefore in this gloriously flowing bowl which cheers but not inebriates, let us pledge the health of fathers and mothers, old friends and sudden relatives, and a health to the year 1936 when we shall come back, twenty-five years old, to the 300th Anniversary of Harvard College."

These were the words of our Ivy Orator (now the Medical Director of the Rockefeller Foundation), as he stood in the Stadium on June 22, 1911. Well, here we are. Back again where we started, attending the 300th Anniversary of our alma mater. What have we learned? What have we accomplished? What have we done with twenty-five years to justify the money and effort spent to give us a Harvard education?

If the old philosopher was right in defining happiness as the active exercise of a man's powers along the line of excellence, and in a life offering full scope for their development, few of us are happy. Several things, however, stand out. Those who live in small towns seem to come closer to real happiness than those in big cities. A farmer in Virginia believes that "since we became a part of the country nothing has come up to make us long to get back to the unending rows of apartments, fusion candidates for mayor, and subways crowded with the sort of people you know so well." Only three groups among us appear to have reached contentment and seem satisfied with their life work: the farmers, the teachers, and the physicians. In my opinion the most successful spiritually are the farmers and teachers. A forester writes of his work, "a fine, hearty, independent outdoor existence." Of his calling, one farmer says: "Agriculture is not in the plight you would expect from all that has been said and done these past few years, and as is the case in other affairs, those agitated about it are probably 95 per cent fewer than those not agitated." Here it is necessary to be more than usually banal. Our lives show plainly that money has no relation whatsoever to happiness.

Many of us now feel like the man who says: "When I stop to think of how little I have to show for the past twenty-five years, how much nearer I am to the 46-yard line than the goal, how little real progress I have made in either intellectual growth, spiritual development, or accomplished by any standard, a feeling of futility comes over me. The books I had planned to read, the journeys to make, the fine family contacts I had hoped to develop, the leisurely hours of meditation I had hoped to enjoy, the contribution I had hoped—yes, let's not be ashamed to admit it—the money I had hoped to make, too. . . ." And rare it is that we can express ourselves like this: "I am charmed by the evening twilight. By the stars, by the faces of pretty girls in whom I have no interest and with whom I have no acquaintance. I own a house in Iowa in whose front yard is a locust tree which I think one of the most beautiful of all trees on earth, and in whose backyard is a small plum tree which in blossom is a perfect burst of glory." This man may have felt beauty, but there is no indication that it has been felt by the majority.

Many of us have not achieved any financial independence after twenty-five years' work. But we are loyal to Harvard. One man expresses the feeling

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this way: "I have a profound admiration for Harvard. I first came to know the college long after graduation as a newspaperman, more recently as the father of a Harvard son. Its unhurried and exact administration deceives. Its progress may appear glacial, and is indeed not to be measured by a stop watch. But turn your head for a year and then look back. The new is always there, complete on a soundly studied plan, full of integrity, and with no room for the superficial. Harvard is surprisingly often 'first to embrace the new' but always with more to it than newness. If, therefore, it is sometimes 'last to lay aside the old,' we can easily forgive. The glacier will dump it in due course." We have backed up this sentiment with cash when cash is not easy to get; 350 of the class have contributed the expected twenty-five-year gift of $100,000 to the college. This means an average of $285 per man, with no contribution over $5000 and only a couple over $2000.

Financial distinction we have certainly not won. Neither have we won intellectual distinction, on the whole. A handful, it is true, are mentioned in volumes such as *Who's Who,* but the total output of those so mentioned is nothing for 600 men to boast about. The plain fact is that in literature, in painting, in music, in the sciences, in fine arts, in the humanities, we who enjoyed what in our youth was considered as good an education as the country offered have contributed almost nothing. A poet, a historian, a Greek scholar, a commentator and student of the drama—that is about all.

We are almost barren of leaders of public life. We have produced no mayors of cities, no state governors, no members of Congress in the past twenty-five years. Our best showing comes in education and medicine. In the former, we have a university president, another who is the leading man in progressive education in the country, and a chemist whose reputation is nation-wide. In the latter we have several surgeons who have added to contemporary medical thought and the dean of a great school of medicine.

Reading our names, however, you would discover few who have been distinguished in public service, few who have done any original thinking, few who appear to detect or if they do are worried about the faults of the present system.

Few of us have pioneered in business, ventured into new fields, discovered new outlets for creative work, or greatly dared in any single line. Here and there a man stands above the average, some one who has given his life to science, to public service or some calling justifying his educational expenditures, but on the whole, the old saw about Harvard men becoming bond salesmen is true. There were 56 bankers and brokers when we left college, but today there are nearly 80 engaged in what is dubiously termed "finance." Geographically we are as timid as we are vocationally. While 150 have left New England since 1915, 236 still stick close to home plate, and 50 per cent of the class lives within a radius of 300 miles from Broadway and 42d Street.

Apparently we have contributed little to the world, beyond the fact that most of us have been good citizens, raised families and paid taxes, which does not distinguish us from the mass of good citizens throughout the nation. We have taken no chances, fallen into the same routine jobs, produced few exceptional men, and at present, twenty-five years after graduation, one in six is trying to tell the others how to invest money the other five haven't got.

A question, a dozen, a hundred questions arise. I cannot answer them. Is this class representative of the times? Whose fault is this showing? Are we different from the same classes of Yale, Princeton, and Michigan? Have *they* produced the thinkers, the scientists, the leaders of the nation? How many really distinguished men per class come from the universities of the country? How many from high schools? Are we an unusually commonplace body of citizens? Sometimes I ask myself, as must all Harvard men from Aab, Raktaprodit of Bangok, Siam, to Zuver, Dudley de Forest, of Short Hills, N. J., whether I'd be better off if I'd never spent four years at Cambridge? Is this result the fault of Harvard? Or the times? Or is the fault not "in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

I wish I knew. I wish I could answer some of those questions. However, to those graduates of Chicago, Cornell, and California who read and thank heaven they are not a mediocre crowd like this, I suggest concealing your complacency. I doubt whether your average would be higher than ours or as high. Those of you who are graduates of other universities, run over the list of your classmates. Apply some of the tests above. Ask some of the same questions and see whether, unlike us, you have achieved success.

But after all, to say we are no worse than other college graduates fails to answer the question: whose fault? Maybe no one's. Maybe there are a dozen contributing causes. Possibly the Harvard of 1907–11 cannot escape all share of the blame. Harvard in those days was a huge inland sea with an unlimited horizon in which immature and badly prepared boys were thrown in and left to sink or swim. No one held out a hand to those sinking or tried to assist. Puritan deans without fear and without reproach watched them drown by the hundreds —there were 716 freshmen of whom only 527 or 74 per cent took degrees. Those who by luck and desperate paddling reached the opposite bank at last were given a degree and forgotten except when it came time to raise money for Harvard. No, the Cambridge of 1911 was not a pleasant place.

All this has changed. Such things could not and do not happen today at Harvard, nor at Yale, Princeton or most American universities. That's progress. That's encouraging. Our college generation has on the record been close to a failure. "I look with doubtful pride," says one of us, "on my generation. We had experience enough, from war to panic, but we learned nothing. It seems to me we may not be intelligent or social-minded enough to run this difficult civilization we find on our hands." Very true. But again, whose fault? Maybe the fault is not attributable to any one person or thing, neither to us as individuals nor yet to the college, but to all of us, to the idolatrous belief of the American nation in slogans and shibboleths. Especially to their faith in the term "education," and their naïve belief in it as a cure-all, their assumption that education can work miracles, transform dullards into bright men, and produce statesmen and leaders from a set of average humans. Does the fault lie with us all, each and every one?

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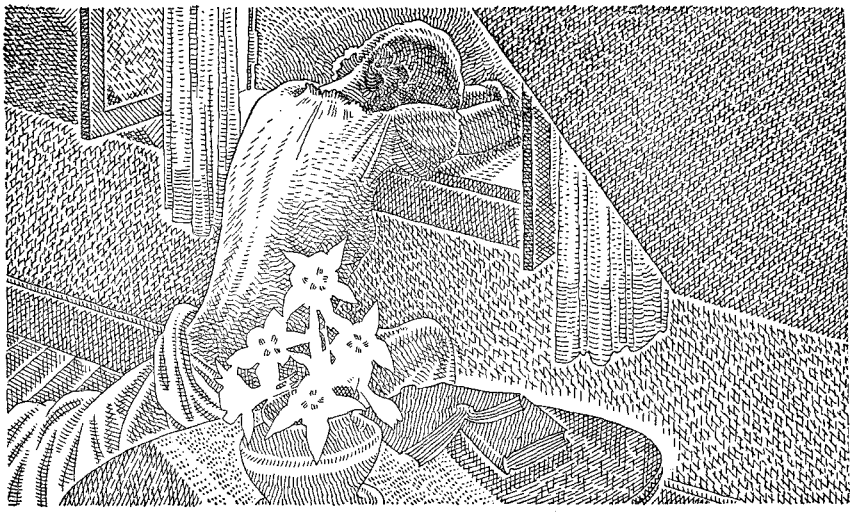
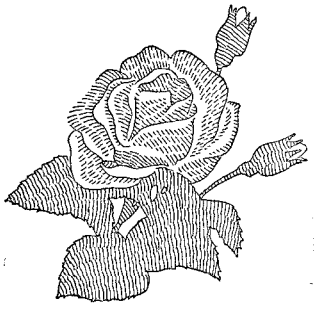


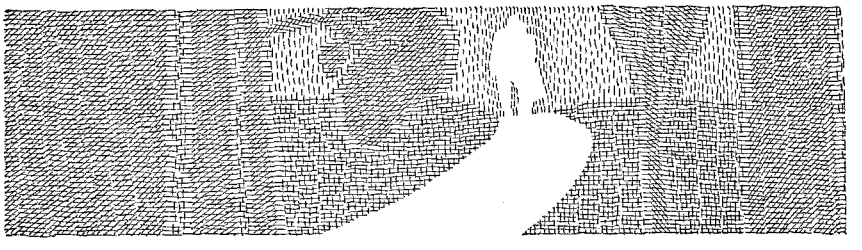
A STORY

By

Marlise Johnston



This My Wedding Day



Now, when it gets light—when the half light goes and the shadows fall back—when it is day—I shall get up and dress—the same, the very same as other days, except perhaps more slowly, since I shall be dressing in my own room for the last time.

Benjamin will have the room after today. He will move down from the third floor and there will be dog collars and skis and his banjo here. So it will never seem like my place again—this place of mine, my very own that has always been mine since I remember.

I have packed my books and taken down my pictures but I have left the seaman's chest, the Indian mask, and the conch shell because I knew that Benjamin would like them. There is no place for them where I am going, nor for the books and pictures. Everything is complete where I am going—finished and full. I shall not look around the room there and think: Maybe I can have new curtains for the room, bright yellow curtains made of smooth glazed chintz. Maybe I should move the bed over by the windows so the moonlight can come in.

There will be no little changing, no small way of making things different where I am going. Maybe every ten years, it will all be made different and quite new, but not slowly, gradually, so the new room comes to sleep in the old room's arms—and everything is changeful and lovely but still old and dear.

All my past is here in this room—the tangible, near things of my youth and early time of life—my old doll buggy and the quilted coverlet, faded now and sad, from that wonderful Christmas when I was nine. The two lucky stones I found on the beach, that long ago beautiful summer I learned to swim. The buckeye chain my first beau gave me when we were in the fifth grade. The etching that another boy gave me years later, my old dance programs, my postcard prints from a later time. They are all shut up and locked away, far back in the closet—put out of sight, denied. No one but a fool would have kept them this long or clung to them so tenaciously.

It is possible to remember a white sand beach and the tremendous excitement of discovering what the lake has washed up in the night, without a lucky stone to look at, but it is not as easy. Nor is it as simple to recall, without the feel of a leather program between your fingers, your first dance and your first evening dress—pink organdy with velvet bows and miniature, inevitable sleeves, which your mother made the dressmaker put in at the last moment. . . . And the way it was spring that night and you were part of it, walking through the dusk with the buckeye chain boy, who had grown older and had become a resplendent exciting stranger in his long white flannel trousers. . . . And the two of you walking down the streets of the sleepy town, walking slowly and blissfully—to the High School Junior Dance. Three boys had asked you to that dance and you felt desired and lovely beyond anything on earth.

Oh, lost, lost, lost—forever lost things. . . . They come creeping back at times like this and you grow lonely for your other selves—the persons you used to be—the world that belonged to those other selves—and the people you loved then—as they were then—not as they are now—oh, not as they are now—lost and lonely and ghostlike shadows of what they were then.

Rosemary, Benjamin, Linda, Elinor, Mother, Lenore. The little girl you played dolls with, under an apple tree loaded with blossoms, the boy who took you skating when you were fifteen. The vague, beautiful, forgotten ones you went on sleigh rides with

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when there was no future beyond the hot maple sugar and sausages waiting for you at the ride's end.

But mostly, Rosemary. . . . I wish you would come in now, not as you are today and will be tomorrow—far-gone-away and strange—but as you were when I was eighteen and you were two years younger.

You used to come into my room at night and, whispering, lest the family hear you and tell you to go to bed, crawl into bed with me and cuddling down whisper to the night and me all your sorrows and your dreams. And because you were so wise then and so sure in your dreams, I would tell you all my sorrows, too.

Oh, Rosemary, come into this room tonight and pretend it is as it used to be. I want to tell you something.

This is the time for meditation, the moment for saying good-bye. Good-bye, good-bye to everything.

Good-bye to all light loves. I have torn up your letters and burned them to ashes, in the farthest end of the garden, tending the fire carefully with a green stick, so none of the miserable sad little lines of love, charred at the corners and dying into dust, could fly away and go on living. I have put away the pictures and the presents of the beneficent, the all-beguiling past. But although they are buried far out of sight, always on times like this when I go remembering, they shall be mine.

It took me a day and a night and part of another day to destroy the things, because as I came across old handwriting, forgotten through the years, but once valuable as life, important as breath—looking down on it, I would go wandering down a far lane, the color of the twilight and of evening flowers.

Back in that time—oh, back, back—there was a dark boy who was my life. He was fierce against the world and when we went walking through the mountains, in the place where I was then, he would flail out against the branches in our path, vehemently pushing them aside, and never speaking one small unharsh word to me.

There was another boy who tried to teach me how to ride, but I could never learn, through being blind and deaf with love of him. When he was telling me to post, I would be smoothing my hair and trying to look radiant and mysterious as Guinevere, riding into Camelot. I was Elaine, floating down the river on a bier of flowers until I had to hold the horse's reins quite tight against a canter that was not at all Elaine. That was when I was sixteen and if I saw the boy tomorrow, I would pass him by not knowing him.

Good-bye to you, whose name I have not said for years. I have said good-bye to you before, but this is an ultimate, an irretrievable good-bye that can never be erased now. Never will you be mine again, even when I lie awake dreaming and all things seem possible. And for this I am glad. Glad to have, at last, the anguish wiped out, glad that I will never know again the stumbling down dark alleys and the going blind of love. I will be a stranger to hunger, an enemy to hope—I shall be faithless, free, and empty as a house ill-haunted by the winter winds.

Good-bye to grief. How can I know sharp grief again, intangible, quick grief that children know? Something in the heart goes over, and going over, dies. Against all future sorrows is a protection, a shield hard-won, an armor earned.

The sound of a grown man crying desperately, horribly, behind a locked door will never be the same again, after the first time. Standing on a porch and watching a hired man walk down the path with a gun and a dog—your dog—on a rope, hearing the far-away shot, watching the hired man come back alone—this agony is once. It is never again rebuilt in all its first despair. All of it weakens and grays and is not the definite sorrow that it once was.

Little people in shops that no one ever enters, waiting futilely with false excitement and betrayed joy for every stranger coming near . . . the washwoman's child bringing home the washing in a dilapidated wagon, the unseen bump in the pavement, the rain of clean clothes falling in the dust, the pale scrawny child bending to pick them up and smooth them out, tears running down her dirty nose and cheeks . . . children teased about their ugly clothes, their fumbling speech, their innocence . . . old people dying, painfully, patiently; young people dying with a jest, with frenzied, hunted eyes. You get inured to these.

You say, I cannot bear the troubles of the world. I cannot even grieve again for that which once was mine, which I have lost. And so, good-bye to grief.

Good-bye to high expectancy, to all I used to want. It will not ever be the same again now. After one gets accustomed to half measures, it is impossible to desire again the whole, the best, because one has forgotten what it was like to know the splendid, the unspoiled.

It is difficult to remember when one first gave over, and, relinquishing the bright and beautiful improbable, became close friends with the dismal certainties of life. There was a time I spurned the sterile second bests and demanded the first of everything, or, in a kind of exalted disregard for reality, nothing. But one does not get along hour by hour, day by day, week by week, with nothing, so with a wisdom born of time gone by, one learns to welcome second bests. And then it is that youth dies and all ancient lovely things.

And now when the shadows fall back, when the half light leaves I am going to be married to a man I do not love. This seems impossible and strange to me, knowing the way I used to be. And yet it seems I should have always known that it would be as it is now. Ever since I can remember he has been lurking in the background of my mind, like a threat, like a drug one has only to reach out and take, never to be rid of again. It was a drug I never desired—it represented everything I wanted to escape—sleeping on Sunday afternoons, unread de luxe editions of the classics, overheated, overcrowded, rich rooms, over-elaborate meals—security of the stifling, drowning, and going down the third time kind.

He has been smothered in red plush since he was born until his mind has become like red plush, too. It has no penchant for refurbishing or change, it cannot take on new character or color, it remains comfortable, smug, and irredeemable.

And now I have reached out for this soporific drug, security, and taken it in my hand. Every one wanted it for me. Be still, they said, be safe, be small—this last in a whisper of ice. And now my mind has become like red

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plush, too. I do not think it could have been otherwise. What person would not walk through an open door into a warm bright room on a bleak dour night even if one knew the room were stuffy and close and that the door locked automatically as one went in?

And yet there was a time when I should have stood outside the door all night, when I should have been glad I was there where the wind was bitter and cold and fresh. You can do that for an ideal, a principle or even a dream, but you cannot do it when even you yourself do not know why you are doing it. That was what happened, that is why it is the way it is. I forgot the reason. It would still be all right if I did not go remembering and so understand the thing I used to have and believe in, that is now lost.

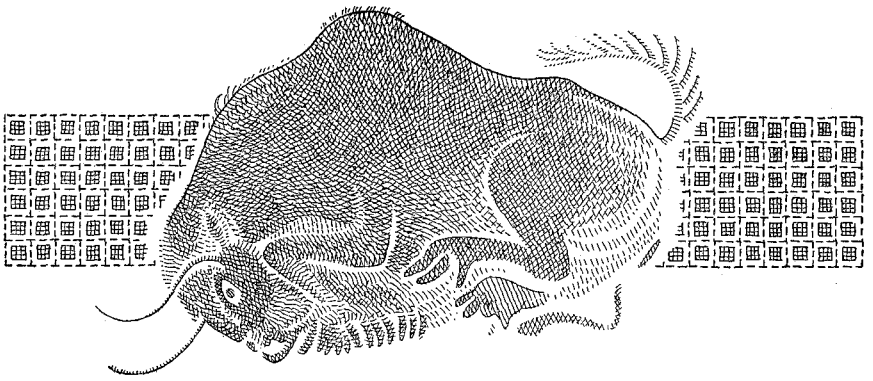
At first I thought it would be all right because he loved me, that maybe the two of us would grow together in understanding. But now I know he loves me as a symbol, not as a person, and I realize we can never understand the other, because there is no yearning in him for anything. He is completely satisfied.

It is evil in me to not love him because he has never done one small ungenerous thing for which I could justly despise him. He has ever been generous and I have hated him for the generous things he did, because he did them as he did everything—mechanically and without charm.

It is I who am wrong. He is good and kind and I do not love him and never can. He will never know it because he is blind to everything he does not want to believe. But I know it and I know that when day comes I am to marry him. He is a stranger to whom I would not give up one day of my life and I am giving him eternity.

The night goes by. How still it is—as if the moon had hypnotized the world to silence. No whispering of birds, no turning of the grasses in the wind. The earth turns silently, inevitably on its axis, leaning toward the sun. Softly as a nun the night goes by.

The dawn creeps up, the house stirs from sleep, a deep sigh shudders through the rooms. Now, now it is light. Now the shadows fall back, the half light goes. Now, it is day—this, my own, my wedding day.



Culture and the Leisure Class

By Sempronius

"If you destroy the leisure class you destroy civilization," stated J. P. Morgan recently. The author asks whether civilization is in museums and great private collections or in the faith and works which unite living human beings

MR. J. P. MORGAN should be grateful to the Senate committee which investigated the causes that led us into the War. For ten years there has been a hue and cry against international bankers. Some of our historians have joined in it and have told us the bankers dragged us into war by bringing pressure on the government to save their loans to the Allies. This thesis is really too simple to account for many phases of the violent emotional crisis which this country lived through in the years 1914–1917, and which conditioned its course. To the open-minded, the records and testimony proved that at every point the Morgan firm had scrupulously lived up to the highest ideals of a much maligned profession. It may be the World War was not worth what it cost, that we were not a thoroughly healthy civilization and were stampeded by motives and emotions which should not have dominated us. On this latter problem, whether our culture is or is not vital and healthy, Mr. Morgan, in the course of his testimony, unwittingly threw an interesting sidelight, and if we absolve him as a banker, it may still be necessary to condemn him as an historian of civilization.

During a lull in the proceedings Mr. Morgan made the statement that "if you destroy the leisure class you destroy civilization." When pressed to explain who belonged to the leisure class he replied, "Every one who has a maid. If," he went on, "the house mother has to do all the cooking and all the washing and bringing up a family, she doesn't have much time to be civilized and educate her children." In reply to this challenge to our pioneer American civilization, we may interject here that Nancy Hanks had no maid and that somehow her son, Abraham Lincoln, nevertheless compassed an education of sorts, made a significant contribution to our culture, and even succeeded in leaving us the Gettysburg Address, one of our unquestioned literary masterpieces.

It used to be repeated that art is the product of leisure, but this is true only to a very limited degree. No one

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would accuse the prehistoric cave-dwellers of Southern France and Spain of having lived an idle life or of having supported a leisure class. Yet they possessed highly competent artists; so competent in fact that one of the ablest historians of art, Salomon Reinach, assures us that they could depict frightened animals on the run more tellingly and accurately than could any of our modern painters.

No one has ever opened his rich collections to us, the scholars of an Alexandrian age, more generously than Mr. Morgan. For this he has earned and deserves our gratitude. But we know that it is not we, the pale scholars, slaves of the lamp, who give life to civilizations. We only dissect them in Mr. Morgan's library. The unread *Book of Hours,* locked in its red velvet case, in the library of the protestant or atheist, has the same relation to culture that the chloroformed and pinned butterfly of the entomologist's collection has to the life of our roadsides and fields. Indeed, it has even less, for in the natural world fluttering butterflies of exactly the same hue and species may still pollinate and fructify the flowers of our hillsides. The world of human history, however, is irreversible and perhaps even unrepeatable. Exact replicas of the *Book of Hours,* even if we produce them in hundreds of thousands, will not help to keep our culture alive unless the thirteenth-century faith that moved and sustained its creator can return to our people.

It is painful for a scholar to have to point out to so generous a patron of scholarship as Mr. Morgan his grievous error. But it is not the leisure classes nor even the wealthy classes that keep culture alive and vital. They are at times parasites upon it. Only those minister to civilization who create, deepen or spread the faiths that unite the larger human groups. The competition for privately owned wealth can become as acute as it is in our day only when those common sentiments, common aims, which make for a vital unified culture have already become too weak to motivate common action. The struggle for privately owned capital does not unite peoples; it divides them into sharply antagonistic groups, those who have and those who have not. It makes for disintegration, chaos, not for cultural union. That is why our way of life, commonly called economic nationalism, can probably never be more than a precarious and transitional form, an interlude, in the history of cultures. The notion that you can have a civilization in which the forms of human activity will be determined by the separatist desire of each man to amass a private fortune appears only in times when cultural dissolution is already far advanced. It is the recurrent but hopeless dream of periods of decadence. Those culturally significant choices of which we have spoken have never been determined by any such dream. The great figures in the history of civilization, men like Socrates and Sophocles, Virgil and St. Paul, St. Francis and Thomas Aquinas, Leonardo and Galileo, have never been governed by any such consideration of private financial advantage. It is a hard but a true saying that the class which has succeeded in the essentially unsocial financial competition, the class known in popular mythology as the "money power," has never given vitality to culture or kept civilization alive. It is not the wealthy or the leisure class, but very devoted, hard-working teachers and artists like those mentioned above who have advanced civilization. They succeed when the forms of beauty and the ways of life for which they sacrifice themselves slowly find acceptance.

That antiquarianism of which Mr. Morgan is so distinguished a patron is likewise the opposite of all this. When the wealthy and the leisured pay fabulous prices for works of past cultures, are more at home with them than with the works of their own struggling artists, it is a sign that the vitalizing currents of culture are no longer carrying through to these same wealthy and leisured classes. Instead of saving or promoting civilization, they themselves have become a drag upon it. In his tragedy, *Chatterton,* de Vigny presented precisely this problem of the relation of the poet and artist to the wealthy and leisured classes, and concludes that the latter like to keep the dead alive and allow the living to die.

One thing in Mr. Morgan's statement is undoubtedly true. Without a wealthy leisure class you cannot have great private collections of works of art, rare books, and illuminated missals and manuscripts. But it is again a serious error to believe that a man who pays a million dollars for a Rembrandt is really furthering civilization or enriching art. Rembrandt died in poverty two hundred years ago, for after his early successes, the leisure classes of his own time, the Dutch burghers and bankers, offered him no support. Rembrandt's age is past and we shall get no more Rembrandts out of him, even if America's leisure class now pays him such eloquent but idle retrospective tributes.

If three-fourths of the sums paid for works of art by dead artists were taken in taxes and devoted to assisting living artists, some incidental credit for advancing the civilization of our time might be given to those who pay these prices for masterpieces of a past age. But we must guard ourselves against the serious error which assumes that civilization, or the arts which measure its progress, is somehow the product of the leisure classes. It is not and never has been. It is and always must be the creation of a particularly hard-working class, the artists, and this class receives little benefit or encouragement from such collectors.

Let us assume for the sake of argument that our juries are correct in their judgments of contemporary art exhibitions. What must be the feeling of the sensitive painter whose work is ranked highest and awarded the first prize of one thousand dollars? We may safely assume that he is more sensitive than the average man or even the banker, since it is this higher degree of sensitivity that makes him an artist. He knows that the standards of our time are to a higher degree than ever before monetary or financial and he knows that by this prevailing standard Rembrandt's work is appraised a thousand times higher than his own, and must assume that his own vital relation to the culture of his own time adds nothing to the value of his work. If he were governed by considerations of financial advantage, as the banker must be, he would imitate the works of the dead past. Yet it is precisely upon this relationship of a work of art to the deepest possible spiritual life of its own time that its vitality and health depend.

What collectors forget is that they, for all their leisure and all their wealth, do not advance the arts. The very antiquarianism which they foster devital-

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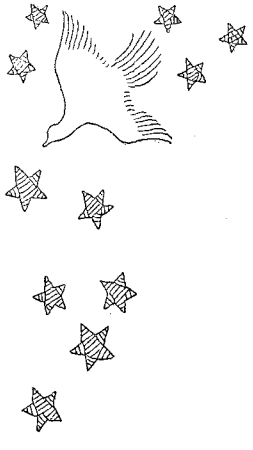
izes the culture of their own time. It is precisely this reverse orientation toward an outlived past on the part of those who, under a capitalistic culture, possess its free wealth, its accumulated power, that has resulted in a phenomenon which to the historian is the most striking index of a civilization in process of dissolution. It is a peculiarly modern phenomenon which has never existed in any period that could boast of healthy organic culture. The artist is no longer a member of the Great Society. He is driven to take refuge in odd communities of his own, through which the prevailing tides of Washington, Wall Street, and Park Avenue no longer flow. They live in communities which we pleasantly call "Bohemias." When this happens, it is a sign that the cultural life of their age is no longer strong enough to give them sustenance and they are compelled in these fellowships of exile to live off each other. Any abounding cultural life and vigorous civilization are impossible under these circumstances. This is true not only of odd incompetents. Some of our very greatest painters, the Gauguins, the Van Goghs, the Cézannes, were the waifs and strays, the Bohemians, of our civilization. It was not ever thus. Homer was welcome in the halls of the Agamemnons. Virgil and Horace were the friends of Augustus. Michelangelo, Cellini, Leonardo were the friends of popes, princes, and kings. It is this that makes for organic, vital art, for civilization at its best. Neither is there room for mere collectors in vigorously creative ages. In such ages a Lorenzo de' Medici or a Julius II commissions a living artist like Michelangelo for particular civilizing tasks. To design a new building, to paint the ceiling of a new chapel, to carve statues, not for museums or private collections, but for definite sites and definite purposes. The prince and painter are equally proud of their city or church and both wish to focus the life of their time upon it. It is this higher degree of civic and religious consciousness that stimulates and supports art and artists. Museums and art collecting are phenomena of decadence, no matter what the prices paid. It is highly probable that they have already ruined painting as a vital element in modern culture. The Athens of Pericles had no museums. The heroic age of painting, the age of Raphael, Leonardo, and Michelangelo, had long since passed before any one established a "museum" or dreamed of having a salon of paintings pulled out of their settings and juxtaposed as esthetic curiosities. The first was held in Paris in 1667, and it may have marked for painting the beginning of the end. Today the painter paints largely for collectors and museums. He is only rarely called upon to beautify his city. His art has lost its vital relation to his culture and he must strive, not by deep feeling and honest interpretation to set forth his ideal, but by new and striking technic to divert some little of the attention that would otherwise go to those older masters on the same wall, against whom he is now in such direct and unhealthy competition. This necessity of giving a jaded beholder merely new visual sensations will explain nearly all of our modern schools of art, even those of such master technicians as Monet, Gauguin, Cézanne, and Picasso. An "Abstract" by Picasso is only a testimonial that our culture has ceased to be compelling and vital, that it has lost heart, that it has gone to the painter's head. To the student of civilization it is pathetically eloquent of Byzantinism and decadence.

There has, to be sure, been a slight reaction and a fitful revival of the sense that painting is part of the city beautiful. But in the attempt to give new significance and vitality to painting, our leisured and wealthy classes have not been successful. In our age they are too class conscious, too deeply aware that the interests of their own class are not those of the other social classes, of the proletariat for instance, too fearful that this tension is becoming acute and our social order unstable, to dare give free rein to any vital art.



I HAVE NEED OF SIMPLE THINGS

By Elizabeth H. Honness

O, I HAVE need of simple things,
Of shining trees and darting wings;
Of water, eloquent and deep,
Of silent stars and dreamless sleep.

I need a hill's blue lift and rise,
I need the spaciousness of skies;
Life has pressed me hard of late,
Death has thundered at my gate

And I have listened to commands
My heart both dreads and understands.
The summons came. I answered not;
And now by death I am forgot.

Life! Turn not your back on me!
Take me! Use me fearlessly!
Let this dark affliction pass
Like summer winds along the grass.

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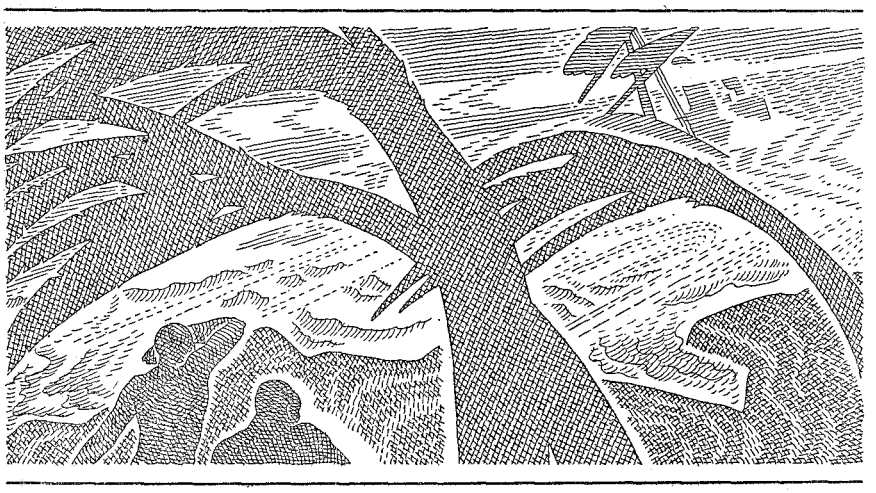


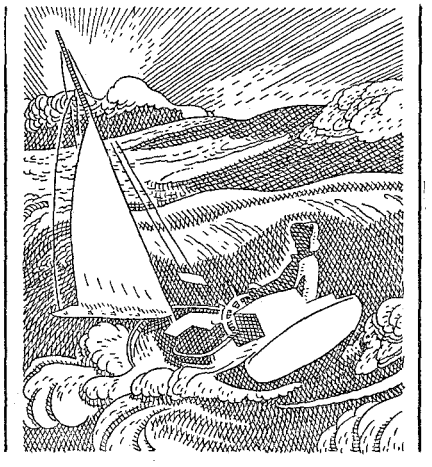
Salt Island's Event

A new adventure in tropical living

By Desmond Holdridge

We had noticed the little group of palms on the coral beach at Salt Island while beating up Sir Francis Drake Channel but, at the time, had thought the cove uninhabited. Accustomed as we were to the Virgin Islands, we never failed to be astonished at the dry, cactus-covered cays where the black fishermen mysteriously managed to eke out an existence.

But two nights later, we stood out to sea between the north tip of Virgin Gorda and the wreck-strewn, destructive invisibility of the Anegada Reefs, to encounter a thumping big sea built up by the reinforced trade wind that frequently attends the opening of the hurricane season. For several hours we held the sloop strapped down to it, her lee rail a lather of white in the moonlight that intermittently burst through the flying clouds while the bits of canvas we exposed to the heavy wind stood tight as rum kegs and wet with spray tossed high from the bluff bows of the plunging little craft. And then, faced with an eighty-mile thrash to windward to the indifferent, fair weather anchorage at Saba, the next place where two weary mariners might dry themselves, eat hot food and sleep, we



decided that there was too much wind and sea for twenty-two feet of boat, and ran her off. She ran true and fleetly, her bowsprit stabbing at Venus, low on the horizon, careering south toward the broken path of the moon, and yawing north, as though attracted by the dim outline of Virgin Peak, but mostly pointing at Round Rock Passage, a narrow hole between a giant pile of embattled rock and one of the fantastic cays.

Because Bet paid as much attention to the compass as she did to the rolling seas astern, we hit the passage instead of the Blinders, and shot into the comparative quiet of the Channel to hunt an anchorage. The little cove in Salt Island seemed the handiest place, so we continued along the row of reefs and spray-bordered cays until the palms could be seen against the sky and then, bedevilled by alternate calms and sudden squalls under the lee of the island, we sneaked up to an anchorage near the beach.

Ordinarily, of course, we would have been surprised to find two little island sloops nuzzling their moorings there, but we were too tired and sleepy to do more than note their presence and go below. On shore the blackness among palms gave no hint as to whether there were dwellings.

Tired as we were, the hot sun booming up over Fallen Jerusalem Cay awakened us and there in the palms were three or four thatched huts scarcely six feet high. Before them stood a little knot of black folk staring at our sloop. They must have been waiting for signs of life aboard, for as soon as our heads showed in the companion, three men pushed a rowboat through the surf and came out.

They were black, our visitors, with the velvet ebony blackness that none the less reflects the light and is so sel-

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dom seen in the United States. Their eyes were wide apart and intelligent. In their demeanor there was no lack of courtesy, but it was the dignified courtesy of men who are certain of their place in life and secure in it. The attitude was emphasized by its contrast with their tattered clothing and we recalled the story of the labor union in St. Thomas; when it was formed a great many people from the British Virgin Islands flocked to join, but they had to be drummed out, for it was soon discovered that they were all landed proprietors.

For moments they were goggle-eyed at the sight of my wife: "Good morning, Capting and Mistress," they said, inclining their woolly heads to Bet, without giving me so much as a glance, and then they began to ask the conventional questions. Where were we bound, where were we from, and didn't we think the boat too small to go outside?

"It's blowing a high wind now," opined the leader of the trio, a big, strapping, square kind of man with a stubbly beard and rippling muscles that moved easily in the sunlight under a silky black hide. "Got gale in Barbados today and it make de wind heavy up here."

A gale in Barbados! The islanders all call the hurricane a "gale," but how had they found out that one had passed over Barbados when the nearest cable office was in St. Thomas, we asked.

"Oh, we got de Bristol Almanac," the big fellow replied, with perfect faith. "It give de weather for every day in de year. When dis heavy wind spring up, we overhaul de almanac an' see dat it have gale in Barbados. An' heavy rain in Port-of-Spain. But dis breeze will go back after de change of de moon."

"Go back." To sailors anywhere that would mean the wind was going to shift counter-clockwise, but he meant it was going to diminish in force. The talk drifted to fishing. The seine and the fish pots did well for them, they said, and they trolled for kingfish on the submarine ridge out south where the water suddenly dropped from fifteen fathoms to a thousand. Salt Island was a good place.

"You wants to go fishing, Sir and Mistress?" the big man asked. Of course we did. What better way to endure a spell of bad weather?

At once they were talking, all three of them together, about tides, times, waves, wind, phases of the moon, and the effects of all these controls on the fishing.

"Amberjack and jewfish," one of them said. "You want to fish for them?" Jewfish. They are big, stupid fish but they grow to huge sizes and it would be fun, just once, to drag one of them to the boat. And amberjack would be all right, too.

But while I was allowing my mind to trifle with the general subject of reef fish, a change was coming over the faces of the three black men. The big one who did most of the talking swallowed, and spoke in a curiously subdued and reverent tone.

"Dere have a drownded ship on de other side of de island," he said. "She lost in the gale of '67. She come out of Great Harbor in Peter Island—dat de next cay—an' de gale was blowing full force. An' it were two o'clock in de ah'ternoon time, but it were dark like midnight wid no moon and de capting didn't see a t'ing an' de gale take possession of de ship an' drive she back faster dan de engine drive she ahaid, an' she go up on de Black Rock an' mash up, an' fall back in de deep water an' drownded." He paused in his suddenly breathless recital. The others were silent, listening to a story they had often heard, but which never failed to awe them. The big man pointed a heavy black hand, covered with callouses, at a solitary clump of palms on the point.

"Some of de people bury dere," he continued. "She had on board three hundred and twenty-five souls; three hundred mash up on de rocks and drownded. A Royal Mail Liner. Her first trip to de West Indies. De *Rhone*. An' she mash up."

He paused again and the awed look left his face. "Got plenty jewfish around de wreck. If you like we can haul my fishpots for bait an' fish dere on Monday." He laughed apologetically. "Tomorrow Sunday. On Sunday no one work here; we jus' rest."

Sunday they took us about their parched little island, showed us the salt ponds from which they evaporated their own salt, pointed out the best of the none too secure anchorages, and pushed aside some brush so that we might see the ruins of a great stone mansion.

"De white people have some powerful big houses on Salt Island during de slavery time," one of them remarked. "Ah'ter de slavery finish, de white people went off; dey didn't come back no mo'." There was no resentment in his words.

We looked at the stoutly built foundations and tumbled walls of brick, rock, and steel-strong mortar the old colonists had made from crushed coral and molasses together with other ingredients. I don't know what they were; the secret has been lost for a long century.

Lizards darted across the prostrate pride and magnificence of a dead world that had lived and breathed within the memory of our great-grandfathers. A violent but robust world, with a God in His heaven and a sublimely unquestioned superiority the natural corollary of a white skin. Then the gears in the slow machine of history had meshed and the juggernaut lurched forward, in a new direction, faster than it ever had before; with slavery abolished, these dry little islands became goat pastures and the pleased but bewildered slaves became free to scratch for their own living.

Thinking of this sort is no good; you look at the ruin of a man-power civilization that lasted for two hundred years in the New World, and even though you would rather not, you reflect that the machine civilization has not lasted half of that. There must be something in the high sky and bright sun of this New World that makes things grow more quickly and decay more quickly than elsewhere.

The blacks were staring at the quiet ruin in as contemplative a mood as we two whites. We watched their faces and wondered what they were thinking, but whatever it may have been, it was so ill-defined in their own minds that no hint of it showed on their faces.

It was impossible not to compare these people with their forefathers who had been servants of the system symbolized by the fallen great house. Not one of them had more than a few rags of clothing and the rags were patched and repatched with bits of flour bag. On the other hand, the thick black bodies visible through the holes were strong and well nourished; no fat, but

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then, no ribs exposed for casual enumeration.

One of them kicked the pile with a ruminative toe. "Dis a poor place," he laughed, sheepishly. "Dey no money here; we so poor we don't use it."

Then we set off across the rocky meadows, bound for a point from which we could see the "drownded" ship, and pondering on the world of significance in that last remark. On the way we were overtaken by a brisk little man, not as black as the others and blessed with an energetic and uncombed white goatee.

"I de guv-munt man hereabouts," he announced and the announcement was made with more pride than pomposity. As far as the British Virgin Islands are concerned, the hierarchy is God, the King, Doctor Wailling, and President Roosevelt. God, of course, is divine, and the King is nearly so. Doctor Wailling, His Majesty's Commissioner at Tortola, is human but with bored, scrupulous fairness and an admirable severity he administers the King's laws and when some one is sick, Doctor Wailling will attend him until he is well or dead. President Roosevelt is human, but gifted and eccentric. No one in the British Virgins has yet recovered from his surprise at the huge sums President Roosevelt sends to the American Virgins nor at the churlish reception given his bounty.

We knew all this because we had often talked with the English blacks and now, as we stood looking out at the turbulent blue sea, the "Guv'munt Agent" told us all of it again and in detail. However, he concluded, no one in the English Islands had had to ask the King for food and as long as they had a little land and could haul fish pots they wouldn't have to.

They will always have the land, all right; the King won't let them sell it.

The spray was being flung high over the black rocks and in the brilliant sunlight, we could see some dark patches. The big fellow, whom we had christened Horatius because we thought he would cut a fine figure at a bridgehead, sword in hand, pointed to them.

"De drownded ship," he said, and that curiously awed atmosphere fell over our little knot of satellites again.

From the rocks it was easy to see what had happened "forty years ago" as the Salt Islanders call anything that happened before their time but still within the memory of people alive when they were children. There had been a coaling station in Peter Island, the yellow cay just west of where we stood. The *Rhone,* one of the finest ships of her day, with broad decks, a big engine, auxiliary sail, uniformed officers, and passengers who thought themselves pampered, had been lying there coaling when a heavy swell began to set into Sir Francis Drake Channel. The barometer was high and steady and so clear was the day that men working aloft in the rigging could see the trees on top of Virgin Peak and the color of the cane fields on the mountain slopes of St. John. High overhead, long cirrus feathers stretched across the clear blue sky and because there was no radio to tick out "A tropical disturbance of marked intensity passed over Dominica last night. The center was in Latitude 15° 20′ N.; Longitude 62° 20′ W. at 8:00 this morning, moving northwestward," no great attention was paid to them. But they were the plumes of catastrophe, the white spokes radiating from the wheel on which the ship was to be racked and broken.

By late afternoon the glass was dropping ever so slightly and a film of cirrus was gradually forming over the sky. By nightfall a puffy wind was blowing from the northeast with rain squalls, the swell was increasing so that it could be felt in the anchorage and the glass was displaying an uneasy tendency to rise a little and then fall a little. A worried commander was tapping it and wondering if a hurricane might not be brewing; in those days the nature of the cyclonic storm was not well understood and the rules for hurricane sailing as yet undefined.

When the wan day broke, the captain no longer had doubts. The strong, gusty wind had slowly shifted to true east and was bringing torrents of rain with it, the sky was a black pall of riven clouds and the lonely man of responsibility was left to decide whether he should put to sea or stay at an anchorage wide open to the north and northwest. If he stayed, his ship, his new ship, on her maiden voyage, would be driven aground and he would be ruined. If he put to sea, he could fight his foe in the open; but would the engine be equal to the mad clutch of the hurricane's fingers on the masts and yards?

At noon the screeching whole gale that heeled the vessel down at her anchorage decided him, for with the engine helping her, she was beginning to drag. So with a wind that was almost a solid wall against which a man could lean and a light so feeble that the entrance to the harbor was scarcely visible, the *Rhone* went out into the maelstrom.

It took an hour to cover the mile that separated her from Salt Island Passage and the wind was shifting more rapidly, so that as she swung her head south to pass through, the wind shifted E.S.E., S.E., and S.S.E. to meet her.

The center was approaching and the shifts were more rapid, for it was to pass but a few miles to the south. And the wind velocity had reached that incredible and unmeasurable degree of violence when wind gauges are blown away.

The dangerously close rocks and coral reefs on either hand were invisible. It was two o'clock in the afternoon but "black like midnight when it have no moon."

The wind hauled S.W. and, though her engine was churning the futile propeller around faster than her designer ever believed possible, the *Rhone* was going backwards. But no one knew it; not until she struck on Black Rock, lifted in the hurricane sea and fell again with a crash that tore the spars out of her and split open her sides and superstructure.

"De mos' of de bodies dey find on de Tortola shore," said Horatius, nodding his head at the big island, over five miles away on the other side of the channel. "Dey bury dem where dey come ashore but a few come ashore here an' de people dat was saved was pile up by de sea an' trow up over de rocks an' den blow back into de island."

The sun, rising higher, struck into the sea and the black patches on the bottom were plainer.

"Dere de after end of she," said Horatius. "Her masts just a little south from dere. Later on, a mon come out an' dynamite de hull an' dive down looking for gold. An' a mon-of-war come an' dere was trouble for some of de colored people dat stole de rings an' bracelets from de dead people. But only a few—most of dem was scared to touch de bodies. . . ."

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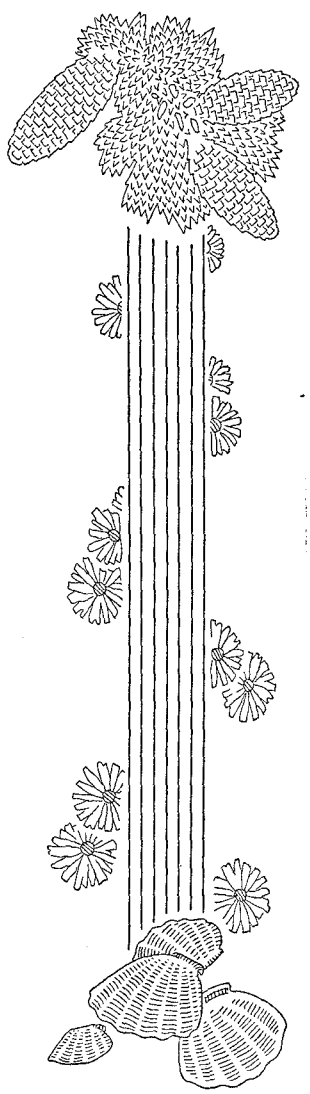
Even in the bright sunlight we felt a little chilly and suddenly it seemed silly to go catching the jewfish that were living in the dead people's staterooms. We started back to the little collection of huts and soon were more cheerful. The islanders kept speaking of the advantages of their cay; plainly they loved it, and their existence was so peaceful and uneventful that the loss of the *Rhone,* sixty-eight years before, was the most titanic event of which they had ever heard. Suppressed by all this uneventful peace, I asked Horatius if he had ever heard of Hitler, or Mussolini, or Stalin.

"Dey local people?" he asked in some surprise. I said that they were not, and dropped the matter as profitless; besides, I could see three little red flags fluttering in the trees outside the huts. We asked what they indicated.

"Oh, dey's a wedding, day after tomorrow," laughed Horatius, and in his eyes there was an anticipatory gleam. "People come from all about. You going to stay and spree wid us?"

We didn't know and made no promises. We would see how the fishing was.

That night, in the tiny cabin, we talked about the Salt Islanders. Most of them couldn't read or write, and they had no more notion of the outside world than they had of Mars. They were in rags and they had never heard of social security. But oddly enough, they had it—this same social security. The bits of cloth and twine, the fish hooks, cutlasses, and so forth came from the world outside, but that wasn't much and they got it with a fair degree of ease. For the rest, the everyday business of living, they had no need to worry if the rest of the world were destroyed overnight. And the greatest event any one had ever heard of was the loss of a single steamer sixty-eight years before.



THE ISLAND GLADE

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

To see this island from the bay,
Even a native man would say
It was like the rest around,
No ray of sunlight on the ground,
But all woods to its dusky core,
Christmas trees from shore to shore.

But there was a meadow white with stars
Of daisies and with cobweb bars
Hung with dewdrops full of sun,
A meadow, and a dainty one,
Hardly as wide as man is tall,
Right in the center of it all.

Beams of the hot eleven-o'clock sun
Found the place and stayed till one,
But not so long there that they quenched
The minute rainbows which had drenched
The place with gold. It had the air
As if some one were living there.

Who was so wise that he could say
But what some creature hid away
In that place, no eye could see,
Some small saltwater deity,
Friend of fogs and lonely bells
Such as ring on ocean swells?

Stranger things a man has seen—
A moonlit cobweb hung between
Two fir boughs, a heron winging.
Who else would it be there singing
Like pine boughs on a windless night
And carrying a will-o'-wisp for light?

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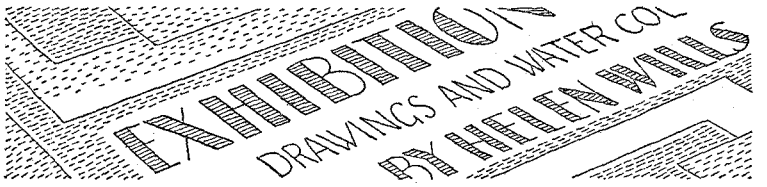
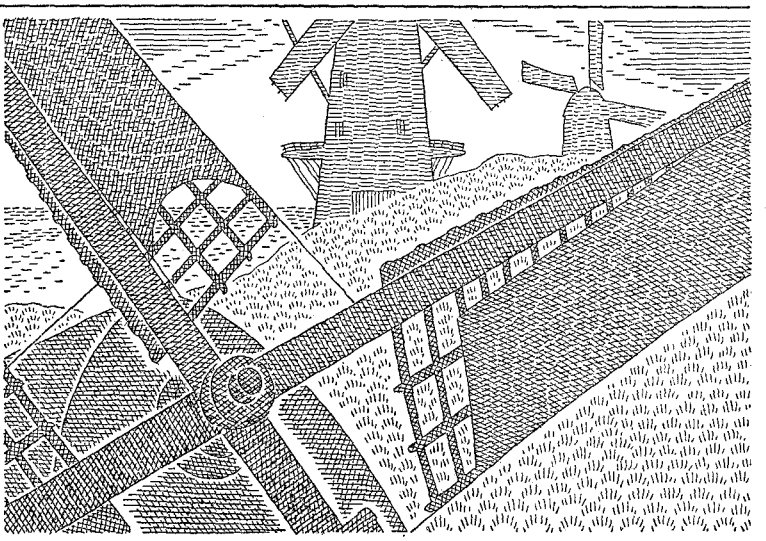
PART II



Education of a Tennis Player

By Helen Wills Moody

Travels and tournaments, art and athletics, her philosophy of life and her attitude toward her future as a tennis player distinguish the concluding part of Mrs. Moody's autobiographical essay



BETWEEN the winter in the South of France and the end of 1929, when I married, several experiences stand out in my mind. One was my presentation at the Court of St. James's in June, 1929. It happened that one of my friends from California was being presented at the same time, so we had the same hairdresser arrange our headdress with its white veil and three feathers, and went together in a car that was lent us by a friend living in London. It was necessary to engage a footman so that he could spring out to open the door of the car as we stopped at the red carpet leading to the doorway in one of the inner courtyards.

In order to be shielded from the curious eyes of onlookers, who were as free as any American with their comments about the occupants of the cars, we invited a friend to ride with us so that his broad shoulders could fill up the window towards the sidewalk. This he did quite easily, as he had been one of Oxford's famous oarsmen. To look upon the pageant of the Throne Room, with its beautiful Queen, its sparkling lights, the sea of white feathers on the heads of the ladies about to be presented, the colors of the dress uniforms, and the glitter of magnificent jewels, was like having before you a chapter in a book which had suddenly turned into a living picture.

To an English girl who has been fortunate enough to have enjoyed the gaieties of a London season when she has come out, being presented at Court is one of the events necessary for the success of her social career. To an American girl, being presented at Court cannot have the same meaning, but it is a scene she will always remember. England's is the *only* great court in the world today which remains in its original state of splendor.

The next morning found me at eight o'clock on the boat train bound for the Hook of Holland crossing, for I had promised to play in some team matches against the Dutch players at The Hague. My mother was coming from Paris to meet me there, and the rest of the players on the team had already arrived. It was my first experience in travelling alone. The channel was like glass, and the sun shone through a light mist. The crossing seemed like a dream with the scenes of the night before still in my mind.

The Hague is vivid in my memory of tennis travels. The flat country surrounding it, its enormous skies and beautiful clouds, inspiration of the great Dutch landscape painters; the tulip fields, like brilliant color laid out with a palette knife in squares and rectangles on the green; the charming character of the Dutch people—all these make Holland one of the most delightful countries for the traveller, tennis or otherwise.

Upon our return to London, in June, my first exhibition, showing drawings of tennis players in action and several paintings in water color, was held at the Cooling Gallery on Bond Street. This meant a great deal to me, as I had worked all year on them and had been studying more or less consistently since leaving the University three years before.

There was an opening day reception with a private view for friends and the press. A catalogue. The services of a press-cutting bureau were engaged to

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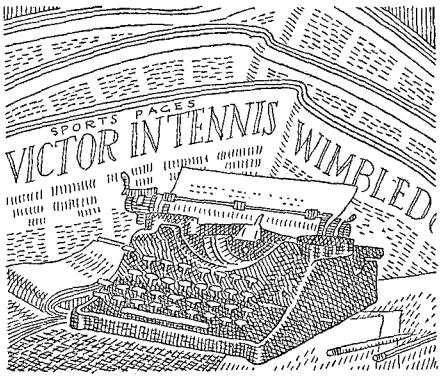

gather together comments of the various art critics. A fair number of the drawings were sold, and it was, from my point of view, a very agreeable little show.

In 1930, the exhibition was repeated at the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York, with various additions, some new. The same routine was carried out—tea on the opening day and so on, but this time everything sold, much to my surprise.

Tennis is a world-wide sport and it is played practically everywhere. So, the following year when my husband said that he had to go on business to Manila, I thought at once of tennis in Japan. I left the ship at Yokohama, and stayed for a week in Japan playing in exhibition matches. For variety, we arranged the exhibitions in the following manner: one set against a woman player, one set against a man player, one set of ladies' doubles, and one set of mixed doubles. I stayed with Japanese people during my entire visit, except for Thanksgiving dinner with the American Ambassador and his family.

The Japanese Tennis Association appointed two travelling companions who went about with me: Mme. Shioto, a sweet little lady who spoke English, and Tameo Abe, who had been to the United States on a former Davis Cup Team. He was a professor of philosophy at the Yokohama University.

There were matches at the International Club in Tokyo and at the University. We went to the houses of several prominent families for lunch and dinner. Saw some of the famous No dancing. Attended several banquets Japanese fashion in the restaurants. And witnessed the tea ceremony which expresses so subtly the Japanese attitude towards life, art, and philosophy. The Eastern point of view can be better understood by the foreigner if he reads *The Book of Tea* by Okakura Kakuzo.

In Tokyo I was fortunate enough to see the annual exhibition of painting, which corresponds to the Spring Salon in Paris. It was divided into two parts. The traditional school was represented by many beautiful paintings on silk. All these were of large dimensions, with subjects such as birds, flowers, waterfalls, and landscapes, but one of the paintings on silk showed a modern subject—a tennis player in white flannels asleep under a willow tree, beside a pool covered with lily pads and lilies. The other division of this big show was given over to paintings in the Western style, where one saw that the Japanese painters had been influenced very strongly by the modern French school.

Mme. Shioto, Tameo Abe, and I went by the day train from Tokyo to Kyoto, the art center of Japan, and we were lucky enough to have a clear day, so that we could see Fujiyama rising from the plain. I was amused to hear them repeat a proverb which went something like this: "There are two kinds of fools, one who has never climbed Mount Fuji, the other who has gone up more than once." It is a long and arduous climb for the pilgrim, and the fleas are unbearable.

We stopped a day and a night in Kyoto, and saw the famous potteries as well as the ancient palaces with their beautiful wall paintings. Then we took an electric train to Nara, to see the old temples. Here a taxi-driver flourished an autograph album and in it I found what appeared to be the autograph of Charles A. Lindbergh. He must have used this same taxi in going to the Park.

I said good-bye, at Kobe, to Mme. Shioto and Tameo Abe, with regret.

I was to have played at Shanghai, but had contracted a deadly "flu" germ which made it impossible. So I continued alone by the same boat to Hong Kong, where I was met by members of the Tennis Association. We planned an exhibition match, but that day it rained continuously, and the match took place in a downpour. Afterwards tea was served under a marquee near the court. Interest in tennis in Hong Kong is very keen. There are a number of tennis clubs around Hong Kong and all with grass courts.

The S.S. *President Coolidge* arrived from the Philippines, and my husband and I continued on our homeward journey. Shortly after we left Shanghai, the war broke out. It was very disappointing to just miss being a war correspondent! My series of mild articles on tennis and travel, which I was doing for *The San Francisco News*, would have become vehicles for news from the front.

When the ship touched at Kobe, I played a match in Osaka, and one, a day or so later, at the Yokohama Lawn Tennis Club.

The brief visit to Japan I count as one of my most delightful experiences. The Japanese love sport, especially baseball, which is played everywhere, and by small boys just as it is in this country. The women tennis players are not proficient, since women's tennis is just getting under way in Japan. There is, I was told, a constant clash between the old traditions and the new, and not very many women have taken up the game as yet. The men players, as is well known, are capable of holding

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their own in any international tournament.

My interest in tennis and in art has worked out ideally in my travels, since it was possible while playing tennis to see something also of the current exhibitions, the galleries, and the museums. And it has happened very often that artists have been interested in tennis. Augustus John's studio on Mallard Street in London stands out in my memory, as does that of Carl Milles, the great sculptor, in Stockholm. Herbert Hazeltine, the American sculptor, who works in Paris and who did the collection of prize British farm animals for the Field Museum in Chicago, was fond of tennis, and I was invited one day to his studio to meet "Mirzda," his black leopard, who was fortunately surrounded by the strong bars of her cage. She purred greetings to her master, and the rumblings of her purring sounded like a motorcycle.

Childe Hassam, the late dean of American art, wanted to do some etchings of action in tennis. I posed for him, and later he gave me the series of etchings with an inscription. It was he who suggested that I try to capture some of the action in tennis in this medium. I found that it was ideal for the expression of motion, but I inhaled so many of the fumes from bending close over the acid bath in which my plates were submerged, that I thought afterwards it affected my breathing while playing. This, no doubt, was imagination. Later on I used these etchings in an exhibition at the Bernheim Jeune Galleries in Paris.

It is not surprising that a tennis player should attempt to express action on canvas and paper, with brush and pencil. It may sound foolish, but I can see a very close relation between sport, which has rhythm and grace, and painting. Not that I have reached any proficiency in art, but I mean that it is possible for a tennis player looking at some paintings to see and appreciate action and movement more clearly. There may be action in a still life, or even in a painting with an abstract subject. It does not take a stretch of the imagination to find the dynamic line of a forehand drive in a dish of apples by Cézanne.

In 1929, we decided to remain abroad for some time and were away from home for about fourteen months on two trips. I took part in the French, English, and Dutch championships, and did some articles on tennis for an American newspaper syndicate, but this connection with the syndicate lengthened out into a six months' contract and instead of tennis matches for subjects, there were the Spring and Autumn Salons in Paris, the Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam, and the Grand Openings of the dressmaking houses, the Automobile Show, the Flower Show, the Races, and news items about "Americans in Paris."

Revealed to me was the fascination of a newspaper office abroad. My "boss" was being informed hour by hour of what was going on in Europe, and he was in constant touch with that enigma, the French political world.

I found it difficult to keep up my work and to play tennis daily. On a certain date, rain or shine, the outdoor courts of the tennis clubs around Paris are closed, and every one must go indoors to play, if he wishes to keep up his game during the winter. There are two indoor clubs with wood surface, where Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet, and other leading players used to practise. While I liked the bound of the ball off the wood—the fastest surface in tennis—the dim light and the lack of fresh air seemed to me to be serious handicaps.

I played in one tournament in the mixed doubles with Jean Borotra for partner. It was for the championship of Paris. Borotra's greatest game was played on wood. Wonderfully as I had seen Borotra play at Wimbledon on grass and in France on the clay courts, I had never seen him play his best game until I watched him on his favorite surface.

My future plans do not exist because they have not been made. I have always waited until the last minute before making up my mind about playing in a tournament. When I decided to make the trip to Wimbledon the last time, it was two o'clock in the afternoon and I managed to catch the eight o'clock train that evening. Fortunately, the bank happened to be open and it rushed my letter of credit and traveller's checks. The visa had to be left until I reached New York, where I also picked up my racquets, as I had only one on hand at home.

I believe that different ages should adjust themselves gracefully, if possible, to pursuits suited to them. One ought not to yearn after youthful activities if one is past the age, nor should one be, on the other hand, too sober and serious, as I was, perhaps, in my earlier years. But from learning a little, partly through tennis, partly because no one can escape learning *something*, I have decided that the goal is not all-important. Equally important is the manner in which it is achieved. To enjoy and to understand as one goes along, should be one's life. Without this, the object of one's efforts becomes, when attained, a hollow victory, as a tennis cup, for example, which is won without the real love of sport.

In looking back upon the players whom I have met upon the court, I am impressed with the great diversity of personality. No two players are alike, nor does their common interest in tennis necessarily tend to make them similar. Each has his special interests, friends, ideas, likes, and dislikes. This does not mean that tennis players are not often friendly. I feel that I am fortunate in having tennis-playing friends in almost every country in the world. But what I mean is, the game of tennis does not establish a uniformity among its competitors. In fact, it does quite the opposite. It encourages the player to express himself and his personality. He takes his racquet in hand, serves, makes strokes, conforms to the rules, yet into his game he puts something of his individuality so that the play becomes a unique expression of his own. Tilden, Mrs. Mallory, Suzanne Lenglen, Borotra, each had a striking personality, and each expressed it in tennis.

Tennis is, in its way, an art, just as are other sports which encourage individuality.

I am convinced at thirty that I am far less assured of my beliefs than I was at twenty. The people that I have met in my tennis travels, and the places that I have visited because of the game, may be partly responsible for the way that I think at the moment. But how is it possible for one to judge?

Several years ago, at the request of Will Durant, I wrote, in one afternoon, several pages on "My Philosophy of Life." It seemed to be quite an easy thing to do. Now it would be most difficult.

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I think at the moment that I am perhaps certain of two things: The first, that nothing remains the same from day to day. It is one of the few things of which we can be assured. The cells of our brains and the cells of our bodies are changing constantly, because of chemical reasons; therefore, there are changes in our ways of thinking, and in the ways that we feel. And in the people about us similar changes are taking place. So that our relations with them from day to day cannot be identical. Affections change, attitudes alter. We believe differently as time goes on. This is interesting but discouraging to those who desire permanency. Yet it is encouraging to those who have suffered disappointments, for even what we may have regarded as disastrous seems less serious as we look back upon it with an altered point of view.

Certainly one frequently realizes that one is no longer interested in the things enjoyed as a very young person. One notes that the night club face has a stamp upon it in Shanghai, Berlin, New York, and London. Or that one's interests have changed since college days, or that tennis championships are not all-important.

The second thing which I believe to be true is this: there is a reason for everything. That there is nothing inexplicable, and that seemingly illogical things can be explained, provided the reasons are known. The ability to know is what raises people above the commonplace. And with some people this faculty seems to be an instinctive one. Knowing the reason for things that are happening may be called, for the want of a better word, understanding.

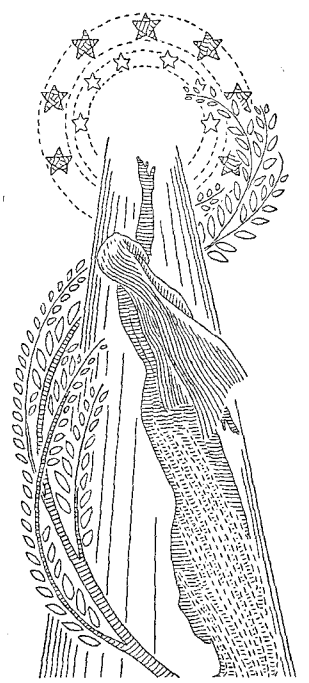
Persons endowed with this gift are usually kind in their attitude and simple in their manner. They are not too preoccupied to talk occasionally with young people, nor do they seem removed because of their knowledge. One feels as if one had known them for a long time.

I can think of a number of people whom I have met who have impressed me greatly. Among them is Gertrude Atherton, famous novelist, here in San Francisco. A half hour's conversation with Mrs. Atherton sends a young person away thinking twice as hard, mentally awakened. And Lady Astor, the American, a leader in British political life, who, in a different field, seems to have the threads for the reason of things in her grasp.

There is William Lyon Phelps, who understands literature as well as people, and has that divine gift of winning the affection of the young and making them willing to learn—the last a very rare gift indeed. And John Priestly, whose tennis is somewhat like my writing. A good many of his shots go over the fence, which in tennis, unlike baseball, is not a very good sign. But his intelligent eyes tell you that he does not see without understanding. You know too that Hugh Walpole understands people, not only as they are in the mountain country in which he spends part of his time, but in London, where his flat, silent over the roar of Piccadilly, looks onto the trees of Green Park.

Bernard Shaw, before the fireplace, hides behind laughter, and tries to surprise you with what he says, his blue eyes twinkling. But you know you have an evening to remember as you see him ascending the stairs from the dark hallway below, with the light coming from above on his white hair against the background of the dark panelling.

When I was a child, if any one asked me what I would rather have than anything else in the world, I would answer, "a wishing ring," because I knew if I had a wishing ring I could then wish for everything else. And now if there were some miraculous power which could give me what I wanted most, I would ask for an understanding mind, for that would be, in truth, a wishing ring. It is the secret of youth in old age, and it must surelv be the source of happiness—for where can happiness rise except in the recesses of our own mind?



TO GERTRUDE

By Louise Saunders

Come down from heaven, bright stars! Let there be golden light about her:
Let her move, as an angel moves, through the cold thin air;
Gentle and floating, alone in lovely silence,
Clothed in the movement of her darkly flowing hair.

That perfect quick escape: that flight to freedom, like an arrow from the ground,
Needed no door, no breaking down of bars;
No wreckage marked her way. She left behind
Only the soft sound of a bough released and swinging upward.
Then evermore—no sound.
Shine quietly upon her, golden stars.

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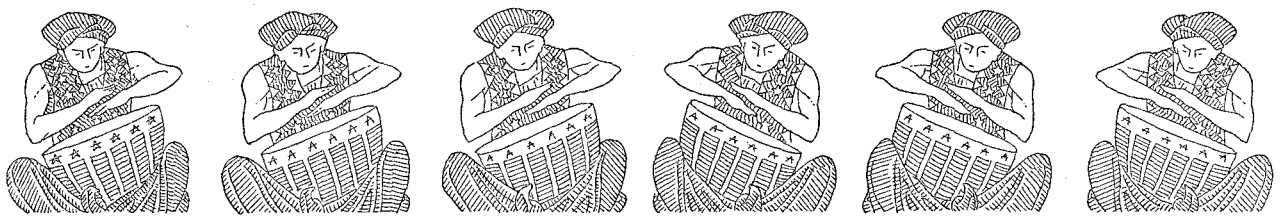

Six Men and an Elephant

A PRE-VIEW OF THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION

By Leland Stowe

Not since the days that led up to the nomination of Warren G. Harding have Republican political sportsmen enjoyed such a free-for-all spring. From the mad turmoil of party bush-beating one note of unanimity has emerged in the cry that old Jumbo must not only be recaptured but refurbished and rejuvenated as well. Simultaneously pronounced differences of opinion have been revealed as to how these most desirable aims can best be attained. Now the G. O. P. tom-toms are announcing the hour of decision with a crisp and pertinent chorus which chants persistently: "Who will ride the elephant—and what kind of an elephant will he ride?"

The question, by no means as simple as it might seem, must be answered at Cleveland for better or for Roosevelt. At least that is the choice seen by stanch Republicans who are asking themselves whether their party suffered a merely temporary defeat in November, 1932, or whether it may have entered a protracted period of decline. Obviously the Cleveland convention opening on June 9 must decide a great deal more than who will be the candidate to contest the New Deal at next autumn's polls. It will also decide whether the Republican Party, on the defensive as it has never been in this generation, will stake its future on a reactionary, a moderately conservative, or a liberal program. An ultra-conservative platform might mean senility and the loss of leadership for years to come. A measured conservatism, spiced with a dash of liberalism, might lay the foundations for a Republican comeback—if not this presidential year, then four years hence.

The prospects for getting into the center ring under Washington's big tent have been none too bright, but that has deterred the aspirants no whit. It is fortunate for the proper functioning of democracy and for the Cleveland convention's gate appeal that this has been the case. It has served to crystallize the issues and to bring the potential candidates before the public eye. But the necessity for a harmonious relation between party platform and party nominee cannot be ignored; and for this reason the line-up of Republican aspirants assumes particular significance this year. Who, then, are the men who are anxious to rejuvenate the party? What are their political philosophies, their contrasting characteristics, and what are their chances of being designated as Republican Number One?

Above the beating of the pre-convention tom-toms half a dozen voices have rung out more clearly than all others. As Cleveland draws near it seems highly probable, as nearly certain as anything in politics can be, that one of these voices will be selected to boom across the land until the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. In this G. O. P. sextette the most resounding voices belong to Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, and former President Herbert C. Hoover of California. Not far behind them in resonance and party appeal come Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, Colonel Frank Knox of New Hampshire and Illinois, and Senator Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa. Voices of somewhat shorter range have not been lacking. They will be heard in Cleveland's auditorium when the state delegations cast their first symbolic ballot and perhaps one or two of them will develop the flesh and blood of a dark horse.

But for practical purposes the six leaders just named constitute the 1936 sextette to save Republicanism and they will be carrying all the heavy money when the convention opens. It is interesting to classify them by using that conservative-liberal yardstick which comes so conveniently to hand. They line up on the stick almost as readily as Herbert Hoover can say rugged individualism. There are three old-fashioned conservatives: Mr. Hoover himself, Colonel Knox, and Senator Dickinson. The middle-of-the-road and moderate conservative school of thought is represented by Governor Landon and Senator Vandenberg, two contestants who are strategically in the best position and will bear the most watching. Finally, Senator Borah remains, as always, in a class by himself; a ruthlessly vigorous crusading liberal, out on the rapidly thinning fringe of the Republican party's left wing.

If the odds have been favoring the two representatives of the moderate-center brand of Republicanism, it is nonetheless evident that neither the Old Guard nor the Senate's Old Irrepressible can be lightly dismissed until

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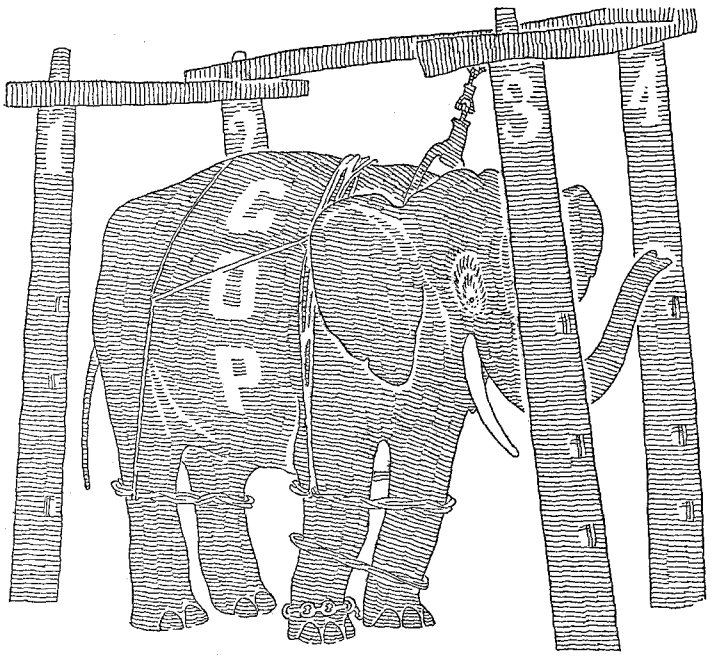
Will the nominee be Landon or Vandenberg? Will the G. O. P. remain reactionary or can it construct a program which will appeal to voters? Is there life in the party yet?



the deciding roll-call has been taken. Recent developments have emphasized the probability of a stiff convention contest and the possibility of bitter backstage bargaining. In such a set-up the personalities and adroitness of the potential candidates will count almost as much as their political convictions and all three elements will weigh importantly in the final choice.

The natural chief of the conservatives—those who might well be called the Unreformed Republicans and give bright promise of being unreformable also—is the "new" Herbert Hoover. This quality of newness derives in part from his sudden emergence from a great and monastic silence. In part it derives from a marked change in the Hoover rhetorical style. His speeches, like cakes with a special dash of baking powder, have lightened up amazingly. Their master now carries both punch and paprika. Canny newsmen surmise that Mr. Hoover has procured the services of a clever new ghost-writer, thereby explaining the paprika and the new touch of humor. But the former President has supplied a remarkable aggressiveness and a fighting punch of his own. It is clear enough that Mr. Hoover, horrified by the New Deal and all its works, is desperately willing to save our republic and vindicate himself while accomplishing that noble purpose. If he loses the party leadership at Cleveland it will have to be wrenched from a pair of stubbornly clenched fists. If he loses, it may also be because the new Hoover hasn't carried the renovation of his thinking processes quite far enough. Few people would insist that he has procured a new social outlook as a partner for his new and commendable morale. In addition, there seems to be some question as to just how much he has learned about political sagacity and public psychology. At least it seemed disconcertingly maladroit, not long ago, to have the former President's son, Allan Hoover, pop into the headlines as a recipient of $4800 in AAA cotton-benefit payments just after his father had roundly denounced the New Deal's agricultural experiments for "goose-stepping the people under the pinkish banner of planned economy." A good many sincere Hoover supporters must have been deeply pained by a coincidence like that. They may also have wondered why it had never occurred to the Hoover ménage that it would have been a gallant and shrewd gesture for Hoover *fils* to have mailed the AAA check back to Washington with a polite remonstrance against "planned scarcity." Our guess is that this little incident cost the Hoover cause a great deal more than $4800. But it did seem to recall an old familiar capacity for fumbling on the part of Hoover *père*, even when he had been dealt a good hand. Aside from an occasional slip, like this, the chief of the Unreformed Republicans has been putting up a brave battle in the face of discouragingly heavy odds.

More belligerent still is a man who looked pretty Progressive back in 1912 and who looks pretty conservative in 1936—Colonel Frank Knox of *The Chicago Daily News*. For more than a year now the Colonel, with his forthright manner and his sledge-hammer phrases, has been rough-riding the Roosevelt administration. An old T. R. rough-rider himself, he demands orthodox government, economies until they hurt, a stabilized dollar, decentralization—all those things which the big business man regards as essential for a return to federal sanity. Colonel Knox is a self-made man who believes that "business must be free if men are to be free." He was hand-picked to succeed Walter Ansel Strong as editor and publisher of *The Chicago Daily News* in 1931. Within three years he had slashed waste, pared expenses, put the newspaper on a sound and prosperous status, and paid off several millions of dollars on its bonded indebtedness. Direct and outspoken, unpretentious and warm-hearted, he soon became a first citizen of the Middle West.

About the time that the Roosevelt honeymoon was fading away people discovered that Colonel Knox was a rock-ribbed Republican who could get on his feet and call an alphabetical instrument a spade with marked effectiveness. He was a sound business man. He was orthodox in his thinking and unorthodox in his approach to political problems. Soon, perhaps much too soon, he was called upon to sound the clarion

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call of "Back to Americanism" in all parts of the country. He had run for but one political office in his life. This was in 1924 when he met honorable defeat in the New Hampshire Republican primaries for governor at the hands of Lincolnesque John G. Winant, the party's dark horse hope for 1940. But for all that, the Colonel has a way with him, as when he declares, "If the opposition doesn't want fighting leadership it doesn't want me."

In the opinion of Colonel Knox, there is no royal road to recovery. He declares, and believes, that a balanced budget, the ousting of 200,000 New Deal job-holders, and similar business-like reforms will bring a prosperity boomlet as surely as day follows night. He insists that such a program will put at least 75 per cent of our 10,000,000 unemployed back to work. He isn't worried—as very few in his party seem to be—by what new machines and new inventions are doing to create new regiments of unemployed as fast as or faster than work can be found for others who are re-employed. His only touch of Republican unorthodoxy lies in his conviction that we've got to buy considerably from the rest of the world if we want to sell considerably abroad. He wants larger foreign markets, especially for the farmer, and thinks something should be done about the tariff. Aside from this, however, Colonel Knox is an Unreformed Republican and a fighter. He has done a lot to pump vitality back into his party and the convention delegates won't snooze while he is around.

Senator Dickinson looms third in the conservative candidate category. A tall, handsome man with a shock of wavy white hair, Iowa's "tall corn" is as Republican as the State of Vermont. He has been called the authentic voice of American agriculture. As a boy he attended a milking-stool, corn-hoeing prep school and from there he went on to a law degree at the University of Iowa. For twenty years he practised in the little town of Algona before he was elected to Congress in 1918 and began to establish himself as Washington's foremost expert, first in the House and then in the Senate, on farm problems. This subject and federal expenditures are his specialties, to which are added the assets of his geographical "it" in the present presidential year, his personal appeal, and his kinship with the conservative East.

On sound government, the budget, and federal house-cleaning the Iowa Senator's ideas are completely in accord with the Knox-Hoover thesis, just as his opinion of the New Deal in general coincides admirably with the American Liberty League's pet denunciations. Senator Dickinson is no Midwestern progressive Republican, save where agriculture is concerned. On that subject his five-point farm program resembles quite strikingly the soil-conservation substitute for the AAA, "but you can put those things in constitutional form." As to unemployment he doesn't promise any immediate cure for it but insists that each State should carry the responsibility for taking care of its unemployed first. As a dark horse Senator Dickinson can be counted upon to make the most of his opportunities. Physically he belongs to the Mississippi Valley. In spirit he is a traditionalist of the Republican East.

When you come to the three remaining important bidders for Cleveland's approval you strike a different kind of political soil. The Landon-Vandenberg earth has a pleasantly new aroma to it, in spots at any rate, while the Borah ploughed ground is as individual and as familiar as an Idaho baked potato. You cannot put Alf Landon or Arthur H. Vandenberg in strictly pre-war harness. They are younger men who have a few comparatively new ideas of their own. In many ways both are ideal candidates for a year like this, but the Orthodoxes will hog-tie them if they don't watch out. This is at once their greatest asset and their greatest peril, yet it seems to be playing more in their favor as the convention approaches.

Take this quiet, self-effacing, and seldom-speaking Governor of Kansas. He has been an active candidate for months but he has said so little publicly that the country as a whole scarcely knows the sound of his typically Midwestern voice. Nor have people been much better informed about his opinions on the chief New Deal experiments and the main issues of the campaign. He is as loquacious as Calvin Coolidge at a tea party. Consequently Eastern Republicans early hailed him as a "Kansas Coolidge" and apparently a large majority of them still believe that this happy bit of alliteration conforms with the facts. To them Landon is the ideal negative and utterly conformist politician to save the party in 1936—ideal, that is, if you've never been west of the Hudson! Shortly, and perhaps providentially, they may discover that Alf Landon is just Alf Landon, a man who has his own ideas, says little, and saws wood.

In any event, he has sawed enough wood out through the primaries to have piled up a formidably large wagonload of pledged delegates to be rolled into Cleveland, V.O.D. (votes on delivery). This puts Governor Landon well out in front for the nomination, with some of Washington's ablest political prophets predicting that he will be named on an early ballot. Beyond question the movement in his name has been managed with exceptional skill. There was nothing spectacular to build on, save the famous balancing of the Kansas state budget, yet the boom has increased steadily. It has developed around a hard-working, friendly, and unassuming man who spent his early years as an independent in the oil business, who has succeeded modestly but without any flair at whatever he has set out to do and who was elected governor by driving around Kansas and talking to people informally—not by making thunderous speeches in key localities. Alf Landon lives simply, functions efficiently, and has a way of inspiring confidence—and corralling supporters!

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the Governor of Kansas is the fact that he leads the field for nomination by the Republican Party although he has scarcely denounced the New Deal at all. The howitzers of Hoover, Knox, and Borah have barked for months while the Landon arsenal made as much rumpus as a pop-gun at artillery practice. Somebody has been keeping his powder very dry and the wild shooting has failed completely to work him into a lather of excitement. Landon hasn't uttered a single shrill cry about the menace to the Republic, the end of liberty, or the assassination of the Constitution. He has seemed to think that the American people could still think for themselves; and, if you build a better mousetrap, that they might even go all the way to Kansas to get it.

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The explanation for much of this may be found in Governor Landon's own social and political philosophy, which in some respects is as far from that of his party's Old Guard as Topeka is from Wall Street. He believes in a goodly number of the New Deal reforms, including the Social Security Act, the Wagner labor bill, and the Guffey coal bill; at least, he believes they are pointed in the right direction. And what would some of his Eastern sympathizers, not to mention Mr. Hoover or Colonel Knox, think of that! Alf Landon's whole life has been lived close to the average citizen, the farmer, and the small business man. Where the New Deal has helped to protect their interests it is not to be supposed that he will attack, whatever slogans the Old Guard may despairingly conjure up. He was originally a Progressive and is just as much or a little more so today. In short, he's the kind of man who might save the West for the Republican Party, if only some one could find an oculist to equip the elephant's habitual trainers with long-range spectacles! Or possibly the Old Guard will have to rely upon him to try to save the party whether they are enthusiastic about him or not.

A fair running-mate to Alf Landon, from the aspect of the moderate conservative center, is Senator Vandenberg, who enjoys the advantage of a short but highly concentrated experience with national affairs in Washington. A man who has worked his way in the world from the age of nine, Michigan's junior senator has had a long turn as a newspaper editor and he shoots a swift journalistic glance at you from a pair of keen and quizzical brown eyes. He knows what the public pulse is; he is a student of both men and things; and he has established himself in a remarkably short time as the most effective critic of the New Deal in the Senate—as witness, his single-handed defeat of the Florida ship canal and Passamaquoddy projects early in the spring. Not only has he become the spearhead of the opposition on Capitol Hill, he has also shone as an intelligent critic who refused to let partisanship stand in the way of constructive reform.

If Senator Vandenberg has opposed a large majority of New Deal measures, he does believe nevertheless that government must shoulder new social responsibilities in a damaged and rickety world. He supported the Social Security Act, championed bank-deposit insurance, and is so radically sensible as to be sponsoring a bill to install civil service in our entire postal system. Beyond that he declares bluntly that 10,000,000 people won't be put back to work, no matter who is elected. "We have wasted billions of dollars trying to run away from the word dole," he said to me, and when I asked if he thought we would have to come to a federal dole he snapped out, "Absolutely! The quicker we recognize it and face it, the quicker we will release natural forces which will reduce our problem." He chides the New Deal, not for its motives, but for its methods. His criticism is practical, not emotional; and he doesn't think that the Republican Party should run away from its social responsibilities to the average man. As a dark horse Senator Vandenberg is not to be underestimated. He is a middle-of-the-road Republican with a sharp sense of contemporary problems and an alert journalistic appreciation of what the voting public is worrying about and hungering for. He is one of the strongest men in the Republican Party today—almost a natural connecting link between the liberals and the Old Guard. If Mr. Hoover and the ultra-conservatives should contrive to block Landon, "Watch Vandenberg!" will be sound advice. But watch him anyway, for 1940 isn't so far away even if the unprecedentedly noiseless Landon steam-roller should carry the day at Cleveland.

Before we come to that, however, there is always the great intangible, William E. Borah, who for years has been a consistent thorn in the orthodox elephant's side without ever once having "taken a walk" after the dire manner of Al Smith's threat. The Senate's grand old man still wears the Republican label, as painful as that fact has always been to many of his stablemates and as annoying as it has been in the past few months. Dark insinuations have been dropped that he might do a little promenading off the reservation this year himself; and if the G. O. P. goes more to the right than Landon or Vandenberg it is quite possible that Borah may dumbfound all the soothsayers and end thirty years of party regularity. Possible but not probable is what is generally said. At any rate it is no secret that the Republican Old Guard is as thoroughly distasteful to Idaho's solitary giant as is the New Deal; and he has fought it out gallantly in the primaries of Wisconsin, Illinois, and elsewhere in the firm belief that the Republican Party must be saved from itself—that is, from the men who have dictated its policies for the past sixteen years.

Senator Borah sums it all up in the somewhat old-fashioned cry of "Down with monopolies!" But if his language is somewhat dated, his heart and his underlying convictions are not. In his own inimitable, self-contradictory fashion he has been fighting for modern social reforms. It is his opinion that the Old Guard is forty years behind the times; that they are trying to tell millions of voters, who exist on a barely subsistence standard of living, that they can "eat the Constitution." The Lion of Boise hasn't offered an economic program, or anything like one, but he has challenged the conservatives of his party in their weakest spot. He is going into the convention with a close-knit fighting minority dedicated to battle uncompromisingly for a liberal, progressive, and forward-looking platform. If he can't get that and if they cannot agree upon a candidate who will support this kind of a program, then Senator Borah "reserves his position." That's the politician's way of saying that he may take a walk for himself at any moment and a "walk" by William E. Borah wouldn't be just a lazy promenade to enjoy the air. It would cost the Republicans a good many votes.

Primarily, then, the Cleveland showdown has resolved itself into a struggle between three different groups representing as many different tendencies and schools of thought within the Republican Party. You may specify it as a conflict between the Hoover, Landon, and Borah forces, as that suffices to make the distinction clear. Since the Landon strategists went into his home State Mr. Hoover has been nursing a grievance against the Governor of Kansas which, it seems assured, will result in his throwing all his weight to block the imperturbable Kansan if it can possibly be done. But the Eastern sentiment is predominantly for Landon.

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In the event of a deadlock, will it swing to Dickinson, Knox, or to Hoover himself? That kind of a counter-offensive would have to be maneuvered fast if it were to work successfully. The Hearst support, from which Landon is benefiting, will not be neglected as an item in persuasion by some of those in the Hoover-Old Guard camp. Meanwhile there is Senator Borah, over on the left wing, who is reliably reported to be most favorably inclined toward his Senate colleague Dark Horse Vandenberg. If the Landon drive should be definitely jammed by the Hoover-anti-Hearst delegates, the tide might well be turned toward Michigan's senator, for Borah will never support a Hoover-backed candidate. Accordingly the preliminary skirmishes must center upon the question whether Alf Landon can be stopped before the necessary 501 votes have been rolled up. Landon failing, there are strong reasons to anticipate that Arthur H. Vandenberg will give the rest of the field a strong run. But, of course, you can never tell. He may not get the chance—this time.

But what is of particular interest in all this is the fact that the moderate Republican aspirants, rather than the ultra-conservatives, appear definitely to enjoy the best prospects of success. The right-wing candidates, like Mr. Hoover and Colonel Knox, have made many more speeches and have done the most aggressive campaigning. Somehow they haven't caught the popular imagination and they lack the native Midwestern pulling-power, not to mention the shrewd paucity of rhetoric, of Landon and Vandenberg. The Old Guard and Eastern Republicans can scarcely write the entire platform with men of the latter type in the running. More and more it seems that they will be compelled to recognize the spirit of the times and to make some concessions to social reforms when the platform is drawn up. The platform will be as orthodox as Calvin Coolidge where currency, the budget, reduced governmental expenditures, and kindred subjects are concerned. It will promise to sanitize relief or to end it entirely but it won't tell how 10,000,000 jobless are going to be put back to work. It will offer some variations for a farm plan and condemn an economy of scarcity, but it won't set out to deprive the farmers of all their subsidy benefits—not if the Republicans want, as they badly need to do, to recapture the great Western spaces which were so devastatingly annexed by Franklin D. Roosevelt four years ago.

A Chicago commentator remarked not long ago that President Roosevelt had lost the Pullman car but he still had the day coaches with him. If this is as true as it has every appearance of being, the thoughtful gentlemen who pucker their brows over the contents of the 1936 Republican platform ought, in all common sense, to devote a considerable part of their literary effort for ultimate reading in the day coaches. That kind of writing can't be done, with any hope of conviction, in the hackneyed pre-depression phrases of the Old Guard. A good deal of that is bound to creep in, but there must be room for a more modernistic touch here and there; otherwise there will hardly be room for an Alf Landon or an Arthur H. Vandenberg, and they are easily the best bets which the harried and perplexed Grand Old Party now possesses.

So Cleveland promises to reveal the Republicans in the throes of trying to catch up—or trying to avoid catching up—with our social and economic calendar while still remaining as orthodox as they possibly can. In large measure the choice of the Presidential candidate will settle that question, just as it promises to determine what possibility the party will have of recovering its lost ground from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. More significantly, it should point to whether the Republican party is to court the disaster of a second and more critical total eclipse, or will move onto new ground from which there would be some hope of staging a comeback in the next few years at least, if not in November.

Normally elephants live long and die hard. Their recuperative powers have won the admiration of scientists, but they never perform well unless they are given the advantage of an alert, wide-awake, and understanding trainer. It may be possible to rejuvenate Jumbo. But the Republicans have a great many vital things to decide before they take down the big tent at Cleveland. When you are competing with F. D. R.'s greatest show on earth you've got to make the most of your talent and the most of your ballyhoo as well.

GIRL OF THE STORM

By Daniel W. Smythe

We raced together! Dark earth underfoot
Was rough with shale, the branch and twisted root.
The cold rocks ribbed the creek as it went by;
We stared at elms and clouds that lunged through sky.

You ran this way, swift-footed, lithe and sure,
And glad for whirls of rain which stones endure.
You skipped the pebble through the pounding storm,
Spray in your hair, the flesh restless and warm.

I stared at water battling with hard loam;
Rule of your body shadowed rock and foam.
We sped through trees with laughs of joy and wonder—
You were a part of storm and creek and thunder!

In days when lightning flares along the rocks,
When the creek roars, and wood ferns shake their stalks,
I shall remember how you ran these shores
And drank of light and gladness that were yours.

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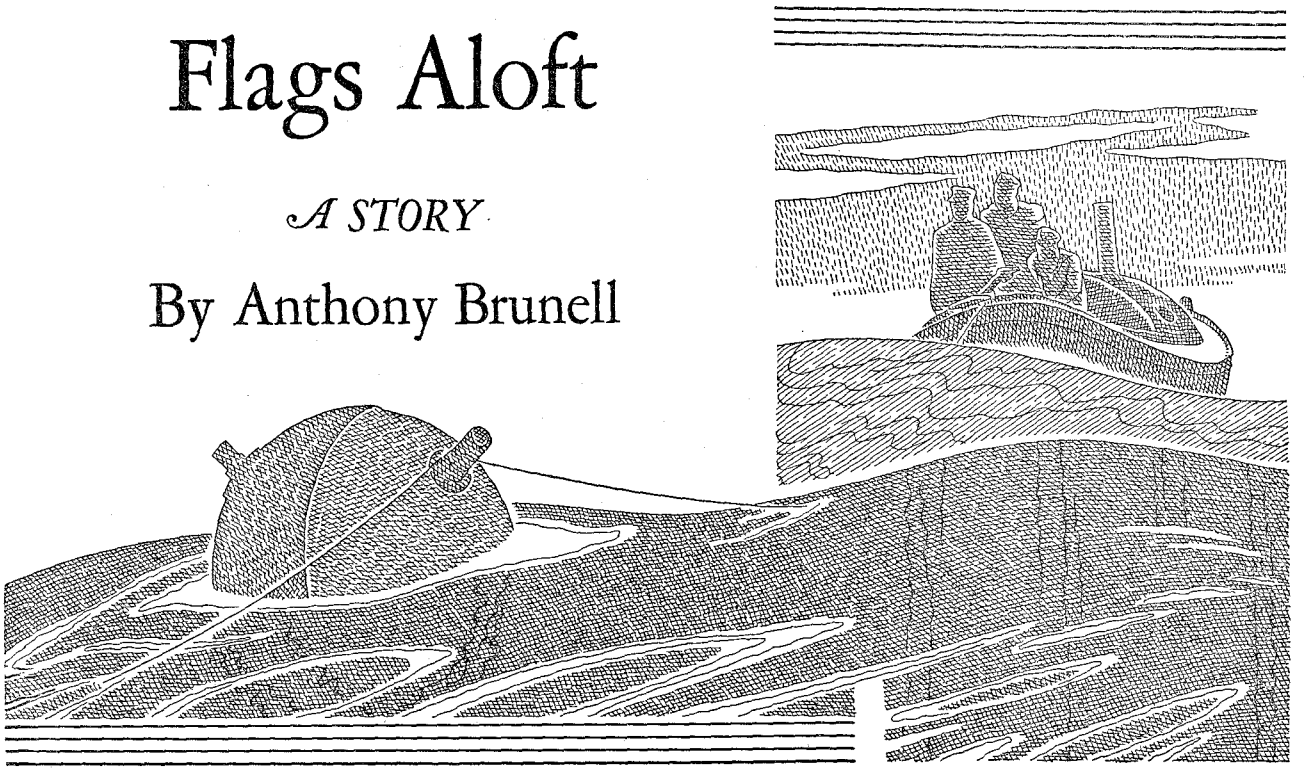
Flags Aloft

A STORY

By Anthony Brunell



THE sailor was standing on the hood of the launch, with a binocular to his eyes, looking off in the distance—as if transfixed. He was a small spindly fellow in a tunic, floppy trousers, and white hat cocked insolently to one side of his head, and he stood with legs spread out, braced against the motion of the boat.

The others below were gazing in the same direction, over the side of the launch, at some elusive thing in the blue—a midshipman sitting at the stern with the pleat of a frown between his brows, a big sailor in a jersey staring vacantly from midboat, and a boy standing at the bow almost quivery with excitement.

The sailor on top of the hood screwed up his face.

"Three squares and a pennant," he said, talking very fast without turning, ". . . going up now . . . three squares and a pennant . . . O . . . S . . . V . . . C," and he let the binocular drop to his chest and said again, very precisely, almost patronizingly toward the stern, "O, S, V, C."

Then he turned his dark, lean, sardonic face away to the sea.

The attention devolved to the stern, where the young fellow in the midshipman's cap sat with a code book on his knees and his right hand on the tiller. He began thumbing the book back and forth with his left hand, while the others watched him, then glancing down a page, he read in an even voice, " 'The target is in the right range, we commence fire.' "

With an abstracted look, he laid the book aside, and said again, loud, in an off-key official voice, "The target is in the right range, *we commence fire.*"

The others glanced off, past him, at the fine straight wake the launch cut in the still water. The sun flashed in the scrolls of the furrow like spilled dribbles of sunlight. Far back, where the wake evened out into the sea, a little float was following along, steady as a ship, with its two uprights rising from the water, and a square of red cloth stretched like a billboard between them. That was the target. A towing line dipped into the churning wake under the stern of the launch and went out to it, hidden under the water.

"More signals going aloft," came the sailor's voice from the hood. They all turned to listen. "Two squares and a swallowtail. . . . Hell of a distance for signal-flags." He puckered his thin lips like a child learning to read, "M . . . T . . . B," he said, "M, T, B."

The middy at the stern already had his book open and his thumb on the page, " 'M, T, B,' " he read off, " 'Hold your present course.' "

"They must be trying to be funny," the sailor said, peering in the binocular.

"What was *that?*" asked the middy.

"Maybe they thought we might *enjoy* getting in their line of fire," the sailor said in a sort of stage whisper without turning.

Nobody said anything, they all stared in the direction of the binocular to the point on the sea where the sun's reflection made a gleaming pool of brightness over the water. But nothing could be seen anywhere, only the face of the sea swinging out smooth and even to the horizon with not a ripple in it.

"I can't even see the ship," came the boy's voice from forward.

"Now isn't that too bad?" the sailor said, looking down sardonically at the boy on the bow. "And it's such a pretty sight, too!" Then, with a snort, he peered again in his binocular where, under his eyes on the face of the lenses, lay the gray long shadow of the ship, faint and a little wavery, as if wincing in the luminosity of the air where the sun splashed over the sea. The masts and superstructure looked pretty big, but the hull showed only a thin narrow line above the horizon. The man-of-war seemed to slide along magically at the very edge of the sea.

"Any more signals?" asked the middy.

"Red pennant not up yet," the sailor said.

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"Well—keep an eye on it."

"It ought to be up by now," the sailor said. Then, in his precise stage whisper, "But I bet they're having plenty of trouble out there, with all them middies around!" and he nodded his head to include the fellow at the stern with all the middies, smiling very finely, feeling superior.

"Martin," the midshipman said.

"Yes, sir."

"You will report to me when we get back on board."

"Sure."

"You talk too damn much."

"*Don't* I talk too damn much though?" Martin said.

The middy's face remained tense, the muscles of the face jutting out under the cheekbones and the ears flushing red. But he said nothing. There was a silence.

The launch chugged along. The steam engine under the deck made a sound like a shuttle weaving in and out. Puffs of smoke came out of the funnel and unravelled in the sun. You could hear the hush on the sea between strokes of the engine.

"Why don't they shoot?" came the boy's voice from forward. It was very high, almost fluty in the silentness. No one answered him. The boy stole a glance at the others as if startled at the sound of his own voice. Then he looked around, taking everything in—the lone launch, the target float way back, and the sea.

He was a midshipman, too, with a visored cap on his head, but the cap was still quite new and his face looked very young under it. His body was still unformed, his shoulders were very thin, he was only a boy. But he was having a fine time. The tension aboard the launch exhilarated him in some way, he was flush with excitement.

His eyes wandered curiously from one person to the other, the inaccessible, older midshipman at the stern—the big solid sailor against the side—and Martin up there, so cocky and impudent. Then he glanced back at the sea. What a miracle of a day it was, so delicate and soft and clear! There wasn't even a breeze, only an occasional puff of air, almost a caress.

He looked down at his own face, reflected in the water passing under the bow. Blue, deep, mirrory water, and his boyish face wavering on it. But it was all so still and soft that he suddenly wished something would shatter it at one blow.

"Why don't they shoot?" he asked again, petulantly.

No one said anything. But the silent brawny sailor, who was leaning against the hood amidship, winced slightly and shifted his bare feet over the scuppers. He was a huge fellow, with a small round head and big shoulders like a prizefighter. The sun had made the skin of his face and neck hard and craggy like leather. His big naked arms stuck out of the thin jersey and folded on his chest. He kept very still, watching.

"Up she goes, up she goes," chanted Martin from above, in his mocking nasal voice.

He was following the minuscular rising of a little red flag in the binocular, a fluttery creeping up the T mast of the ship.

"Red flag aloft!"

Red flag aloft meant the beginning of gunfire. He scanned the purplish shadow of the ship, wondering where it would break out first—feeling a tightness come over his heart.

"Hold your sides," he said, wincing.

In a moment a puff of grayish smoke billowed out of the turret amidship and covered the side of the ship.

"Fire," he cried in exultance, dropping the binocular, and pricking up his ears to listen. He stood waiting like a minor fiend, with his mouth open and his brows uplifted, listening to the silence.

In a few seconds a rumbling sound came reverberating over the water and boomed loud as it went past with a whangy wavery note. And even before the sound, a column of water had mysteriously erupted from the surface of the sea, between the target and the boat, and now was cascading back in white cliffs of spume. That was where the shell had hit.

"Short," Martin cried to it, in a sort of frenzy.

"They're going to 'fork,'" the middy said. A short hit, a long hit, and one between made what was called a "fork."

More shells dropped in the same area, quick spouts of water flashing up in the sun. Then silence. The men watched the columns disintegrate slowly into the sea.

"What was *that?"* asked the machinist, peering out from under the hood at the level of the deck. Again the shells came, bursting the membrane of silence like a thunderclap, shattering. Great cliffs of water surged out of the sea and fell back in the stateliness of foam.

"Short, *short, short!"* cried Martin, singing it out like one possessed. The machinist stared in the distance with his square, mature face set in the stillness of surprise. Then he made a grimace and withdrew under the hood, like a snail in its shell.

"A mile away," jeered Martin, swaying his spindly body over the side.

The middy at the stern looked white in the gills, hating, oh, hating to intervene.

"That's shooting. Isn't that beautiful shooting?" Martin said, as if to goad him.

The middy stood up looking blank, but the off-key, forced voice in him spoke out again. "You will keep still," he said.

"They're going to hit us next," cried Martin exasperated.

"Don't be such a fool," the middy's voice said.

"They're wonderful shots. You have no idea what wonderful shots they are." And Martin suddenly swore, almost toppling over the side—the launch had taken a sudden lurch ahead. He regained his footing and stood for a moment, startled. Then he gave a snort and slapped his thigh.

"Ha, ha, that's a good one. Even the old coffee pot is trying to run away," and he laughed, twisting his body, looking melodramatic.

The others glanced around.

"Maybe the line snapped," the big sailor said. But no, the line seemed to be pulling tight.

"Engine room. *Engine room,"* the middy called.

The machinist's face appeared at deck level, beside a fistful of cotton waste.

"Why did you speed 'er up?"

The face stared, unseeing.

"Well?" the middy said.

The man didn't seem to understand, his face remained blank. Orders to the man below deck were never given verbally. There was a bell for that. The bell clanged right over the man's head. One clang, stop; two clangs, ahead; three, reverse.

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Now the face gazed, waiting, as if the man were shell-shocked.

"Same speed as before," the middy said. His voice resounded over the whole launch.

The man's face withdrew—like an apparition, it was gone. The shaggy ball of cotton waste hung on in the air for a moment, then it vanished too.

The speed slackened, the tempo of the puffing slowed down. But thick, inky smoke came out of the funnel and hung darkly over the boat. Martin flayed the thickness with his spindly arms, laughing and coughing at the same time.

"He's laying a smoke screen, that's what he's doing. Ha, ha. A *smoke* screen." And the jest sent him into a fit of coughing and cackling.

There was a waft of odors, steam, oil, and hot brass—coming from below. Another thunderclap rolled in the distance, reverberating between sea and sky. The surprise of the blasts had worn off. Now it was only dully terrifying.

"Amateurs, that's all they are," said Martin, still gasping in the cloud of smoke.

"They're getting the range," the middy said.

"Sure."

"They're doing pretty good," the middy said in his natural voice.

"Such a nice safe job we got, towing the target, and a bunch of amateurs shooting at it," Martin spat out.

No one said anything, no one looked up. The silence enraged him. His face arched from the neck in angry hostility.

"And me in the Navy for five years and a first-class telegraphist. Isn't this a break?" he said sarcastically. "Such fun, with all them amateurs aboard, all studying to be admirals."

The middy said nothing. Midshipmen had no real authority over the crew. They were expected to exert moral authority, though. That was called natural leadership. To hell with that, the middy thought. If Martin would only shut up. The middy looked away, thinking of his commission and how close it was, and how everything would be all right then.

But Martin was still talking.

"I thought the war was over," he was saying. "But it can't be over, at that. Or what would we be doing out here, getting shot at, for practice?" He left the question in the air and glanced at his audience. There was the middy at the stern who was pretending not to hear, the boy at the bow who occasionally glanced up amused under his peaked cap, and right below, at his feet, the still, huge back of the big sailor. Martin could feel the warm, heavy blood presence of the sailor, he knew in some way that *he* was listening.

He reverted to his dramatic whisper. "War to end war, that's what they said. Ha, but what the hell are we practising gunnery for, then?" He patted the sailor's back, lightly—the big warm shoulder blade of the man below him. "You and me, we're lucky," he said leaning over, the binocular swinging from his neck. "We've been all through the war and now the war's over—it's been over more than a year—but not for us. We're not going home yet. We like to stay on. We got a hell of a break. We got picked for a special spot. Not home for us. Not even maneuvers in the Caribbean. Not when we could go on a cruise in the North Sea, with a boatful of little admirals, practising for the next war. So here we are, in the *North Sea.* Now isn't that beautiful! Ain't we lucky!"

The big sailor didn't stir, his arms folded on his chest, his bare head in the sun.

Came another broadside, winging right overhead. The shells, though, landed far beyond. Enormous spouts shot up in the distance, falling in a corona of foam.

"Wow!" cried Martin.

"That was close," piped up the high, white voice of the boy. They all looked toward the stern as if to account for the shell that had passed so close overhead.

"My God!" Martin said. "The fool amateurs." He again leaned over the shoulders of the big sailor, whispering to him. "And I've seen the real stuff too. I've seen the best shooting in the whole war. Couple of years back, up in Archangel. You know, *Russia.*"

There was a pause. The big sailor turned his head and looked at him for a moment with his craggy face, then glanced down at the middy on the stern who was sitting with a set, gaunt look on his face, determined to hear nothing, see nothing.

"They sent a couple of thousand men up there to run all the Bolshies out of Russia. Wasn't that a nice, easy job for a couple thousand men!" Martin went on, chuckling to himself. "I was on the destroyer that 'scorted the troopships in."

"Yeah?" the sailor said, shifting his feet on the scuppers. His small head was cocked to one side, listening, but he was uneasy. He was very uneasy. He didn't want to hear any more. But a part of him still wanted to listen, to know. A part of him was spellbound by the nervous whisper coming from above.

"What happened?" he said.

"We'd just sighted land and I'd tapped out a message to the Reds that the Allied Forces were going to take control, when we *got* it—just outside my radio room, like a pile of dishes crashing on the floor."

The sailor detached his slow eyes from the actual world to look up.

"Sure. They sat a shell right on our deck, their first try. I came out running, and there it was—a winch blasted to hell and two fellows dead against the rail. You couldn't tell where it'd come from, you could hardly see land at all. But they'd seen us all right. First try, first shell out. That's shooting," Martin said.

The sailor looked off. The man-of-war was coming out of the shininess of the path of the sun on the water. You could see it sliding very low on the horizon, like a bluish shadow.

There was another thunderclap far off and a few shells fell like pebbles in a pond.

"Just look at that," said Martin, who had stood up to peer through the binocular.

"They're never going to hit it," the boy said in a plaintive voice from the bow.

"That's the way they do things," Martin said, making a wry mouth. "But the Reds, they're professional in everything . . ." and his voice got down to a quick mumbling in the sailor's ear.

The boy on the bow made a face, as if he had been left out. But anyhow he didn't want to hear any more. His boyish freckled face puckered up round the eyes in dejection. He felt that everything had gotten small and sordid in some way. There was no magic left in it. It had started off so wonderfully, now it was all gone. He looked at the

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little malevolent figure of the telegraphist bending down on the sailor's shoulder, and he resented it. He hated it, though he didn't know why. He had admired the big sailor so much. The big easy shoulders, the full hairy arms, and the way he stood, relaxed against the hood and yet attentive, like a cat ready to spring in a moment, in a flash. And now it was all gone. The sailor was listening to the stagy remonstrations of the little telegraphist, he was being taken in. The boy turned away from them and glanced at the water under the bow.

And in a moment he began to take his shoes off. If he dipped his feet in the cold water of the North Sea, it might restore the magic. Jerkily, he pulled off the rough shoes and socks and dangled his naked feet over the side. He shied at the immediate touch of the clear, icy water that nibbled at his toes. Then he pushed his feet in to the ankles. It was icy cold, he held his breath.

"The Reds always know what they're doing," he heard Martin's voice saying. "They're no amateurs . . . no mama's boys trying to run things. . . ."

The boy closed his eyes. A flush of blood went over his heart. He was a mama's boy, he thought. Even now he could see his mother's face on the water just above his, looking at him. Everywhere was his mother's face, looking at him. He was a mama's boy all right. And he hated her at that moment. He wished he'd never see her again. Then he felt terribly homesick all at once, wanting her, terribly homesick for her and her presence. His feet in the water felt frozen and something in him wanted to cry.

"Martin."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you stop gabbing and see if they're signalling?"

The voices came to the boy's ears as if from another world. He glanced around, startled. Martin was looking in the binocular, the sailor was leaning against the hood, big as life, very still.

"No signals," said Martin.

"They must have stopped firing," the middy said.

But just then the surface round the target danced wildly and then shot up in great cliffs all around it.

"They've hit it," cried the middy as though it were a personal victory.

The target pitched and tossed in the turmoil of waters, desperately riding the waves. One of the uprights was half broken and leaned over, held by the red cloth.

"There you are," said the middy, vindicated. But the feeling didn't last long. He heard the boy's voice at the bow cry out in the hush. "Look. *Look. There.*"

The boy was standing up, pointing a finger over the side. They all turned. On the lee side, very close to the launch, was a mine, drifting right down into the wake. *Clang* went the bell over the machinist's head. The churning sound stopped, the boat's speed slackened. Utter silence.

The mine drifted on to the stern, with its round top spinning slowly as it became involved in the fringe of the wake. The cylinders of the detonators stuck out like eyes of a deep-sea fish.

"A heinie," Martin said.

The thing just lay there under their eyes, taking a slight spin from the whirls of the wake, wheeling waveringly toward the center.

"Going to foul the line," the big sailor said, leaning over the stern. They were all on the stern now, the boy in his naked, wet feet. They watched the mine, as if mesmerized, waiting for it to drift into the rope. It was near enough, not thirty-five feet from the stern. Suddenly the line slackened and fell across the round top of the mine, between detonators.

They felt a vacuum in the air, an emptiness, as if the thing had already exploded. But there it lay, slithering along the line, trying to spin. Then it wavered, it was stuck. It looked like some monstrous beast caught by the horns, entangled there. And it stared back at them, wobbling from side to side like an enormous horned toad, ready to spring, horribly slimy and watchful.

"No use trying to jerk it off. She'd blow," Martin said.

"The line's caught fast in the detonators," the middy announced like a diagnostician. There was a silence.

"It might come off though," said the boy hopefully.

The men's reflections glanced up from the mirror of still water under the stern.

"She's sure to blow," Martin predicted from above, almost enjoying it, because he knew that he was afraid, but could rise above his fear and hold it in check.

"We must back up and clear the line," the middy said, uncertainly.

But the big sailor suddenly came to life and shoved the others back. "Aw, that's not the way," he said, "I'll do it."

On quick, sure feet, almost cockily, he came to the place where the line was fastened. You could see the muscles tense under the jersey. He spat on his big paws and rubbed them together. He looked full of power, almost stolid with the power of his body. He tried his footing, sliding his naked feet along the surface of the deck. Then he took a stance with his legs spread out.

No one could help him. He was on the very edge looking down at the line. The boy watched him with a pain at the end of his breath. Every gesture of the man seemed to him strangely significant.

"Give him plenty of room," Martin said. The two midshipmen automatically stepped back out of his way. He bent down from the waist and put his huge hands round the rope. The muscles quivered, swelling down his arms, the shoulders thickened, he began to heave.

The rope lifted slowly between his spread-out feet.

"It's coming," cried Martin encouragingly.

They could feel the sailor's strength rise to a pitch like a presence. The boy watched the reflection of the man's face in the water below. It was a small-featured face with a short nose and heavy brows. It was all puffed out and the skin was creased and flushed with blood. The eyes were half-closed. There was a twist of effort at the mouth.

"You've almost got it," Martin sang out from above the hood. The rope was up to the height of the sailor's knees. From there it leaped in a short curve to the mine where it seemed stuck fast. It yielded very slowly, jerking away with the swivelling motion of the mine.

The boy watched the face of the sailor, holding his breath. And suddenly he saw a shadow of uncertainty lurk over it, a shifting of the eyes and he knew it was no good. It was no good at all, the man couldn't do it. A sort of wild emotion took possession of the boy, he wanted the sailor to have

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the strength to do it. Passionately, bitterly he willed the man to do it. But in his heart he knew he couldn't.

"Heave, heave!" he cried in a lost voice to the sailor. But it was no good, he couldn't any more. Still, the sailor didn't give up at once, but holding the line to his leg, he swung his body ponderously from side to side, trying to swing the taut rope along with it. But it did not yield.

A slow look of surprise came over his face and he began to let up. Slowly the line bent him down, down, again over the side. Then he let go, and fell back, throwing a bewildered, yellowed look of helplessness to the others.

In his heart the boy felt defeated. There was a space.

Then again Martin piped up. "Look how close the target is." The float with its half-broken upright was bearing down on them, treading the water like a frigate.

"They're sure to hit us now," wailed Martin, half enjoying the sense of fear in the air. No one said anything. It seemed curiously inevitable.

"Can't you do something?" asked the middy, impatiently.

"Sure," said Martin, and jumped down from the hood and rustled for something inside the launch. He came out brandishing two hand flags and clambered back on the hood. "I'm going to call them off," he said.

Then rather stagily he stiffened his legs, stretched out his arms with a flag in each hand, and began to flick them in the various positions that spelled out the message. The middy read the letters too, watching him.

"Signal 'sighted mine,'" he said.

"*Cease fire* and that's all," said Martin, looking through the binocular. "They'll never see me anyhow. Not those shavetails."

There was no visible acknowledgment of the signal. He began to go through the motions of the signal again. He was very excited. His fear was gone and he didn't feel sardonic any more. A tide of hot, blinding sympathy for the others had swept over him. He looked anxiously through his binocular. There was no answer.

Again he set himself on the hood with his arms reaching out making a cross. He felt as if he were at the center of the world, and everything flowed out from him, all life streamed out from his arms. Outlined on the horizon was the ship—like evil. He faced it, feeling like a savior, in utter compassion. The little flags fluttered in the air. Then he was through, and with one hand he brought the binocular up to his face.

And lo, the red pennon was going down. They were ceasing fire. He did not say anything, he was almost overwhelmed.

"They're hauling it in," he said at last. Only the face of the machinist looked up at him, but he was nevertheless ineffably gratified.

But the sailor and the boy were listening to the middy. He was giving them orders in his absent, parroty voice.

"We will back up to the mine till we are close enough. Then we will lift the line off the detonators. Then we'll shove off at once. . . ."

The sailor stood beside him with a boathook in his hand, and the boy back of him.

"Wait a minute," cried Martin, having just saved them.

"What *is* it?" the middy said.

"Wait a minute. You can't do that, for God's sake!"

"You will keep still," the middy said and turned away.

Martin tumbled down fast from the Messianic back to the Luciferous. "You won't have the guts to do it," he said invectively toward the stern. There was a pause.

The middy again considered the maneuver in his mind very carefully. It seemed to be the only thing to do. He wondered uneasily what would any officer do in his shoes. There was no telling. Damn his luck, something always came up. He wasn't afraid of blowing up, he was afraid of losing his commission. To hell with that, he thought. He'd be lucky enough to come out alive. But what was life without his commission? He lived to be an officer some day. Something stiffened in his breast and obliterated the thinking.

Down came his foot on the bell, three times. Three clangs. The water churned unevenly under the keel, the launch pushed slowly backward. The mine loomed fearfully close and magnified under the stern. Like a fettered beast crouching to spring. He stared at it, backing up all the time, holding his breath. Just a slight bump, he thought. Just a jostle, and the bit of glass at the end of one of the cylinders would break, and the water rush inside and find the pinch of powder in it. That would be enough. The corrosive fluid in no time would burn its way inside, where all the explosive stuff was. It would set it off, in a flash. He saw the sudden blast, the column of water blowing to the sky, with pieces of the launch flying in it, he saw it happen under his eyes. Something came loose inside of him.

He threw a wild glance around as if to find support. He tried to say something, but it never came out, it remained stuck in his throat. And then he was nowhere, he was lost. He sought himself out in wild panic, the himself, the I, but where, where? There was nothing but a jumble, a panic of fear. His outward shell had broken, and like a mollusk with a crushed shell there was nothing left but the squirming, writhing flesh.

"Stop," he heard Martin command to him from above. His foot automatically came down on the bell. The chugging stopped. The launch wavered.

"Forward," cried Martin almost at once. Again his foot, in wild panic, went down and obeyed. Two clangs, the launch lurched slowly forward. Then a last clang and the silence. The mine was at the same distance. The water between was swirling, and ripples of the water broke over the top of the mine with a clashing sound.

"You're a hell of a fool," Martin said to him. The middy bent over the side, sick at the pit of his stomach, wanting to vomit.

There was a long pause. The mine still stared at them with its bulbous eyes, swinging from end to end.

"What do we do now?" asked the big sailor.

"Somebody's got to swim to it," Martin said in a low voice.

"My God," said the sailor, "I can't swim." Then he looked helplessly at the boy and whispered again, "I can't swim." His face went all to pieces, he looked like a child, frightened and shameful. Quivering with helplessness, he repeated to himself, "I can't swim," as if his life were being taken away from him.

Martin looked at the float that was coming closer all the time. The red cloth on it was torn with two great

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gashes, where it had been hit. It's my time now, he thought. He saw himself thrashing the water carefully toward the mine, he saw himself jerking the line off it. He jumped on deck, his mind half made up.

But there he stopped. He couldn't see himself coming back. "Somebody's got to swim to it," he said again, loud, but to himself. But wait, he couldn't see himself coming back. He tried very hard to imagine himself swimming back afterwards, but he couldn't. His mind funked it. It would be like jumping down a well, there'd be no return.

And then it was too late. The boy had plunged in.

He saw the wet tousled head come up, in the arc of rebound, and the soles of the boy's feet, very pink, paddle the water under the surface. He saw the lean body pushing sinuously through the water like a dolphin's, swimming easily to the mine. Something went out of him. The boy's cap had floated off and washed under the stern. He leaned over and picked it up. Then he watched, with the boy's cap in his hand, feeling that he had funked something and that it was searing him inside. But it was too late.

The boy swam on, supple and easy like a white shadow through the water. Yet the shock of the cold sea had been horrible to him. He was tingling with cold. And now that he was in the water, the mine didn't look low any more but had risen like a mound above the sea. He hated the look of it, and the slow swaying, and the slimy green sea-moss on it.

But in a few strokes he swam up to it, and paddled straight up in the water with his feet drawn in, like a frog, in fear of touching the unknown thing underneath. He just held himself straight, looking over the mine. Then one hand came out and made quickly for the round cylinder of the detonator. The hand slid down on it, it was slimy, and the contact was horrible.

There the boy hung, with legs bent in in fear, and one hand very pink wrapped around the slimy tube, holding him up. Then the other hand very deliberately went up to the rope and he hung from his hands, while his feet very tentatively reached down and began probing the round side of the thing, the slimy belly of it. But very delicately, tentacle like, his feet grazed the mossy metal. He watched them from above, as if they weren't his any more.

Then one foot found the round projection of a cylinder and slowly rested on it, as if it were a rung. The mine rolled over a little but buoyed up again. So, he let go of the rope altogether and held with both hands to the detonator above the water.

There he was, in a sort of horrible embrace, on the mine. He felt very cold, tingling all over, but oblivious, and enormously absorbed. He seemed to see with almost a magic clarity that if he put weight on to the side of the mine and it swayed far enough because of it, the rope could be jerked off clear, very easily.

So down he pressed as if to jump off, up and down on the rung until the thing wiggled its obscene belly and wavered on the side, yielding and going up again, then down lower every time. He hung on to it, as if the detonators were never to break.

Without looking he could see the men on the stern of the launch watching him. The red, craggy face of the big sailor, the sharp bitter figure of Martin peering out and the hang-dog face of the middy so utterly defeated. And it seemed the whole world watching him.

Very deliberately he went on swinging himself up and down, with a little splashing of the water round him. And at once, suddenly, the rope snapped free and sank slowly beside him in the sea. It was done. He waded off delicately, letting go, afraid to kick with his feet till he was off a length, floating away gently, but with a fearful sickness of repulsion in his heart.

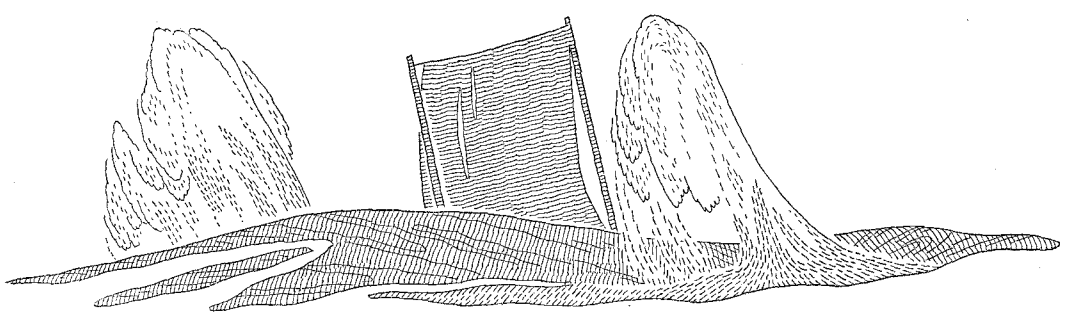
Then he began to thrash his arms, and he was off. He beat a faster and faster retreat, turning in the water, thrashing madly. He was tingling with cold. Under the stern, the hands of the big sailor grabbed him by the sweater and lifted him up, only half alive, soggy with weariness.

They stretched him out on deck and pulled his things off and began massaging him. He saw himself lying there naked and raw, but without sensation of his body and he knew he wasn't a boy any more. He felt mature and knowing, his body soggy with knowledge, and the sea. But it wasn't pleasant, it was rather nauseous like the briny taste in his mouth. Then his mind turned dully to listen to what was being said over him.

"God!" Martin's voice came full of contemptuous bitterness. "We deserved to blow up."

And he saw the squat myopic face of the machinist appear at deck's level with the inseparable fluff of cotton waste, and peer around only slightly surprised.

"What happened?" asked the man, as if he expected no answer. And none came. Only the bell clanged twice over his head. Forward. He mumbled something to himself and the head drew back inside the shell. Forward.



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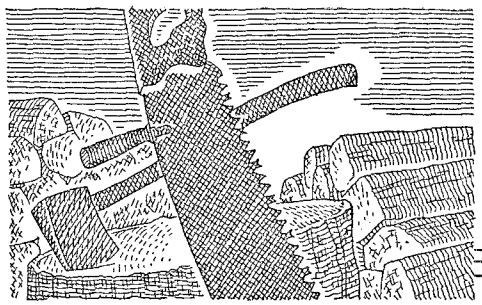
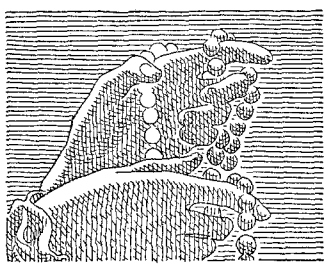
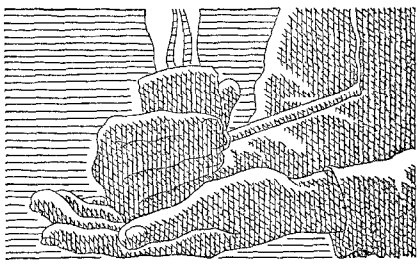


*Mr. Burt, having discussed the coast-dwellers in "Wanted—A Butler" (*March Scribner's*), now writes of some of the good old Anglo-Saxon stock living on relief in the South. He finds a curious similarity*

The Wood Choppers of Nass

By Struthers Burt





My acquaintance "Puggy" Winslow, so called because he has a face slightly resembling that of a puzzled and not very intelligent bull dog, is a Communist. At least, he says he is. As a matter of fact, he is a reviewer of books with a rich wife, and is a believer in an artistic individualism that could not possibly exist under his political theories. A few months ago he was greatly excited—and pleased—by . . . well, one of the richest girls in the country. Further than that I cannot go because of libel. "Look!" he said. "A perfect symbol of what great wealth produces!"—but you know the rest. The decay of capitalism! The approach of the inevitable day! Finally, how wonderful the world will be when the workers—the proletariat—are released and can at last exercise their untold, and as yet uncharted, wealth of imagination, vigor, honest emotion, and genius.

All of which may be true, but I could not help thinking of the wood choppers of Nass, and somehow the wood choppers got between me and the picture.

Nass is a small village near where I live in the winter and its two hundred-odd inhabitants are divided between those, the majority, who work quietly in a cotton mill, and those who are wood choppers. The wood choppers sell fat pine and scrub oak firewood to the rich Yankees clustered, during the winter, around the golf courses five or six miles away. That is, the wood choppers sell fat pine and scrub oak when they are willing to cut it down, cord it, and haul it. For this they receive excellent pay, but most of the time they are too busy exercising their imagination, their vigor, their honest emotions, and their undoubted genius, trying to figure out how they can sell wood without disturbing either themselves or the wood lots. This, of course, is not an un-American trait. In fact, some of our greatest citizens have reached their present positions by doing just that—figuring out how they can get what they want without working for it. Until the depression, exponents of this method were spoken of as "financial wizards," and if they haven't lost their touch, it might still be a sporting proposition to lock up the presidents of some of our larger mergers in the same room as the wood choppers and then bet who will come out without their clothes on.

Where I am concerned, it isn't so much the money involved, for I have a large strain of Scotch blood myself and, when cornered, can think almost as fast as Wilbur, to whom, later on, I will refer. By dint of the exercise of the greatest self-control I have managed, with the wood choppers, to keep my expenses down to a reasonable minimum. It is not the money. No, indeed! It is the time required and the depressing effect upon my spirits. I am just as much depressed as if all that the wood choppers told me were true. As a matter of fact, I am more depressed. For if what the wood choppers told me were true, there might be ways of curing it, whereas, as things are, I see no cure now or ever. You perceive that the wood choppers have created in my mind an *idée fixe*. In short, I am haunted by wood choppers.

Blessings are likely to occur singly, or not at all—usually the latter—but misfortunes, as we all know, arrive in flocks, and for some forgotten sin I must have committed a quarter of a century ago, for the last four years I have had the largest of the wood chopper families wished upon me. I don't know yet how many of them there are, but there are a lot, and new ones are being born with alarming regularity. Spring seems to be the big time. And, of course, there are always new adults I have never seen before who turn up unexpectedly and waylay me on the street, or on my porch, or around the corner of a hedge. Fortunately they all have a strong family resemblance, or perhaps I have developed a sixth

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sense, for now I can recognize them half a block away and have become an adept in speeding up a car through traffic or turning unexpectedly down a street I hadn't thought of turning down. If I didn't, the wood choppers would get on my running board or walk with me, whispering queer things in my ear.

I haven't time to describe each member of the family, so I will first describe them as a whole, and then the ones I know best. They are a beautiful family, and they have the most magnificent old English or Scotch names—the country I am talking about was settled largely by Scotch highlanders—and they possess in common certain marked virtues. They have the most extraordinary imperturbability, persistence, and good humor. The women are slim and sandy-haired; the men, because they are sons-in-law and so come from slightly different strains, are either slim and sandy-haired or stocky and dark, but without exception—wives and husbands—they have shining eyes of gray or blue. Just when their particular genius developed, I don't know, but it must have been in full flower for at least a hundred years, perhaps longer. Maybe it started in England and Scotland. Against my better nature I believe it started with Adam, and I can easily imagine some innocent and preoccupied Cro-Magnon, in the midst of trying to remember how the rump of a buffalo looked so that he could put it down on the walls of his cave, listening with the blood of patience in his mouth to some primitive ancestor of my wood choppers. However that may be, for the purposes of this present survey, we need only begin with Mr. Gilbert, the patriarch of the flock. Mr. Gilbert, who undoubtedly is related to half the belted earls of England and who assuredly, because of his name, is descended from some companion of William the Conqueror.

About thirty years ago Mr. Gilbert—he is only about fifty now, but is regarded as a very old man and looks like one—married, so I am informed by the harassed county relief workers, a beautiful, blue-eyed, sandy-haired moron. I think Mr. Gilbert is a moron himself. It is hard to tell. The term is an elastic one, and so many of one's friends might turn out to be morons if one only had time to study them. At all events, Mr. Gilbert married a beautiful, blue-eyed, sandy-haired moron, and just as soon as possible he and the moron had eight other beautiful, blue-eyed, sandy-haired morons, all girls. Two of them died, but the other six, emulating their mother, annexed husbands at an incredibly early age, and had a lot more morons. And there you are. All wood choppers, and all morons.

Mr. Gilbert is hampered by an old-fashioned technic—he will work if he has to, and beyond that he is a nice old fellow; gentle and given to well-garnered aphorisms about the necessity for doggedness and thrift. Like so many people he regards these as the equivalent of paying his debts. He wears large, steel-rimmed spectacles, which I am convinced are plain glass, and these add to his appearance of wide-eyed bewilderment. His cheeks are pink and withered, and his recreation is long distance tobacco chewing. Mr. Gilbert's approach, in my case, is through the woods at the back of my house, and invariably when I am eating breakfast or dinner on what, somewhat euphuistically, we call "the terrace." He just stands there and looks at me over a low hedge, and doesn't say anything. One moment he isn't there, and the next, he is. I feel exactly like the narrator in Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*.

Mr. Gilbert unfortunately has been, until recently, in an anomalous position, and he selected me to extricate him. A few months ago, if you remember, the Federal Government decided that the unemployed divided themselves into two categories; those who could work and those who, through old age, sickness, or idiocy, couldn't. The former were to be retained on Federal projects, the latter were to be placed on the county dole. What else the Federal Government could do, I don't know, nor does any one else. But Mr. Gilbert misunderstood the edict. So did a lot of others. They thought they had received an invitation from the government to live at leisure. The relief offices were suddenly filled with the halt, the deaf, and the blind. Crutches were at a premium. Mr. Gilbert chose a completely crippling form of rheumatism despite the fact that just a little while before he had been working for me. Alas, there was a catch in the government's invitation. The counties, bending before this outburst of valitudinarianism which threatened to remove most of the able-bodied workers from the government rolls to theirs, and being poor, as most county governments are, were forced to set their doles at the lowest possible living figures. In other words, by working for the Federal Government you could make a better living, such as it is, than by living on the county. Mr. Gilbert discovered this to his chagrin and at once tried to get back on the Federal rolls, but at first he tried also to keep the county dole. That is, he tried to prove at one and the same time that he was utterly incapacitated for work and in the best of physical conditions. In gambling circles this is known as playing the middle against both ends. During this period of stress and storm Mr. Gilbert suffered a great deal of mental anguish but no more than I did, and it didn't cost him anything, whereas it cost me a lot.

Clyde Macdonald—there's a name for you!—Mr. Gilbert's oldest son-in-law—has none of Mr. Gilbert's placidity, although he has all of Mr. Gilbert's patience. He can sit longer in one place, or lean longer with his back against a wall, raindrops running down his thin, pessimistic nose, than any man I have ever seen. He doesn't believe in shelter. He doesn't believe in anything. He fears the worst, and if the worst doesn't happen, he makes it up. Clyde, incidentally, is an excellent musician. He plays the banjo, but nobody as yet has been able to persuade him to turn this talent to account. He's just a natural born amateur.

Clyde's difficulty seems to be an inability to know just what he is doing. For a year now he has been working steadily on Federal Relief, but at intervals he makes a long journey on foot to tell me that all relief work has stopped, that every one has been laid off, and that the situation is desperate. In no instance has this been correct. Clyde's routine and mine are always the same. I take him down to the Relief Office and discover that not only has he not been laid off, but—at least on one occasion—that he had forgotten to call that week for his check, numerous groceries, and a pile of new clothes. News, even as cheering as this, makes no difference to Clyde. He is exactly like an editorial in *The Nation*—unmoved, patient, and pessimistic.

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To tell the truth, I don't understand what any of the clan say to me. I understand the words, despite the soft Southern drawl, and the separate sentences. I even understand, as a rule, the paragraphs. But the total explanation, whatever it may be at the moment, has seldom any relation to life as I know it, and I seldom know the exact purpose of the visit. Clyde, for instance, I am sure, does not want to borrow money from me. He is the only member of his family who doesn't. But he has never made a gesture in that direction and there is no reason why he should. For a year, as I have said, he has been working steadily. All he wants to do is just to come up and tell me that the government is doing something it isn't.

Wilbur—Wilbur Henderson—is the son-in-law I know best, and Wilbur is far too energetic and imaginative to work on relief. Wilbur is too energetic and imaginative to work at anything. I have known Wilbur now for four years, intimately. I am exaggerating, of course, but it seems to me whenever I am particularly busy, or am in one of those rare moods when life appears to be at least passable, word is brought that Wilbur is waiting to see me. If he had something to say, it would be different, but Wilbur is there either to assure me that he will shortly begin hauling the wood that, in accumulating quantities, he has been owing me since our second meeting, or else to tell me that his truck has broken down again. You remember Dude, the young car owner, in *Tobacco Road*? Well, Wilbur is just like Dude. I never knew that trucks could break down in so many different ways and places until I met him. He is a peripatetic course in destructive mechanics. As to paying me all the wood he owes me, that's just a game Wilbur and I play between ourselves. Four years ago, Wilbur actually did deliver several cords of wood to me. That is the way I met him. In fact, that was the way I met the whole family. And I paid Wilbur. And that was fine. But before Wilbur had delivered all the wood contracted for, he told me that his truck had broken down and that if I would advance him the money to pay for it, he would at once reimburse me with more wood. In such a fashion it began. Wilbur now owes me enough wood to keep me warm all the rest of my life.

Wilbur creates situations, dilemmas. That is where his genius is best exhibited. I don't understand all the moves in these dilemmas, but they give me the feeling of trying to solve a very difficult cross-word puzzle or a problem in chess. Each move is dependent upon another. Wilbur can't make this move, which would start him in life, or stave off a tragedy, because he can't make another move, which, in its turn, is dependent upon a third move, and a fourth move, and a fifth move, and so on; the initial move requiring ten dollars. Sometimes, when Wilbur is in a particularly vigorous mood, he proposes that he and I buy a truck between us, or a donkey engine, or something, and go into the wood-chopping business together. But whatever Wilbur proposes, he creates, as I say, a situation, a dilemma, which leaves me with the sickening impression that if I don't help Wilbur to another start in life I will be directly responsible for the death of two children and his one-sixth of the beautiful morons. Wilbur's one-sixth of the beautiful morons, incidentally, is only nineteen years old.

In conclusion I will state that Wilbur has a high sense of artistic brevity and climax. When he is through, he doesn't say any more. He remains silent and allows me to reflect upon the injustices of the present social system, or lack of system, and the fact that although I am a comparatively poor man, by depriving my own family of something they should have, I could undoubtedly start Wilbur again in life. The dismaying part of it, of course, is that no matter what you did, you couldn't start Wilbur in life. If you gave him a fortune you couldn't start him in life. All he would do would be to divorce joyously his one-sixth of the beautiful morons and marry a Georgian princess, or something of the kind. The Wilburs of the world are not a social class or an economic condition, they are a pathological inheritance, and to do anything about them you would have to catch their great grandfather, as Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested. And that's why "Puggy" Winslow's panaceas fail to satisfy me. For the life of me I can't see any actual difference between Wilbur and—well, the rich girl who so pleased "Puggy." The fact that one has many millions and the other is a pauper does not alter their essential characteristics, and I can conceive of no social system that would.

Do not, pray, misunderstand me. I trust that I am completely aware of the numerous horrors and injustices which exist all about me, and the absurdities—absurdities so egregious that if we didn't occasionally laugh, we would continually weep—of our present social and political frame-work. I am as convinced as I am that I am sitting here, that we are on the way toward enormous and far-reaching ameliorations. To think otherwise is to think like certain Wall Street brokers, or like Mrs. Partington who tried to sweep back the ocean with a broom. I am also, it is hardly necessary to add, equally aware of the part environment plays in the forming of the average man's character. But when all is said and done, and we have the most perfect world imaginable, that is, from an economic, political, and social standpoint, there will still be millions of wood choppers of Nass.

What are we going to do with them? Kill them? Expose them on mountain tops? Herbert Spencer long ago gave the final answer to that simple solution. Exposing wood choppers would probably be, for the wood choppers themselves, a happy liquidation, but it is terribly bad for the exposers. Before long they become wood choppers—savage wood choppers—themselves. We have recently had proofs of that in various parts of the world. Nor is it possible, even if it were intelligent, to expose all the wood choppers. By no means. At least half of them are too highly placed, and, should a revolution occur, we would find at once that fifty per cent of all revolutionary committees was composed of wood choppers. They always are. Even "the strong, talkative man," who always appears on such occasions, the dictator himself, may be a wood chopper. In fact, I can name at least two, and maybe three, right now. Wood chopping is, when you come right down to it, what we used to call executive ability carried to excess. It means making other people, either by force or chicanery, work for you with a ruthless disregard of individual rights, and it will be possible, under any system as yet proposed, unless we are also able to eliminate the seizure of power along with property. In fact, it is only under such halting,

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but elastic, democratic systems as the American, English, or Scandinavian that you have any relief from wood choppers at all. There, if driven into a corner, like a rat you can turn and bite them.

My wood choppers, for instance, have had everything their own way. The finest blood in the world courses through their veins, their ancestors were amongst the earliest settlers of a land which offered them every opportunity. They have had plenty of fresh air, they have a soil which, with a little work, will grow any known form of vegetable and small fruit. They do not need coal in the winter. A couple of decades ago they were cured of the hook-worm. They have, no matter what may be said to the contrary, excellent schools. They live in a country so little crowded that even today no man who is really willing to work need be out of a job. Hardly any of the conditions which apply to congested urban areas apply to them. They don't even fall into Erskine Caldwell's category of share-croppers; and they are not in the cotton mills. They are independent land owners. No, to change their environment and cure their ignorance would by no means solve their problem. To cure the wood choppers, a round dozen of specialists would be required, and then, when these specialists got through, to borrow a Far-Western phrase, some one would have to bore a hole in the wood choppers' skulls and pour in a few beaver brains. Their condition is as much glandular as it is environmental; as much perversity as it is ignorance; as much sly brains used in the wrong direction as idiocy produced by intermarriage. In short, it is a complicated condition not to be solved by any panacea. Ask the sociologists who make a study of the Jukes family.

Not long ago I met the youngest of the wood choppers. I had never seen him before. He waylaid me on the street and with a disarming boldness, and no preliminaries, asked me to lend him two dollars. At first my mind was adamant, but when he told me that, deserting wood chopping for a while, he had been working steadily for two years in a cotton mill fifty miles away and, temporarily embarrassed, wanted two dollars to buy oil and gas for his car (for his car: *Sic!*) in order to go up and collect his wages for the past week, I relented. I felt that any wood chopper who had been working steadily for two years should be encouraged. He had the same expression of shining honesty and earnestness that all the wood choppers have. He was to pay me back the next day. I haven't seen him since.

When that happens again I'm going to telegraph for "Puggy" to come down. Perhaps he can set my mind at ease and show me some way out, both in the present and the future.

THE PHILOSOPHER

By Helene Mullins

APART he stands, with contemplative eyes,
The sap of wisdom throbbing in his bones.
O peaceful heart beneath the azure skies!
O tender dreams above the storm-washed stones.

Once he was giddy and his heart was blind.
He was the kernel of his universe;
Significant fruit beneath mysterious rind—
Life was a power to conquer or coerce.

But Time, that weaves so many magic plots,
Has woven this strange metamorphosis.
The past is now discarded with its blots,
And he is free of his youth's dull chrysalis.

Now life and death reveal their secrets, and
He watches them as they advance and rule.
Contented rover through Life's unknown land,
Invulnerable dreamer by Life's haunted pool!

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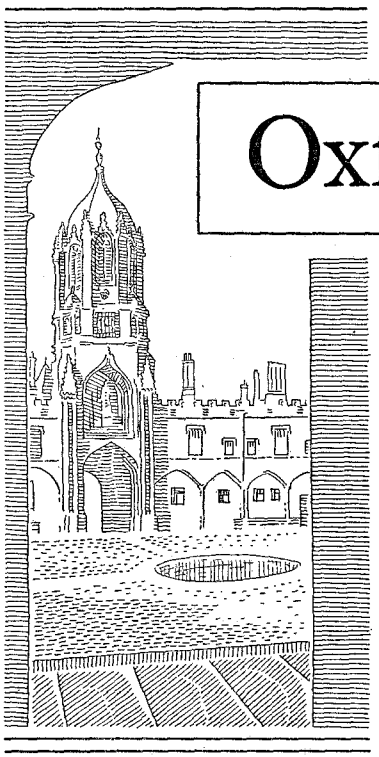
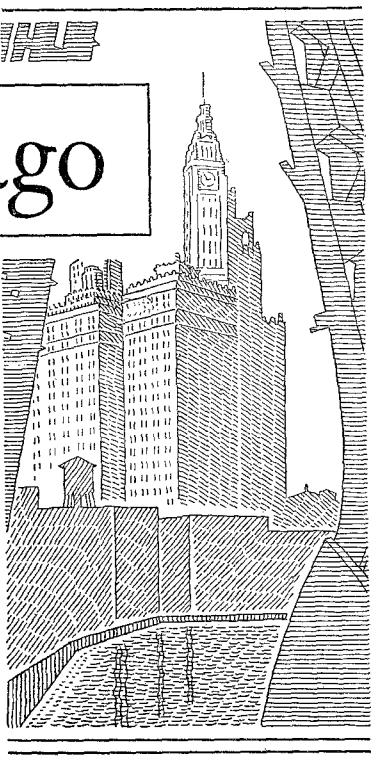


Oxford and Chicago

A Contrast



By

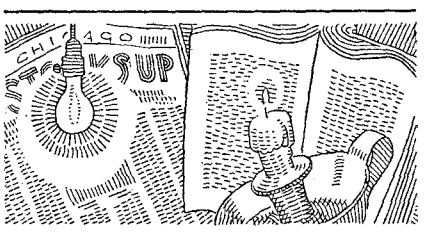
Arthur H. Compton

An eminent scientist views the classic traditions and way of life at Oxford as contrasted with the technological foundation of Chicago society

AN English friend, after a brief visit in Chicago, remarked that he found its life unbearably superficial. The total lack of tradition, the complete absorption of effort in the machinery of life! How could people endure an existence so empty of human values?

A week earlier my wife and I had dined in Oxford with a leader of British education. The question arose regarding the place of science in life. It had proved itself as a method for arriving at reliable knowledge, and for supplying us with certain necessaries of life—but the inhumanness of it all! The discipline of thought inculcated by science was already embodied in Plato's mathematics. The predominant trend of modern science is toward replacing the human interests present in literature, art and music with technological developments in which the human factor becomes less and less significant. The most fundamental bases of morality and religion have been ruthlessly shaken, with the implication that their value is insignificant. In place of a quiet ramble over the varied English countryside, we have a powerful motor car tearing down the broad hard highway. In Oxford, fortunately, there survives the tradition of emphasis on human values.

In Oxford, science and technology form a dark cloud, threatening the very



existence of the traditional mode of life which has proved its value through the ages. In Chicago, life is based upon technology and science, which have become an accepted part of life as fundamental as agriculture, and no more to be feared.

With but brief history, Chicago shows a spirit of youthful enthusiasm. The powerful methods of technology are used to build what it considers a beautiful type of architecture adapted to modern needs. Its University devoted to the advancement of knowledge in the spirit of science has won its spurs. Its Grand Opera, though financially unfortunate, marked a notable effort to enrich art by the gifts of technology. Though unquestionably more crude in these early stages than the highly refined culture developed through the ages upon the classical background of Greece, no one who has lived in the Midwest of the United States can doubt that it has a spirit which goes far beyond the superficial machinery of life as observed by the casual visitor. Men and women with interests as high as heaven and as deep as the heart of man arise in all communities. I find them among my friends in Chicago as well as among those in Oxford. But their backgrounds are widely different. For the Oxonian the lore of history and literature is the starting point with which an effort is being made to reconcile the facts of science and the changing society based on technology. The Chicagoan postulates the world of science and gropes for a more complete understanding of life using ancient tradition only as an occasional guide.

I have chosen Chicago and Oxford because they represent opposite extremes in the development of Western civilization. Oxford with her scorn of central heating, but her mellow old buildings and beautiful gardens, and her gentlemen of culture and leisure, shows a very different sense of values from Chicago with her innocence of tradition, but her eagerness to try experiments in architecture or education and her rating of citizens according to their accomplishment for the common weal. Chicago, as the metropolis of the Middle West, represents urban Americanism in its purest form, remote from the foreign influences that enrich life near the borders of the country. In a new community new ideas are readily absorbed, and newness becomes a

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virtue. Oxford, more than any other city, represents to my mind the legacy of the ages of Western culture, and the studied effort to incorporate the most valuable parts of this legacy in the lives of the young men who are to guide the development of the growing world. Thus I am taking Chicago to represent the extreme, and in certain respects the best development of American culture, just as Oxford represents the fine traditions of Europe. They are approaching by different routes the more satisfactory adjustment of life to a world in which man, using the tools of science, is empowered to shape his world as he will.

In India it is possible for Gandhi to persuade his followers that the works of technology are harmful, and should be kept out of their lives. The Oxford don may decry the dehumanizing influence of science, prefer a pen (though a fountain pen) to a typewriter, and walk rather than ride behind a petrol motor. The Chicagoan however cannot question the value of science and technology. They are his very life. Railroads, automobiles, airplanes; agricultural machinery, mechanized meat packing, pasteurized milk; telephones, radios, movies; electric power—if these were gone he could not live. One might as well ask the farmer whether there is any value in planting crops. These things are the basis of existence. The rapid growth of the community gives evidence that many find life in such a world worth while.

None but a hasty consideration can result in a judgment that the achievements of science and technology are of only passing interest. With the present world-wide spread of knowledge it is almost unthinkable that those technological developments which have been found of fundamental human value should be lost. Among such basic crafts we must include modern methods of transportation, communication, heating and lighting, and sanitation. These by themselves would make necessary continued knowledge of the fundamental sciences. It was possible during the Greek and Arabic periods for men to lose their interest in science because it had not proved its practical worth, and in philosophical thought its incomplete form led to insoluble difficulties. I can envisage nothing short of a world-wide catastrophe almost completely destroying mankind which could now do more than make a temporary pause in man's interest in science and technology. If this view is correct, the "mechanized world" which some already feel so oppressive is destined to be the world of the future. Blessed are those who can find in such a world the outlets which their spirits require.

It would be false to conclude that the major interests of mankind will dwell more and more upon technology; rather the reverse. When men first found agriculture profitable, it became the great center of interest, for it was the new basis of civilization. In time, however, agriculture became so much a matter of routine that it ceased to hold this preëminent position. As a result of agricultural development, man's world has been completely changed. Who has not sighed for the lonely peace of the primeval forest or fails to be inspired by the vast expanse of desert sands or the untouched rugged mountains? Yet we no longer live in these surroundings. Our fields are cultivated; our trees are for the most part planted. In place of the primitive beauties of nature, we shape nature to our desires in flower beds and hedgerows. Who would say that the Japanese does not find as great satisfaction in his cultivated garden as the American Indian in the forests through which he used to roam? Likewise we find ourselves developing new tastes for beauty in our machines. I confess a thrill of pleasure from the lines and performance of a well-made automobile quite comparable with that from watching a deer spring lightly through the forest. The fact that the car was built to fit my needs gives me that pride of accomplishment of a job well done which adds to my appreciation. Similarly, with new forms of illuminants, a new art of home lighting arises. New technics lead to new possibilities of expression, and man becomes more of a creator. Gradually we may anticipate less attention being given to the technical methods and their scientific basis, and more emphasis on those refinements which enable us to express our personalities.

Science and technology are thus placing in our hands new and more mighty powers. Inevitably there comes a change in our mode of life comparable with that which accompanied the development of growing grain as a source of food. With increased population, changed social habits, and new codes of morals, human life is being formed anew.

In this new world where we depend more and more upon science and its consequences, it becomes education's primary responsibility to help men find a satisfying way of life in their new surroundings. That spiritual needs exist and are not being satisfied becomes evident from the multiplication of faddist cults, from the frequent outcries against science as the despoiler of religion, or against technology as moulding us into machines. It is not only in the Oxfords that such needs are felt. Men of spiritual aspirations live also in our Chicagos.

Fortunately, the human species is extraordinarily adaptable. Under changed conditions evolutionary changes proceed at an accelerated rate. In the present case this means social evolution. If men are to reach a satisfying life as masters of machines, it cannot be by fighting against a "brave new world" that is thrust upon them, but by finding themselves a part of this world and adapting their lives to it. Those on whom this world merely thrusts itself with irritating frequency may retreat behind walls of tradition and consider academically what adjustments should be made. Those, however, who are a part of the mechanized world must adapt themselves to it or perish. Clearly it is toward the mechanized communities that we must look to find the most rapid adaptation of our thought and customs.

For this reason, as I see it, the educational institutions in our Chicagos are those toward which men must look for leadership in meeting the spiritual as well as the more mundane problems of life in the changing world. Here are communities of scholars schooled in the scientific method. In Oxford, with its "classics" and "modern greats," science plays a minor rôle. In Chicago, three of the four main divisions of the University are sciences: physical, biological, and social; and even in the humanities the scientific approach is close to the surface. At the same time, with four affiliated theological schools, a great Oriental Institute for studying man's growth through the ages, and

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extensive development in art, we find a conscious effort to find how those things of tested worth can be incorporated into our modern society. To a greater or less extent any of the large universities of the Middle West presents a similar picture. Nor is it confined to our Midwest. If the severity of the demands of mechanized life are not felt quite so strongly along the Atlantic coast, the great educational institutions there located have the advantage of a closer contact with Europe, which must serve as a most valuable guide. Using the powerful methods of science, and sharing the life of the mechanized community, our educational leaders are making every effort to find and develop the true values present in the new world. This search is naturally most urgent and the changes most rapid where science and technology are most essential to life.

In the senior fellows' common room of one of the Oxford colleges, I was seated between two classics dons. Trying to find what was included in a well-rounded course in classics, I inquired whether their students looked into the question of the influence of Oriental mysticism in changing Greek thought after Alexander's eastern conquests. "That is the kind of subject a research student might investigate as a specialty," was the reply, "but it would be out of place in our classics courses. For you see, we have carefully worked over the ancient writings, and we mean by the classics those writings which have been found of greatest value. It would waste the time of our students to divert their attention toward other works." Tradition, yesterday, today, forever; conservator of ancient values, without a glimpse of changing conditions!

One of the finest products of civilization is the well-organized life found in our Oxfords, mellowed by the appreciation of human values as revealed by the thought of centuries of scholars and as cultivated by many generations of men of leisure. The legacy of past ages is used in such communities to enrich the life of today. In many ways the life of Oxford has a completeness that is not approached in our more modern and supposedly more sophisticated cities. Our world could ill afford to lose the leaven supplied by these centers of culture.

Yet in the industrial communities where technological civilization is at its height, the life of Oxford cannot be lived. It is only by setting itself apart from the world both physically and intellectually that this charming community has retained its traditional values. What the world needs is the building of these values or their modern equivalent into the structure of twentieth-century life. It is this objective which has been seen perhaps more clearly by the leading universities of our central United States than by any other important educational group. Our Chicagos must look for spiritual leadership to universities whose men are themselves a part of the machine age, but who have learned to take into their own lives the legacies transmitted from old cultures.

Nor do I believe this hope of leadership is vain. Almost unconsciously perhaps a philosophy of life appropriate to modern needs is formulating itself on the campuses of our American universities. Science and the freedom to study all subjects by the scientific method are assumed without question. We thus have more effective tools for the interpretation of life. The astronomer opens to us a new and mightier universe. The physicist finds unsuspected limits to our knowledge which promise to simplify the problems of the philosophers. The chemist applies his powerful methods to the problems of life, while the professor of physiology makes a religion of his science. The sociologist studies the development of human life in our mechanized community, while the theologian aspires to express his ideas so as to be acceptable to his scientific colleagues. Over the round-table at the club these various points of view are matched to throw into clearer perspective the human problems of the day. Every man in the group is engaged in reformulating his own world view. Perhaps such thinking is unorthodox; but in a very real sense I believe it is the most vital and concentrated "religious" thinking that has been done since the Reformation.

Those who have watched developments since the war cannot fail to be impressed by the way in which the leadership in almost all branches of science has passed to the United States. Germany has resigned her one-time preëminence. France, Italy, Sweden, and other European countries continue to do good work, but on a relatively small scale. Per capita I suppose England at least matches our efforts; but the many research institutions in our country easily outstrip her in the value of their total output. Russia's intense interest in technology and science has not yet carried her to the stage of great achievement. The mantle of leadership in science rests upon our shoulders.

Where then if not toward American education must a scientifically minded world look for spiritual leadership? Education even more than technology is passing through a formative period. Though technology has yet far to go before its task is complete, the direction it will follow, of making the world a social and economic unit in which the physical needs of man are satisfied in a more abundant manner, seems evident. The moulding of our lives to make the best of such a world has however hardly begun. Science is giving us clearer vision with which to see and appreciate the world of which we are a part. We can begin to see more clearly outlined the great plan according to which that world is developing. The goal we do not know. But in some mysterious way, we find ourselves able to take part in shaping this world. More and more the responsibility for the life upon this planet, and even for our own evolution, is being transferred to us. Our great need is a truer understanding of life's values, so we may wisely choose the direction of our own development.

A thorough examination of life's great values is thus urgently presented as the primary task of education. Old formulas derived at our Oxfords cannot be applied directly in our Chicagos, though they may be most helpful in pointing the way. Here is one of history's greatest opportunities for social pioneering—the discovery and development of human objectives which will enable men to use to their full value the new powers with which science has gifted them. American universities are the place, and now is the time for this great human problem to be solved.

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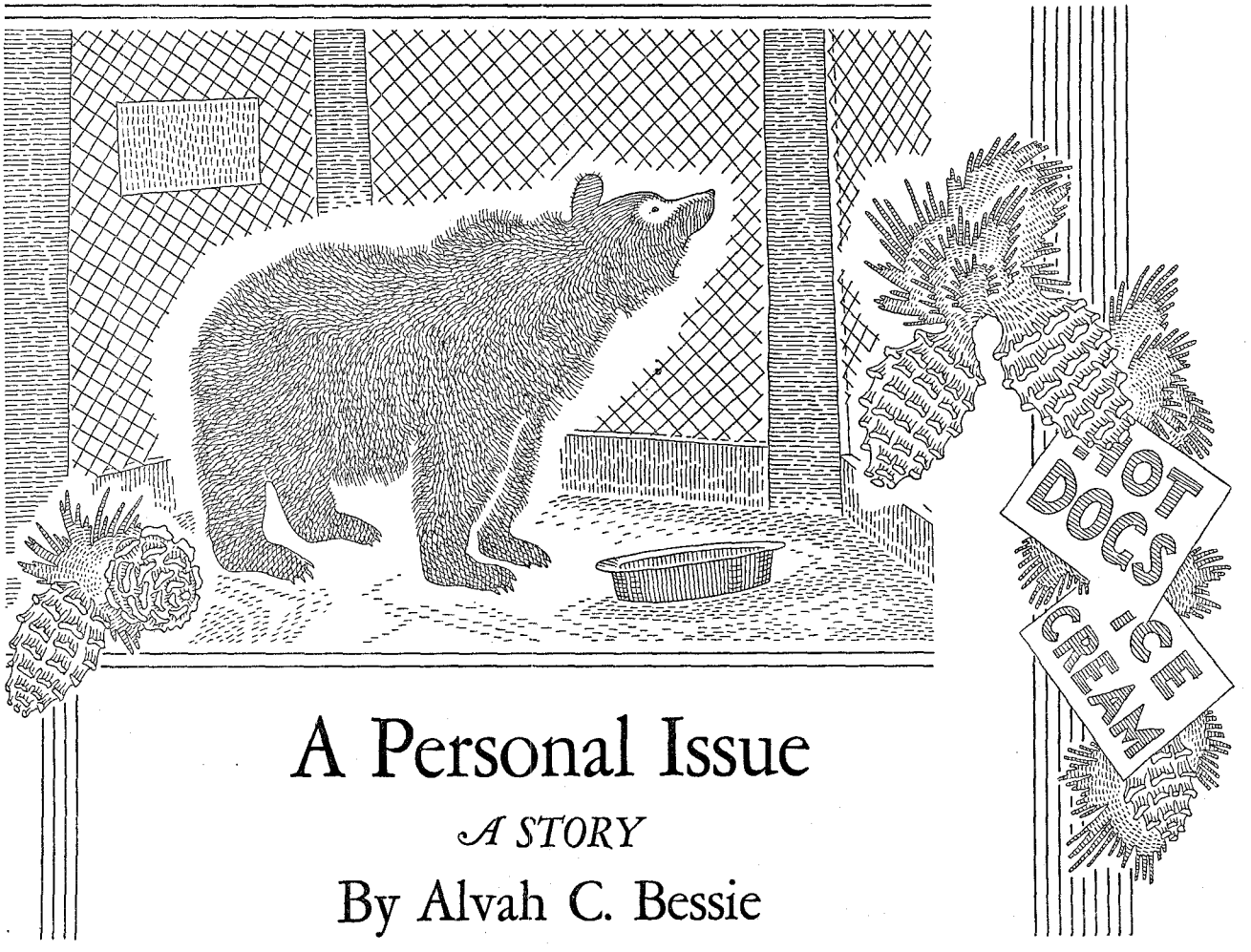

A Personal Issue

A STORY

By Alvah C. Bessie

And as day followed monotonous day across the endless land, Gisela Wilkerson knew in her heart that they would come back to New Hampshire, and that thought filled her heart and made it big; that emotion of home-sickness and of love of home grew in her till it was all she could do to contain herself, prevent herself from crying out as they crossed the Illinois farm-land, flat and deadly and neat: Let us go home, my darling; darling, let's go back to Woodvine; for great as was the disappointment of finding the vast country depressing, so slow to change, so uninspiring, they had determined for so many years to make this trip that made it must be, even at the expense of their long dreams of America.

So the life they had left behind in Woodvine grew larger in them as they left it farther behind, and they knew that the farther behind it was, the nearer it was becoming; and every day that the car climbed over the southern end of the Sierras into California, they knew was one day nearer home. One day nearer home, where life was calm and measured, where the seasons moved majestically by their windows; the people who lived in the Notch were there to be seen; she recalled them now with tenderness and heart-warming affection. She thought of the activities that had grown up during the past ten years among the wealthy settlers of the Notch and the North Road; the church activity and the socials; the school-meetings; the teas and the Woodvine Country Club with its fine golf-course; the Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals; the Red Cross; the Grange; the meetings and discussions of books and art and the theater; the concerts of visiting musicians and —gem of them all—the Garden Club. They had a rustic greenhouse nestled in the woods just outside the village, and there they grew the rarest flowers of all countries and all climes. There too, they had a little auditorium where they could discuss the problems they encountered.

Yet strange to say, she and Samuel had at first resented these strange people and their wealth, who had come in and bought up all the old places and driven off the good families, so that no native representatives of Woodvine remained but the shiftless. And at first they had held themselves aloof, until gradually it had dawned on them that they were—in all modesty—the living, beating heart of Woodvine—they, Samuel Wilkerson and his wife Gisela Parker; for money was nothing to them, yet they were accepted by these new people; they had no money but their little crumb, and though the wealthy residents gave the money for the country-club and built the greenhouse and inaugurated the social life that flourished all summer among the younger people—they, the Wilkersons, remained at the center of it all, and could, if they had not been so modest, have taken the credit for the reconstruction of this place—since they had given out the inspiration, Sam by his commercially unappreciated hand-bookbinding and Gisela by her little known, but widely loved book of verse—for the questing folk, who came to Woodvine, search-

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ing for the quiet and the peace the city could not give——

—May and June and most of July; it was an endless torment for them as their slow car, driven carefully by Samuel, was now pointed eastward over the monstrous continent; San Francisco, Reno, Salt Lake; Cheyenne, and Omaha; Peoria, Fort Wayne, and Pittsburgh; Harrisburg and Philadelphia and New York. . . . Why, by contrast, the last three hundred and fifty miles to home literally flew; like a hired saddle-horse that knows to a minute the length of time it must work, their eagerness grew in them as the more familiar scenery passed, and they felt that with their growing eagerness the speed of the car mounted proportionately. Their nostrils expanded, their hearts swelled in their breasts as they caught the first glimpse of the Old Man of the Mountains and the tumbled green hills stretching to the north, and far in the clear air, that bare cleft on the western slope of Lafayette, that was prominent at every time of the year.

The season was at its height, and though they had been gone but a little less than three months, they felt that heart-thrilling elation of a return that takes place after many years; peace and security flowed back into them as they passed the Woodvine House and their eyes feasted on its clean white pillars and the clean people strolling or sitting in front, the expensive foreign cars drawn up at the curb. The nightmare of the trans-continental tour faded from their minds; the dusty roads, the baked and fissured earth of the drought-area, the starving beasts, and the sullen red-eyed people, and it was with an emotion of contentment that was almost unbearable that they came up the Woodvine road, passed the old quarry on their right, passed the camouflaged trench mortar the Legion boys had mounted on the roadside and turned up the Notch road once more as they had done so many thousand times in the past. Not to mar the elation of home-coming, not to admit even once more into her mind the wretched thought of the ugly people and the places they had seen—the interminable road with its thousands upon thousands of advertising signs that proclaimed a preoccupation with the material that she could never understand —she closed her eyes as Samuel drove up the entrance of the Notch, closed her eyes to the miserable hovels of the indigent, the shiftless, whose presence was like a scab on the healthy flesh of the valley, who persisted in living their sordid lives in the presence of the graciousness and dignity that was all about them. And so she did not see that beside "Bud" Fillmore's gas-pump there was a newly constructed cage, and in the cage there was a large black bear. Samuel told her and she opened her eyes with a start, but they had rounded the turn and were climbing toward the converging hills, passing The Studio with its copper bowls gleaming in the sun, passing Milton Bellows' English home with its exposed beams, standing in its serenity on the slope of Bleak Hill, passing the long stone wall that skirted the Mowbrays' place, crossing the bridge and turning and passing the last hovel on the road . . . they could see the roof! they could see the gate!

II

Gisela stopped the car and, her lips set, her hands clenched at her sides, stepped out onto the filthy ground. As the man came toward her smiling, his broken teeth showing in a dirty grin, she felt a shudder of repulsion come over her; his unshaven face, his dirty overalls, smeared with grease; the odor of his body.

"Mornin', Mis' Wilk'son," he said. "Have a good visit out West? What'll it be today, five?"

"I—" she said, and was momentarily angered by his obtuseness; if the man had any eyes in his head, he could certainly see she didn't want gasoline; she hadn't stopped anywhere near the pump.

"Reckon it's good t' be t' home agin," he said.

"I've come to see you about that bear," she said, nodding her head in the direction of the cage; she could not trust herself to look at it.

"Want t' see the b'ar?" he said. "Fine crittur; the Watson boys cotched it up on the mounting, month ago. Name's Rebecca."

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," she said. "I should think you'd have more decency than to coop up a poor dumb beast like that."

He scratched his head and showed his ragged teeth. "Got a *per*mit," he said.

"That doesn't make a particle of difference—" She was infuriated by the fact that he was grinning; that he refused to take her obvious vexation seriously; *she* knew; she had overheard them say she was a "character" in the neighborhood; she'd show them that she was, indeed! "—permit or no permit," she said. "It's cruelty to animals to keep——"

"I feed 'er."

"I want you to get rid of it immediately; I want you to let it go immediately," she said, her eyes avoiding the man's person, but glancing in a wide circle she tormented herself with the vision of the ugliness that surrounded them as they stood there talking; the old yard strewn with tin cans and discarded auto-parts, old tires cracked and rotting in the sun and rain; tools and scraps of rusting wire; the hovels of the Woodvine "poor whites," as Milton Bellows had so amusingly said.

"That crittur already cost me a-plenty, Mis' Wilk'son," he said. "She attracts the trade. I won't get rid o' she. . . ."

. . . She stood on the stage of the rustic auditorium and looked down on the people at the meeting; she nervously fiddled with the scarf at her throat and then, as she had seen experienced speakers do, she focused her eyes on a distant point behind the people attending this meeting of the directors of the Garden Club, and said, "On our trip out West, we saw, on many occasions, similar manifestations of the sordid spirit of commercialism. There must be, my friends and neighbors, thousands—yes thousands of poor beasts enchained all over this country of ours, and for just such identically sordid purposes—to catch pennies; suffering the torments of imprisonment and semi-starvation, fed on refuse and vile concoctions that were never meant to feed swine—soda-pop and cracker-jack" (she pronounced the words with ineffable contempt), "subject at all hours of the day and night to the tantalizing of vulgar, unfeeling people. (She looked into their great collective eye.) This, my neighbors, is a situation

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that, near Los Angeles, I swore we would never tolerate in Woodvine. Woodvine must not allow—cannot *afford* to allow such exemplifications of the sordid, corrupting scramble for the Almighty Dollar to take place within her fair domain. I have lived here all my life, and I shall die here (she heard her voice quaver, and was strangely proud); all my life I have been proud of Woodvine, but now, my friends, I am ashamed—*ashamed* (she gently pounded her dry bosom) of what has been permitted to take place here! I call upon you all to join me in protesting this degrading spectacle of a helpless, harmless dumb brute's subjection to cruelty and starvation—for the sake of a coarse, degenerate individual's personal aggrandizement." She stepped down from the stage and the chairman said, with a half-smile, "Any comments?"

Milton Bellows stood up on the floor in his neat gray flannel suit and ran his hand through his gray distinguished hair. He glanced down at his feet and cleared his throat.

"With all due respect for Mrs. Wilkerson's sincerity," he said in a high-pitched voice, "and mind you, I am in complete agreement with her on the matter—it's a crying shame, and something should certainly be done about it—I scarcely feel that this is an issue which concerns this meeting in any way, or falls by any chance under the heading of new or unfinished business of the governing board of the Woodvine Garden Club——"

—"Well then, I will *buy* it from you," she said.

He put his foot on the running-board of the car and she felt contaminated.

"Where'll you keep it? You can't turn it loose; b'ars is dangerous when you get 'em riled."

"Never you mind that," she said. "I'll take care of that. What do you want?"

"Well, Mis' Wilk'son," he said, "I ain't much minded to sell Rebecca; she means a lot o' money t' me an' I——"

"How much?"

"An' I've growed right fond of the crittur; the kids like her too—" he nodded at his five undernourished children, who stood in front of the door of the shack; his wife sat in the window with a baby at her breast. "I tuck good care of she, an' she's——"

"How much?"

He scratched his head. "Two hunerd dollars," he said, and Gisela gasped.

"Why—" she said, "why, you're trying to *rob* me, as well as insult me and the entire community!"

"Ain' nobody let a peep but you."

"I'll give you fifty dollars," she said, "in *cash*."

He laughed and started to turn away, scratching his head. He shrugged his shoulders at the dirty, ragged children in the yard and made an impertinent gesture with his finger at his temple.

"Listen," she said, raising her voice, feeling tears come to her eyes. "I will give you seventy-five dollars and not another cent."

"Two hunerd dollars, lady, f'r the b'ar. That's my price; she cost me that much in trouble an' her vittles. But I tell you what—make it a hunerd seven'y-five an' she's yourn."

"A hundred."

"Hunerd seven'y-five."

"A hundred twenty-five."

"Hunerd seven'y-five."

"A hundred twenty-five."

"Hunerd fifty."

"A hundred twenty-five."

"Mis' Wilk'son——"

"A hundred twenty-five."

"All right," he said. "A hunerd twen'y-five, an' you come fetch she when you want she; I can't deliver she f'r no sech figger——"

—It was all part of the same thing, she thought, and experienced a slight thrill of elation to recognize that she could relate this dreadful experience to the many other glimpses she had caught of aspects of American life she did not really care to think about. Over the whole country, it seemed, people had been caught up in a rising fever of covetousness; they had grown mean, petty; they were willing to sacrifice their neighbors or themselves for the sake of grasping a few pennies. (This ability to recognize universal human trends was, she realized, what had given her modest little book of verse such wide appeal!) Thousands upon thousands of signs competed with each other across the great expanse of the land, to attract the passer-by. Merchants, small and large, cheated you on the slightest provocation; on that side-trip to the Painted Desert, they had been forced to pay twenty-seven dollars for a tire that was worth only fourteen; crossing the Great Divide they had paid exorbitant prices for gasoline, because the road-stand men knew the next gas-pump would be many miles away and were at pains to tell you so; people in the grimy little towns of Pennsylvania, people on the farm-lands of Illinois, all looked as though they would cut each other's throat for a scrap of bread; people on the streets in little towns, people along the roadside in Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona glared at them as they passed (one disgusting tramp actually threw a stone when they refused to pick him up!), envying them the comfort of their comfortable car, envying them their freedom to move about and the diversion they had waited for so many years, sacrificed for, sweated for.

And Woodvine, Woodvine itself was changing! Woodvine, lulled in its ease and comfort, had allowed the world to slip up on it unawares; had allowed the ugliest qualities of life to slip in unawares and poison its beauty, destroy its seclusion and its calm retreat. And so she had known that she would have to do something about that bear; the Garden Club would give her no support; the Society for the Protection of Dumb Beasts had protested with her, but the man was obdurate, and so she had been forced to spend their little money to purchase the poor creature, and then, as Samuel had so accurately foreseen, her troubles would begin. They had. She had a cage built for the animal until she could think of something else to do; the carpenter had charged her fifty dollars. The truckmen who had brought the creature charged her ten. Food for the bear cost more than they could possibly afford; it was ill, obviously as the result of the wretched treatment it had received; in the two months of its captivity it had faded, it pined for its freedom; its small red eyes watered constantly and its fur fell out in patches. It paced the restricted space of the generous cage she had had built, up and down, up and back all day and night, rubbing against the heavy wire till it wore its coat away on one side; walking backwards to the other end, rolling its head on its

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heavy neck and then starting forward again. It stood for minutes at a time on its hind legs, grasping the wire in its claws, staring into space, snuffling the air; it grunted and uttered soft moans from time to time. It smelled. Then one morning she had found it really ill, lying in the shelter that had been built inside the cage, and there, staring her full in the face with the effrontery that inanimate objects can occasionally display, were fifteen empty cracker-jack boxes and a dozen empty soda-bottles that some vandal had brought up during the night and fed to the wretched animal.

So she had written to the game-warden, but before he answered she heard of a man in Lincoln who owned a private zoo, and she called him on the phone. "Yes," a charming voice replied, "I can take good care of it; I'll send a man this afternoon." She sighed with relief, and she wept a little on her husband's shoulder.

"Well," Samuel had said, "I guess your troubles are all over, darling. But you shouldn't take such things so much to heart."

"Oh, Samuel," she said, "the world is such a cruel place; I never knew that people could be so despicable."

"We'll forget it," he had said. "We'll try to forget it. We're home again now, darling, and everything will be the way it was before."

So she was relieved of her burden; they had called for the creature with a truck and carried it to Lincoln a week ago, and now as she sat at the window, watching the early September leaves falling to the ground, she knew that she had done the right thing; she knew that she had done her bit to preserve the beauty and seclusion of Woodvine from invasion and she had done her best to right one of the world's injustices, for it was a personal issue with her; she could not bear to see anything that lived suffer, for it made her physically ill; she gave the most she could at the yearly bazaars for the poor; she baked cakes and donated their discarded clothing and subscribed to the Red Cross really more than they could easily afford. And surely it was more than you could ask of one lonely person that she should take the world's troubles on her shoulders and set them all to rights. You could only do the best that you could do. But it was a matter of some concern to her that the rest of the world could not be like Woodvine; that people could not live always surrounded by the beauty that was Woodvine, in fine houses set on fine grounds, engaged in those activities which lifted the human spirit to its heights, which set it apart from the spirit of other animals that was now so widespread in the world—the spirit of crass materialism, of personal gain that set men, like wild beasts, at each other's throat and stultified human potentialities. So it came back to her again—she rose now, hearing the telephone—that day in May so many years gone by, when she and Samuel had plighted their troth on the other side of The Flume, standing under the old crab-apple tree, and she murmured, I *dare* any one to show me a better life, a cleaner and more sacred life than we have lived (the phone was ringing), to show me where we have gone astray by remaining aloof from the world, growing old together and sedulously cultivating the little garden that is ours—our love and our mutual understanding; to show me a place on God's green earth that He has looked upon with greater favor or benignity than Woodvine—"I'm coming," she said to the phone, and picked it up.

There was a harsh voice in her ear. "This is Bud Fillmore," said the voice, and she said, "Yes, what do you want?"

"That b'ar," she heard him say, "you bought offn me——"

"Yes, what about it?"

"I thought you'd kinda like to know," he said and chuckled. "You sent it down Lincoln-way, didn' you?"

"I did," she said. "What is your business with me, Mr. Fillmore?"

"I was down thataway yesterday," he said. "That man, he didn't have no *per*mit t' keep it."

"Oh, dear," she said.

"So the State men come f'r it yesterday, but when they was takin' it outta the cage, it run away."

"Mercy!" she said, "did they catch it?"

She heard him laughing into the phone, and then he was suddenly serious. "I thought you'd kinda like t' know," he said. "Ay-eh. Yeh, they cotched it agin."

"Thank you," she said, "for telling me."

"On'y," he said, "they hadda shoot it."

"Shoot it!"

She heard his harsh voice chuckling and sputtering with laughter over the wire. "Ay-eh," he said. "I thought you'd kinda want t' know. I bought me the hide f'r a dollar; I got me a buyer who'll give ten."

HILL FARM

By Jesse Stuart

Red bean leaves on his shirt I see him walk
The balk adown the green potato row—
The old slow-gaited horse I see him stalk
As idly as wind leaves sway to and fro.
Over his head I hear the lapwing calling.
Over his head I hear the soft wind blow.
Young blighted walnuts keep so softly falling
On ground now mellowed by the hoe and plow.

Across the creek his lonely tumbling shack
Leans there with unchinked cracks and broken panes,
A moss-board roof above logs turning black,
Against the wind, against the time, and rains.
His children play with bits of broken plate
And marbles where the smokehouse ground is hard.
The man and horse move at the same slow gait.
The children play at hop-scotch in the yard.

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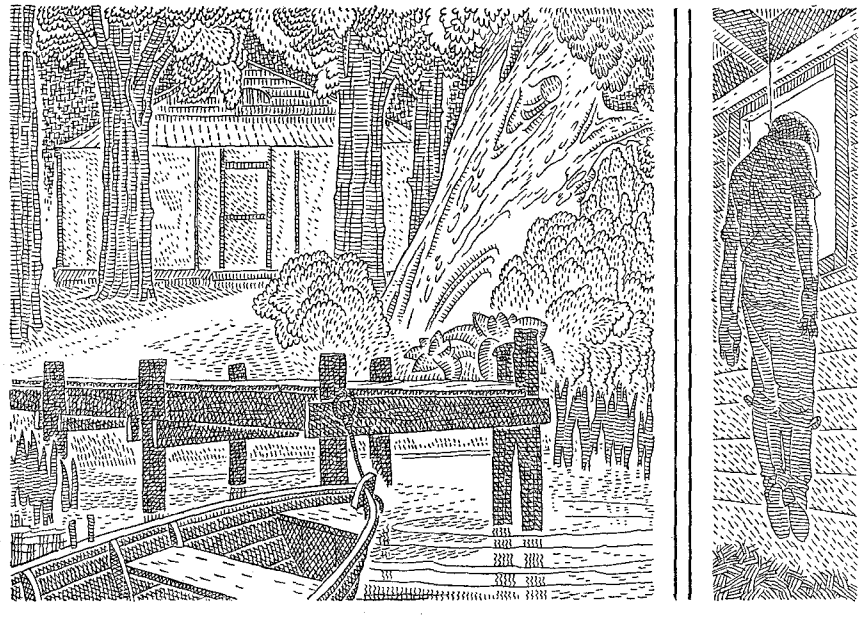
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

TRUE TALES OF LIFE AROUND US



Summer vacations in the Victorian era when the resorts were usually watering places nearby—ladies playing golf in high-buttoned shoes, sunless cottages, and a pure Victorian legend of love and devotion evoked from the author's childhood

Going to the Lake

By Grace Flandrau

Sometimes I come upon some obscure lake or seaside resort that is no longer fashionable or is perhaps deserted altogether, and the wooden houses, nondescript and rambling, amazingly ugly, painted a sour green or faded dreary brown, surrounded by wide verandahs from which the rusted screens are never removed, and mouldering under deep shade, fill me with vague but distinctly tender yearnings. They fill me with a complex and sentimental nostalgia for a past time that was not only far from perfect but was, in certain aspects, quite detestable. And yet, as I set that down, the truth eludes me and only the dreamlike glamor remains. Indeed, these houses are as familiar, as evocative as houses in a dream, and part of what they evoke goes beyond my own recollections, and my own state of Minnesota. For I have seen these same houses beside New York lakes, in Connecticut and Michigan and California, and even on a forgotten Florida Key. They belong, in a way, to a whole cycle of American living, and to a time that is passed.

In our town, when I was a little girl, everybody—except indeed ourselves—"went to the lake." When summer came and school was closed, families were uprooted from comfortable houses on pleasant shady avenues and transferred to nightmare "cottages" on a lake often a few miles only from the city. We had no lake cottage. Our summers were usually spent on a prairie farm—a real farm, not a resort. A bonanza wheat farm of that bonanza time, with fields as wide and flat as the sea, with armies of harvest hands, with great work horses whose thunder shook the ground when they raced at evening to the artesian well, with harvesting machines that moved in fleets, strewing the earth with bundles of golden wheat. But whether we went to the farm or not, there was always the inevitable visit that must be made with Aunt Lillian's family, at the lake.

Like most of their acquaintances they owned a cottage on a lake called Wahtonawah, and the house they lived in was in no way distinguishable from any other Wahtonawah cottage. My Aunt Lillian's family was not rich but I never noticed that there was much difference between her house and the houses of people who were.

These people, like Aunt Lillian's, were of pioneer stock and in their tradition was still no belief that people should be pampered all the time. Going to the lake was a kind of camping out; just because you were comfortable and even luxurious in the city was no reason you should expect to be so in the country. Nobody could or indeed should expect to have everything, one set of pleasures should be sacrificed for another. Moreover, it was only for three months, from the day school let out till it let in again, and there was no sense in taking much trouble about *that.*

Most poignant of my recollections of these dreadful visits was the impression—perhaps heightened by contrast with the prairie—of dour sunlessness. I don't know if our sun worship of today was preceded by an actual phobia against it, but certainly the sun was sedulously avoided by these refined summer people. The shores of Lake Wahtonawah were heavily wooded and the cottages were set down in a shade so dense that not even grass would grow about them, only a few wispy ferns and sparse sappy weeds with pale stems and bad smelling flowers. And in spite of this fact the cot-

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tages were all surrounded by wide verandahs so that not one ray of sunlight should penetrate to any room. Consequently, the light that at all times pervaded the interior was like nothing so much as the dingy grayness of an inside bedroom in a cheap downtown hotel.

Nor did the summer residents indulge themselves in the way of furniture. In winter the flimsy frame houses were closed and abandoned and it would have been considered wicked extravagance to expose anything of value to the sub-zero atmosphere. The furniture—of which, by the way, there was hardly any, so that next to the twilight gloom of the interiors the outstanding impression was one of forbidding bareness—consisted entirely of left-overs from the town houses. There were wornout parlor sets, shabby plush arm chairs, broken-springed sofas, fancy carved or jigsaw tables, knick-knacks that had gone out of fashion but which the thriftiness of the time didn't permit anybody to throw away. What was no longer good enough for town would do beautifully for the lake.

These grim interiors were, as a rule, enlivened by Navajo rugs whose harsh patterns and violent, synthetic colors filled me, even as a small child, with indescribable melancholy. While the woodsy note was struck by the mounted fish and the deer heads that hung on the walls. But the glazed corpses of the fish were distinctly the worse for summer damp and winter cold and the deer, moose, and elk heads were usually minus a glass eye, or displayed nibbled ears or disintegrated noses.

The beds, I fancy, were bought especially for the cottage. And I suppose the gay outdoor life of sports and healthy exercise was counted upon to induce sleep under any conditions—even these. Of course, we were young and the thin knobby mattresses, the inadequate springs, the slats that were always falling out, the straw-stuffed pillows didn't keep us awake. But I nevertheless remember very exactly the unique discomfort of those beds.

Running water had of course added its effete touch to the lake houses, but there was no exaggerated display of plumbing. There was one bathroom for a family of from ten to twenty—exclusive of the hired girls who in those days weren't supposed to bathe. It was fully, but by no means elegantly, equipped—a tin tub, a basin set in a wooden cabinet, a long chain that very often wouldn't pull or if it did loosed a torrent nothing could quell till my Aunt Lillian got up on a chair and did something to the mysteriously floating ball in the box high above.

I suppose no one will deny that our inland climate, especially in the middle northwest, is characterized by a certain impetuosity in the matter of contrast. Of course, of the peerless autumn there is absolutely nothing that can be said in criticism, but nobody in those days was ever in the country in the autumn, they were there in the dog days. And Minnesota heat on a good dog day makes—as I can testify from experience of both—even the Belgian Congo seem chilly. Also, this equatorial torridity has a way of changing quite suddenly to a period of freezing, drenching rain. There was seldom a fireplace in any of the lake cottages and if there were it was never, under any circumstances, lighted; so that life went on for days in a frigid interior, dank and somber as a grave.

The transition between these rollicking extremes of temperature was inevitably marked by thunder storms which would be, I'm sure, outstanding in the most extreme meteorological circles. Like the cyclones which are also a classic part of our Northwestern summers, they are at their most violent in the vicinity of the lakes. Sometimes it was a demoniac electrical display without wind or rain, carried on in a sultry, frightening, pea-green twilight; sometimes the wind blew with hurricane force, trees were mowed down like grain, rain was blown through all the warped window frames and poured through the winter-tried roofs.

Obviously, these intemperate periods had to be spent indoors. And I presume there must have been many households where love and peace among the children reigned supreme. This was not the case at Aunt Lillian's. There were a great many cousins there, the idea being that we should all come together and be happy in the summer. Most of these cousins were not on our side of the family but on Uncle Ephraim's, and were extremely quarrelsome. There was one little girl who was just my age and supposed, therefore, to be my dearest friend and buddy. Her name was Myra-June. She was of the pallid equine type and her bossiness, her curiosity, her vitality, and ubiquitousness made my life a hell. She had a way, too, of calling me a fool. I was never brave enough to call her one back but I brooded over the insult bitterly when I was alone. And in spite of the fact that I detested her it was decreed that we should be bracketed together in an intimacy against which I was never able to say a word in protest.

Also there was Uncle Ephraim. Aunt Lillian was his second wife and he was or seemed to us to be a very old man. He had a long beard, a huge military nose, fierce little military eyes, and a deep voice of which my sister and I were terribly afraid. And indoors or out, he was always there. Every summer the newspapers were filled with stories of drownings—several always, in Lake Wahtonawah—and Uncle Ephraim would not permit us to go in swimming unless he was with us. He always carried his youngest and favorite child, a little girl of two or three, in his arms, and I suppose, in his blue and yellow striped bathing suit that came below his knees, with his great beard, his hands clasped tight about the middle of little Isa whom he dipped with regimental precision into the water, he must have been something to see; but I do not remember thinking, at the time, that it was funny. He kept his beetling glance on all of us and at the word of command we marched out of the water and passed single file before him to be counted.

Canoes and sailboats were taboo, but we were allowed to go rowing if an older person went too, and fish for croppies and sunfish. Aside from this we got very little out of the lake except the smell of dead fish which was at all times extremely prevalent. And as I look back it seems to me there must have been a really abnormal number of bloated, rotting fish, dreadfully fat and white in decay, languidly slap-slapping against the dock or caught among the weeds that grew luxuriantly along large portions of the shore. And a really fanatical propensity on the part of all the dogs to roll in them.

Such, then, is the actuality of most of my memories. But not quite all. There was, too, the dusty road between the sumacs, the sky wildly blue above, the sun hot and sweet in the deep grass, and on the goldenrod smelling

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of all summer; there were the clear birds' songs, the secret swamp where tall trees stood in gleaming gold-brown water, and strange bright lichens flaunted the colors of gaudy flowers. And there were the Saturday nights—the sound of waltz music from the club-hotel, the big girls in beautiful dresses, pink and blue and white—(oh, the virtuous airs, the touch-me-not primness, the veiled coquetry and shining glances! Oh, the glamorous gone-and-forgotten prissiness of the girls of their time, girls who were already big when I was very little!)—rapt in the legend of their love affairs, shining for us with the light of timeless romance. And also, there were the Leffingwells.

Going to Leffingwell's, it was called, and it happened usually every Sunday we were there. You could get to Leffingwell's by the road but it was part of the ritual to go by rowboat. And we always started early so as to pass by Potter's slough. In Potter's slough Aunt Lillian picked water lilies for Miss Eugenia.

I do not know how much that was said and believed about the Leffingwells was so, nor does it matter. Although as a matter of fact I think it all happened to be true. The Leffingwells came from New York. They were very high and aristocratic but in some financial crisis they lost all or almost all their money. Then Mr. Leffingwell conceived the idea of coming West to build up his fortune. If ignorant immigrants could and did become rich in that golden land, what might not a Leffingwell do? He would go in for farming but in an informed and cultured way. He would plant scientifically, rotate, raise blooded stock, especially horses about which he knew a great deal.

He did all these things and it was very disastrous; and by the time we went to Wahtonawah the Leffingwells were running a boarding house beyond the narrows, on what was called Blue-water Lake. Mr. Leffingwell himself was dead. There were two daughters, Miss Eugenia and Miss Claire, and a son called Moncrief. There was also Mr. Webb. On Sundays a special dinner was served at Leffingwell's and lots of people from the lower lake went there to save the nuisance of a Sunday dinner at home.

By that time, too, the Leffingwell family was somewhat divided. Miss Claire had become a recluse. She lived all alone in a one-room cabin set down in a lovely birch grove facing the lake. This hermitage was invested with peculiar mystery and drama for all the children who went to the Leffingwells'. But, due I think to the respect the Leffingwells involuntarily evoked, we never violated its privacy, never even approached that part of the woods. Moncrief salvaged a part of the farm for his own and raised what was needed for the boarding house. Mrs. Leffingwell never left the back parlor to which, just once, when I was suffering from the after effects of a sunstroke acquired on the Wahtonawah beach, I was admitted, and saw a delicate handsome old lady, white-haired, blue-eyed, who seemed not to think or see, but sat still as if carved in stone. Miss Eugenia ran the boarding house and Mr. Webb worked on the place as hired man.

Miss Eugenia was an exquisite lady. She was the angel type, of whom there were quite a number in those days. She was slim and stiffly erect, with lily skin and features of fabulous purity and perfection. Her voice and pronunciation fell soft as velvet on my ear tuned to flat a's, western r's, and nasal intonations. This voice and her fairy-tale beauty and above all, the fitting purity of her love affair reduced me to a state of trembling worship.

It was, of course, Mr. Webb—Mr. Clarendon Webb—typical "swell," report had it, of his remote period—club man, boulevardier, cotillon leader, rider to hounds, who, when the Leffingwells turned West, gave up *all* to follow Miss Eugenia. He put his money into Mr. Leffingwell's ventures and, when ruin overtook them, stayed on working without pay as a farm hand, rather than leave Miss Eugenia, who never, in all the years, vouchsafed him a single embrace, or spoke one word of hope or passion. And when, a year or two after we knew her, Miss Eugenia died, Mr. Webb hanged himself in the barn.

This pure, this classic Victorian romance comes back to me with the charm of an old story, a ballad heard in childhood. Miss Eugenia is a sister in legend of Lord Ullin's daughter and the bride who sailed from Dublin Bay. There aren't, alas, any more of these angel ladies, too pure for the base reality of love, and no longer any Mr. Webbs to love faithfully, fatally, and in vain. Or are there? Is that the only way one can "love on through love's eternity"?

I don't know, only that Miss Eugenia and Mr. Webb belong to all that is suggested by those weirdly inept Victorian lake houses—houses as incongruous as the ladies of their time who golfed in high buttoned shoes, starched collars, and immense straw sailors pinned on top of their rat-filled pompadours. Houses that, flimsy as match wood, never for some strange reason seem to be blown away by cyclones, struck by lightning, or burned to the ground, but moulder on eternally beside the rotting docks and empty boat houses—familiar and evocative as houses in a dream.

And like a dream, the vague and tender pleasure they evoke eludes my scrutiny. The facts I have set down do not explain and in no way alter it—that sense of something lovely and mysterious and sad, once known and now irrevocably lost.

"Bitter Passion," an African story by Grace Flandrau, will be published in the July SCRIBNER'S.

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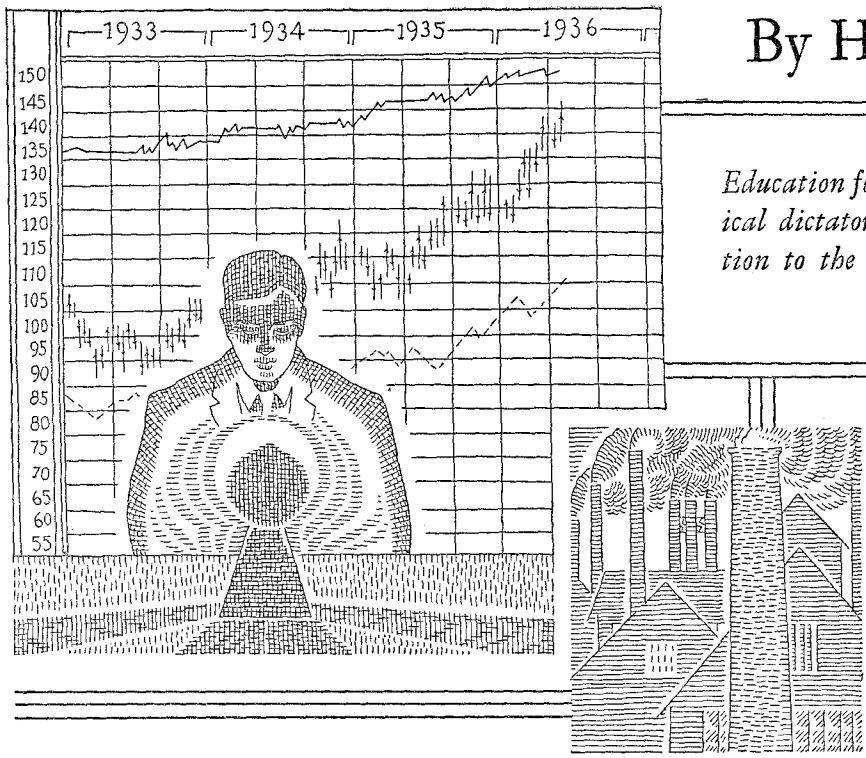
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Business Cycles and Business Men



By Herbert L. Towle

Education for business men rather than political dictatorship of business offers the solution to the present business cycle of "boom and bust"

I

It is the fashion to write of business men as if they were a peculiar species, possessed of a mania for anti-social acts, and at intervals liable, like the Gadarene swine, to be driven to self-destruction by forces stronger than themselves. The extravagances of the Coolidge era are nowadays pointed to as proof, though the idea is much older. And the conclusion is that business can best be made to operate in the public interest by bringing it under rigid government control.

Are this premise and the conclusion sound? Or is there a better way? The whole subject of social security and abundant living is involved in the answer; for there are many reasons to think that we shall never have security plus abundance until we find how to control business cycles without forcing industry into lockstep.

Let us look first at the causes of the late boom and its collapse. It is generally agreed that these were in the main as follows: (1) In many industries the large, highly mechanized units, with plants paid for out of war profits, enjoyed full-time operation with low fixed charges during the 1920's. This resulted in large profits, even while for small competitors it was a time of "profitless prosperity." (2) Much of that profit was re-invested in plants for duplicating current goods at current costs, instead of being either (*a*) distributed in wages and dividends and thus largely spent for consumer goods, or (*b*) distributed by price reductions (to the probable ruin of weaker competitors), or (*c*) used in research, etc., to develop new or cheaper products. (3) Not only savings were thus mis-invested, but also large sums borrowed from commercial banks on short-term notes. (4) Individuals likewise, enjoying expanded incomes, naturally laid by more than usual. (5) This combined pressure for investment started the speculative boom in stocks—a boom fanned by the loaning of billions by the banks for marginal trading and for investment. (6) The easy-money psychology thereby engendered led to an unsavory mess of wildcat promotions and general bad banking.

Considering only the borrowings on securities, these totalled seventeen billion by April, 1929, against collateral then rated at twenty-four billion but actually worth (on the basis of income yield) about half as much. Virtually all that indebtedness, both brokers' loans and others, could in the last analysis be liquidated only out of future income, much of which never came.

When the public failed to buy the expanded output, the expanded factories had to slow down. Employment slackened, and speculation stopped abruptly. Construction of buildings and machinery shrank two-thirds, and neither manufacturers nor speculators could pay their notes. The banks curtailed lending. Millions of people, suffering or fearing loss of jobs, ceased buying postponable goods and luxuries. Since those and "capital" goods constitute more than half of all we normally produce, the stoppage of industry spread like a prairie fire. The later collapse of foreign currencies merely

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hastened a process of deposit withdrawals and bank failures already well under way.* Despite truly heroic efforts in 1930 to save the situation by maintaining purchasing power, industry was defeated by the combined effect of forced liquidation and fear of worse, leading to wholesale deferment of purchases by both consumers and producers.

Analyzing the foregoing causes, we see that they started with the freezing of (*a*) capital and (*b*) credit in investments thought to be productive but actually unproductive. The collapse came when borrowings for capital purposes, based on demand deposits, could not be repaid or renewed when the notes fell due.

Most economists saw clearly what was going on, but their voices were lost in the general hurrah. Some business men—chiefly manufacturers and large merchants—likewise either saw or sensed it, and refrained from freezing liquid capital in unneeded plant or surplus stocks of goods. They weathered the storm.

II

Now, suppose that business men at large had seen what the few saw in 1928 and '29. How many would have persisted in over-borrowing, over-lending, and over-investing? And how many would have refrained from those acts?

For manufacturers the answer is easy. Their investments were relatively illiquid because valueless for other purposes. Foreseeing the storm, they would have refrained from building, reduced their stocks, and paid their debts. Doubtless they would have increased their distributions, but probably much of their surplus earnings would have gone into developing new products. Speculative builders would have slowed their pace to match the demand. Merchants, because their investments were more liquid, would have acted later, but to the same ultimate effect. With these three leading groups gradually retiring from the money market, the chief remaining borrowers would have been the stock speculators. On the one hand, the banks would have been reluctant to refuse brokers' loans because of their theoretical liquidity. On the other, every banker knows that a portfolio filled with over-valued stocks may quickly become next to worthless, because, when prices start to tumble, buyers turn sellers overnight, and the supposed market vanishes. The seeming blindness of the New York bankers in 1928–29 appears to have been due to their lack of realization of the growing unbalance between consumption, production, and manufacturing plant, which caused them to yield too easily to the speculators' clamor for credit.

Perhaps it will some day be feasible to expect bankers to grasp such matters; but for the present we may grant the need of some sort of credit control. Unhappily, the problem of clamor-proof control has by no means been solved even yet.

However, booms do not start in Wall Street. Aside from the matter of lax credit, no other of the root causes of the Coolidge boom was due to wilful sinning against light, but only to unawareness among business men of what was going on and of its inevitable results. The things lacking were adequate grasp of economic principles and adequate fact-finding. With those things provided, it would be impossible for business cycles to rip through industry like tornadoes, leaving the work of years in ruins.

Readers recalling the blind optimism of the Coolidge years may wonder whether either greed or folly can be much abated by education. The traits, indeed, cannot; but their manifestations may be tempered by experience. It would be difficult, for example, to imagine Englishmen being stampeded by a mirage like our "New Era." They have been in business longer than we, and have learned more of how men's minds work.

The point is not really mysterious. It is a principle of human nature that, when a better way of doing anything becomes widely known, there is an irresistible pressure to adopt it. So long as it remains the property only of a few, they can keep it to themselves and profit by the knowledge; but not when the knowledge becomes general. The history of all civilization proves this. And the history of free institutions shows likewise that the forward step is taken sooner when private initiative is unhampered than when the people wait for their governments to make the first move.* Even the remedies for known abuses are best worked out by cooperation between government and the majority of responsible business men, in the light of full knowledge.

A review of the history of previous business cycles shows that, although no two have been alike in detail and each has been deeply influenced by the monetary system of the time, nevertheless the same basic causes—over-investment and over-borrowing—have run through all. In each, men have mortgaged their future blindly when knowledge would have kept them safe.

III

What is needed is combined knowledge of economic principles and of business practice. Hitherto the two have run almost in separate channels. Economics has been taught—even in the better universities—by men of high ability but without the practical business experience that would show how best to apply its rules; and business has been practised by men who for the most part have never absorbed even the meager fare that the average college offers. Meanwhile the growing mechanization of industry and complexity of our economic system are setting the stage for even more violent "booms and busts," unless the right way to control them is found.

The current proposals for government control of business would, if carried out, lead to a political dictatorship of business. The dictating body would in turn be subject to pressures from countless voting blocs, each ignorant of and indifferent to economic principles, and interested only in gaining

* Decline in farm incomes was an effect, not a cause, of the depression. There was no important shrinkage in farm buying power during the decade of the '20's.

* A good illustration, from the field of medicine, is cited by Abraham Flexner, in a recent article (*Atlantic*, August, 1935). Prior to 1890, American hospitals and medical schools were far behind the German. They were mostly privately owned, and neither sporadic private efforts nor the politics-ridden state governments had accomplished much improvement. But, about 1890, the Johns Hopkins Medical School and Johns Hopkins Hospital were created with a large private endowment. The ablest medical talent in the world was drawn upon; and the result was the creation in a few years of new standards which, when their import was realized, "spread like an epidemic." The pressure for betterment, with that concrete example before the public, was overwhelming. In the matter of laws and of licensing to practise, too, the states, which formerly had "licensed illiterates," fell in line and tightened the standards of medical schools for the public safety.

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some artificial advantage at the expense of other groups. The dangers of this have been so fully discussed by others that they will not be mentioned here. What I wish to point out is that no Supreme Economic Council, clothed with power to multiply its blunders over half a continent, can possibly do the job of managing one-half so well as a million free enterprisers, each fully informed and directly responsible for the success or failure of his judgment.

For the near future, we need cooperation between business men and economists to establish facts and chart policies looking toward control of the next and future booms. With proper organization it can be done. For the long pull, business men and the colleges must work together, to see that coming business men shall be properly educated for the responsibilities which none but they can carry if industrial progress is not to be stifled. For, unless business men themselves learn to manage the vast mechanism which they have created, it will be necessary to go back to a simpler mechanism, with less concentration, smaller production, and less of the fruits of industry to divide. Before that is done, the public is entitled to a fair trial of what can be done with informed and competent business management. If that kind of management does what may reasonably be expected, business cycles will be greatly reduced in violence; production of goods suited to consumers on the various income levels will be kept within hail of spending power on the same levels; and buying power on all levels will thus gradually be lifted as production increases. In the end, competition for the workers' services in reasonably stable industry will do more to raise their incomes than any artificial distribution of the fruits of industry possibly could.

So much for what is needed. What has been done is pitifully small. A few universities have made a creditable start. But, in the great majority of our colleges, the business curriculum has (I quote from a private letter by a distinguished educator) "for many years been used as a catch-all into which to steer students who were unable to succeed in other courses. It has been the easy way to a degree." The effect has been to sacrifice the abler business students to the duller majority. Mental exercise has been reserved for those interested in general culture or in science.

There is a reason for this poverty of useful instruction about business. Cultural subjects deal chiefly with *ideas*. They call for "scholastic aptitude"; and the men who teach them are primarily book scholars. Even engineering and chemistry may be covered passably with books and a laboratory, supplemented by occasional field work. But business deals with things only as instruments: its real concern is with *human beings*. And, like the arts, it must be learned mainly by practice.

It follows that even the pure theory of business can be taught effectively by none so well as by men who have had actual experience in business. Former manufacturers, merchants, accountants, bankers, advertising men, or at least managers who have succeeded in those fields, are the material from which the instructors of future business courses will have to be drawn. Such men do not fit the scholastic atmosphere of traditional halls of learning. Yet somehow they must be attracted to the business courses which in future we simply must have.

IV

The reader may ask, Will the average business-minded youth understand a course in applied economics? Will he study it? Even if he does study it, will he later have the sense and self-restraint to act accordingly when a boom comes?

As to the first question, human nature is conceded to be a more elusive and difficult theme than steel or electricity or chemicals. Men who succeed with it cannot be called dull. Even the mediocre students can at least learn enough to spare them many blunders and to reduce very greatly the waste in business. With merely average business men educated as they might be, crack-brained theories of reform would make little headway. But the upper reaches of business call for creative and administrative genius of the highest order. As for interesting the young mind, I submit that there are possibilities of achievement, of social betterment, of triumph over the blind forces of unreason and dissolution, enough to capture the imagination of the most brilliant of our executive-minded young men. The great conquests of famine, disease, and isolation are mostly behind us. The conquest of human relationships lies still ahead.

Will men act on the long view, when knowledge comes to them, instead of squinting narrowly at today's profit? No doubt cycles will have to continue as warnings, like occasional outbreaks of typhoid and smallpox. Alternate waves of recklessness and repentance will still bring them as long as human nature remains what it is. But if once the mass of men become *cycle-minded*, just as they are already sanitation-minded, even minor booms and depressions will keep them alert to the need for caution. What England has learned, America can learn.

Finally, what will the colleges do about it? And what will the business men among their alumni do to support a movement for better business education by the colleges?

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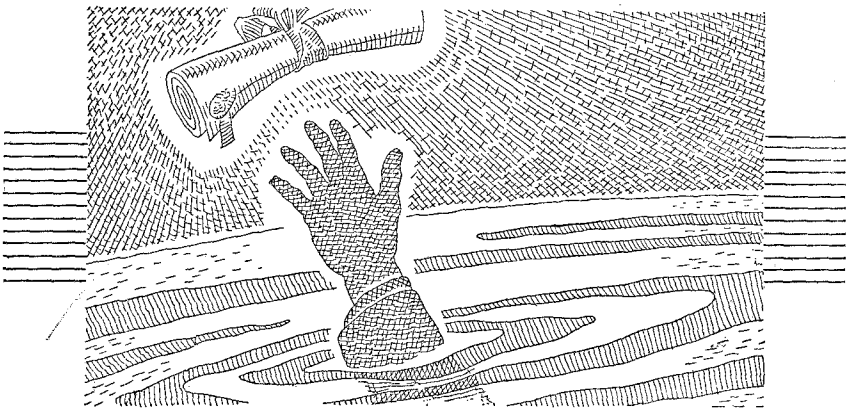

Lowering Higher Education

The State Universities Face an Acid Test

By Norman Foerster

In a democracy, all students who are capable of higher education should be given equality of opportunity to pursue it. This has been the theory, but not the practice. Many students capable of higher education have been denied an opportunity for it, and multitudes of students incapable of higher education have been admitted and given the illusion of enlightenment. Obedient to the motives of aggrandizement and humanitarian or quantitative service, the State universities have sought to provide all sorts of education for all sorts of students. The result has been a growing solicitude for the inferior, who are many, and a corresponding neglect of the superior, who are few. No important steps are being taken to secure the best students and give them a sound education; much is being done, instead, to secure the less able and the least able and to give them any sort of education. The depression did not cause, but merely accelerated, this tendency.

Our public universities have been opening their doors wider and wider in defiance of the fact, forced upon us by experience and confirmed in our minds by modern biology, psychology, and political science, that young people are not equally endowed with the intelligence required for the processes of higher education. From psychology, to be sure, educators borrow the term "individual differences," and they make much of it, bending it to their humanitarian and expansionist purposes. In rationalizing their motives, they avail themselves of an ambiguity that resides in the very conception of individual differences. Differences among students, it so happens, are of two sorts: differences in ability and differences in interest. It so happens also that differences in ability operate in the direction of the selective and limited, while differences in interest operate in the direction of the indiscriminate and quantitative. In this situation, what is a university, intent upon the widest possible "service," to do? Obviously, what the State universities have done and still propose to do, that is, virtually to ignore differences in ability and to make maximum provision for differences in interest. There is occasional talk about raising standards, but incessant action in favor of lower standards by the provision of trivial courses suited to the interests of the average and sub-average. When standards are sufficiently low, it may be correct to say, in the words of an editorial writer in a university newspaper, that "the dumbest of us soaks up something at college." A very soft form of pseudo-idealism has led the universities to cater to individual incapacity rather than individual distinction. A truly democratic idealism would seem to involve, not lowering the standard so that every one could find some interesting way of securing a diploma, but rather giving every one a chance to measure up to an exacting standard.

Among the obligations of the State university to the social order one of the first is a judgment of what properly constitutes higher education, a judgment which it must form in the light of the more permanent and substantial needs of the State rather than in response to the random desires of special groups of citizens. It may at times find itself in conflict with certain groups or with a political administration temporarily in power—this will happen in any case—but in the long run it will prosper by serving a high ideal and bending all effort to win the best opinion of the State in support of that ideal.

A State university serving a high ideal cannot provide for all young men and women who have reached the age of eighteen. Young people incapable of higher education should be provided for otherwise. If they cannot find remunerative employment, perhaps they should be given certain kinds of employment without wages, or trained to fight their fellows in the next great war, or trained to fight nature in conservation camps, or sent fishing in State parks, or placed in schools even if intellectually ineducable or indifferent. Many educators and educationists would like to bring them to the universities and give them whatever they could be induced to take, at the price of adding to the confusion and agglomeration already characteristic of State universities. What is imperatively needed in these institutions today is the precise opposite—clearness of purpose and division of function. If it seems probable that the unemployment of youth is to be of indefinite duration, and if education is to be called upon to keep youth occupied, the State should recognize the new social need by providing special institutions outside the university. On the basis of records and placement tests, students of a type not suited to the four-year liberal college could be placed in training schools offering two years of specialized education and junior colleges offering two years of indoctrination in citizenship.

To attempt to educate such students at the university, even at the present denatured university, is either to discourage or to delude them, as one may see any day by watching the exodus

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of the unfit from the campus during the first two years and by noting the vagueness of mind and glib utterance of many students who stay for four years and deem themselves therefore educated. No doubt, all who come do soak up something, but it is patent that the good which they receive is more than offset by the harm which they receive and the harm which they do their fellow students. To see the good and not the harm is a mark of sentimentalism, which is as rife in the university as in the public generally.

In its healthy condition, higher education is concerned with the fit, the large number of robust young men and women who are able to think, able to feel, able to liberate themselves. In a redistribution of education, a maximum share should go to this group. If they have or can be induced to have interest, as well as ability, they should be given every encouragement to continue in college through the four years, and some of them should be urged to engage in professional study afterward.

Above all, the time has come when steps must be taken in favor of the *exceptionally* capable. While step after step has been taken in favor of the relatively incapable, almost nothing has been done in favor of those who, by virtue of natural endowments and fortunate training, give promise of leadership in the professions and in public life. The ablest are left to shift for themselves—to come to college if they can and to join the campus crowd drifting toward the diploma. The average and sub-average are taught, coddled, nursed, cajoled, scolded, satirized, given daily lessons, "held up" by quizzes and tests, interviewed by teachers and deans, benefited by special remedial assistance; and permitted largely to determine teaching methods, standards, and curricula. While every imaginable device is used to drag them through college and send them out at last to serve society, the ablest students are lucky if they find, here and there, an instructor who not only recognizes their ability but has a little leisure to use in their interest, and who believes that a few such students have it in their power to help society more than hordes of the mediocre and deficient.

At present some of the abler students work their way through, earning, in some instances, every cent of the cost of their college education, but this procedure entails a handicap revolting to any soundly altruistic mind. While apologists will assert that this is "the making" of young people, a little observation should show that it is more likely to mean their breaking, in health, or mind, or character. At best it means a serious waste of effort upon mechanical and meaningless tasks; at worst, it leads toward disease and death, or psychopathy, or intellectual or moral dishonesty. This is no exaggeration; it could be substantiated by many instances. In recent years, when work has been hard to find even on college campuses, numerous able as well as unable students have been fighting for sheer existence, intent upon economic survival rather than education. In many cases able students have been forced to leave college while the unable have been allowed to slide through. At times the potent sum of five dollars seemed to mean the difference between success and failure in life. University administrations did all that they could, but it was not enough. They were not even able to reduce the price of tuition, which, in relation to the general price level, for several years mounted steadily upward. Plainly, "free" higher education was, more than ever, a myth.

The obvious remedy, it would seem, would be to make higher education actually free to at least the ablest students. If the State university is sincere in its often expressed desire to discover and train young people of unusual capacity, if it is to arrange a fair field in which excellence can actually emerge, it will have to begin by establishing a system of undergraduate scholarships sufficient to cover the essential expenses of students of proved capacity.

Prior to the depression, the cost of a four-year course at a State university for two children was about $4000. To many families the prospect was nothing short of staggering. Something might be scraped together, something might be earned by the student himself in the summers or by washing dishes at college, but the total sum still looked impossible. Many students came for one semester, or two, or three, then gave up the game because the dice seemed loaded, and went home discouraged or bitterly resigned. To point out that the total cost at one of the best-known endowed universities would have been nearly twice as high was not precisely consoling. No, it cannot be said that the State universities attained the end which they professed, even though, in making the effort, they took on something of the air of an eleemosynary institution. They often repelled the well-to-do student, who sought a higher standard of living or thinking at some private institution; they attracted the student with limited means, and held him almost regardless of his capacity; and they attracted the poor student but held him only till his difficulties became unendurable.

This is not university education as Jefferson conceived it. It does not incorporate the selective principle which he saw was the key to higher education; it is based rather on a humanitarian impulse which has not only defeated its own ends, but which is in any case irrelevant to the purpose of higher education. The general impulse of the State university today is one making for progress in quantity at the expense of progress in quality. This is in contrast with the impulse of the private university, which has used the pressure of quantity to raise the quality. The private university has become more and more selective; the public university, more and more undiscriminating. If this process is suffered to continue, the obvious result will be to widen the gap till the truth dawns on us that the private institutions have the quality while the public have only the quantity. The situation is already threatened by the decision of Harvard, to be followed by that of other endowed universities, to select the best high school graduates in the various States and maintain them in college at an expense, if necessary, of $1200 a year. Once it becomes evident that the State universities have only the run-of-the-mine students, it will no longer be possible for them to secure for their faculties men of culture and scholarly distinction; and when faculties deteriorate, swift general deterioration is in sight. Nor will it be easy for the State universities, abandoning their pride, to entrust quality to the safekeeping of the endowed universities. As President Angell of Yale has made clear, the quality of the endowed universities is already gravely imperilled by the prospect of taxation measures destructive of the resources which make high quality

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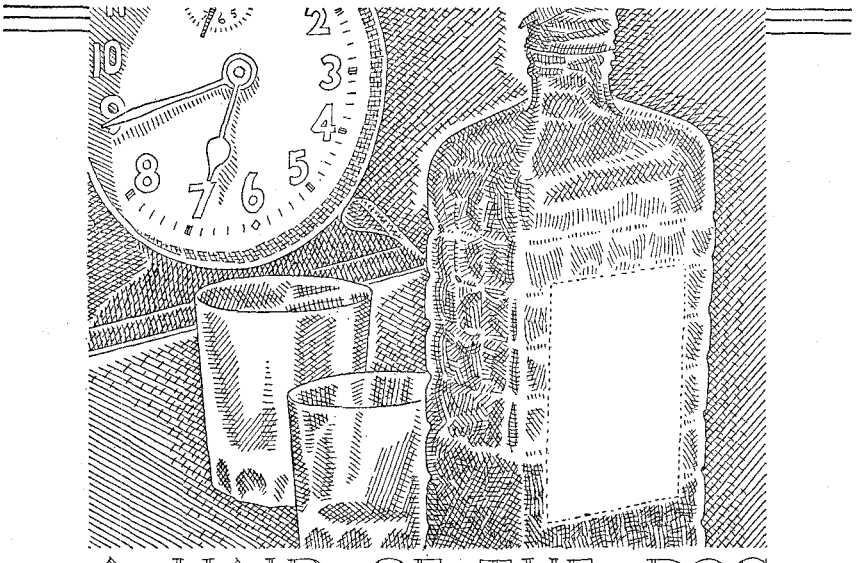
possible. If the American public is willing to let the public universities deteriorate, it will hardly deal more kindly with the private universities.

Plainly, it is indifference, not expense, which explains the failure of the State universities to carry out the qualitative plan of Thomas Jefferson. They have preferred the large numbers, the masses, which satisfy their American zest for magnitude and grandiosity, to the small numbers, the select few, which would appeal to an imagination interested in excellence and magnanimity; and they have buttressed their preference by a pseudo-democratic idealism subversive of higher education and social stability, tenable only in a young, exuberant nation that can afford to be indiscreet because of its security and its easy opportunities. Pseudo-democracy, with its curious mixture of sentimentalism and imperialism, prevents us from adopting the plan of State support of superior students. In the latest edition of *American Colleges and Universities* the annual expenditures of even a comparatively undeveloped institution like the University of Wyoming are given as $1,141,951.61, while those of the University of Michigan are $10,366,826.44 and of the University of California $16,204,582.36.

The State universities are handling large sums of money, but not in the interest of the most promising and valuable young citizens of the State. Far from supporting these young citizens by means of undergraduate scholarships, they require them to pay the full tuition and meet all other expenses. Some States, to be sure, have a few undergraduate scholarships; but they usually carry stipends that cover only a fraction of the cost of a college education. From time to time members of the faculty receive letters from high-school teachers or principals, inquiring whether the university cannot somehow find a scholarship to enable some exceptionally qualified youngster to secure a college education. In one such letter the teacher, an alumnus of the university, declared that after ten years of service he had found an ideal student, but unhappily also a penniless student—could not something be done for him? Was not a scholarship available? The answer was No, the State university had no scholarships to enable such students to come to college.



The Danger Line of Drink

By Richard R. Peabody

What are the signs which indicate that liquor is "getting" a man? Is the "hair of the dog" as salutary as it is supposed to be? Here are five rules by which to judge whether the road to alcoholism is open

Well-groomed, erect, clear of voice and eye, certainly he did not look the part of the man who had been "got" by whiskey. Yet he told me that during the first year of the depression, when his business fell off seriously, he had begun resorting to alcohol to buck up his spirits and relieve his worry. There came a time, he said, when he took a drink in the morning because he was jittery, and these jitters he knew were different from business worries because they seemed to come from the previous night's indulgence. One day, even though his business had begun to pick up, he found he could not stop.

"If a fire gets big enough," he explained, "it creates its own draft."

Though he had no idea of it, that man had stepped over the danger line when he took his first morning drink. He called it an "eye-opener," but it would be more exact to describe it as a drug to soothe his nerves.

Let me state once and for all that I have no prejudice against alcohol as a beverage, and little sympathy for the well-meaning reformers who run around with sharp sticks chasing Demon Rum. I recognize that "the cup that cheers" has advantages of social value. It relieves self-consciousness, promotes good-fellowship, and in general contributes to the gaiety of many occasions. What I would like to do here is to indicate to those who are accustomed to drink, and who know how to handle alcohol (or believe they do), certain signs by which they may be warned when they are entering the twilight zone of danger. These signs I have learned from long observation. It is an old old story for me to hear: "If I only had known ten years ago as much about the effects of drinking on nerv-

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ous systems like mine as I do now, I certainly would have saved myself and my family an enormous amount of suffering."

Most everybody knows of some person, too often an intimate friend or relative, who has "gone to hell" from drink, and they may know more than one; yet how many people stop to think of this danger in connection with their own conduct?

Of course the great majority are so relatively abstemious that this reflection is not necessary, but there are nevertheless a great many men who might profitably pause to consider whether or not drink has become a potential danger to them. Certain ways of drinking indicate a *morbid* interest in it. Sometimes small parties, and even small drinks, taken during certain states of mind are not as innocent as they may seem.

Unfortunately, there is no clear-cut difference between what might be called normal drinking and alcoholism, the way there is between a broken leg and a whole one. In dealing with mental states it is not nearly so easy to make a definite diagnosis as it is in the physical field when the organs can be examined by various mechanical methods. So to avoid wasting our time in hair-splitting we will have to make certain statements, and then discuss the exceptions.

Despite the opinion of prohibitionists the man who is somewhat under the influence of liquor every evening is by no means an alcoholic problem, provided he goes about his business soberly in the day time and is reasonably sensible while drinking. He may be a drunkard in the making but he is not one at the moment.

At what time then in a man's drinking career does he show definite signs of alcoholism, either in process or in fact? One answer is when he begins to drink in the morning. This is an unmistakable danger signal. When he needs "the hair of the dog that bit him" to restore his nerves so that he can get on with the day's work without "going crazy" from an indescribable state of depression and jitters, then he is a drunkard real or potential, the latter depending on how much the alcohol that he consumes on the following day affects him. In other words, at this point drink has become a drug, and a major drug at that. A man who cannot go out with the boys in the evening and return with them to their work the next day because he is drunk again is a drug-addict, and if he is returning with the help of a pick-me-up he is a drug-addict just the same.

Normal drinkers, no matter how much they may have imbibed the night before, carry on the next day without "eye-openers"; and they do this not because of will power, but because such an idea physically disgusts them. Their unhappy friend is going to have a drink because he is suffering from a painful mental reaction which they know nothing about, for if they felt the way he did they would have one too.

While my work is confined to treating those who are disturbed by their excessive indulgence I make it a point to go into the matter with normal drinkers from time to time in order that I may be informed as to how, when, and in what manner they drink. They invariably tell me that, no matter how intoxicated they may have been the night before, the last thing in the world they want is a drink the next morning.

When I asked a certain patient how he started to drink in the morning he replied, "About four years ago I went on a party with a man who was in somewhat the condition that I am now. The next morning we awoke very much the worse for wear nervously. This was extremely unfortunate for me as I had an important and difficult engagement which I seemed absolutely incapable of keeping. When I told my friend of my predicament he said, "A hair of the dog that bit you is all that you need," and forthwith set the example by having one himself. I had one too, though the idea was distasteful to me, and in the course of a few minutes I felt all right. "Now," I said to myself, "I have found a way to beat hangovers!" And I had for a while; but as time went on and my nerves got worse I had to keep increasing the dose, until I found I was more or less drunk all the next day."

Those then who wish to enjoy moderation, interspersed with occasional parties, would do well to avoid drinking anything until lunch time, and if they can wait until dinner so much the better.

At this point I realize that certain readers are reflecting on the exceptions that they know of, and as a result are wondering whether I am an extremist who does not know his business. Are there any exceptions to these somewhat dogmatic statements? Yes, there are. In fact I once had a patient whose father took only one drink a day and that was before breakfast. Nevertheless none of these exceptions is strong enough to vitiate the fundamental symptoms of chronic alcoholism as set forth here. However we will take up the most common for consideration.

For instance, there are a relatively few older men who can and do take a pick-me-up in the morning, not habitually, but after particularly big parties. These men, because of their age, cannot be considered alcoholics, past, present or future. If a man under thirty-five or forty is doing this he'd better look out, but if he is fifty or sixty and is not increasing the dose then his habits have unquestionably crystallized and such ills as result from drinking will be those of the body. Men who could drink slowly all day long (and still be a success in the office and home) without doubt existed a century ago; but high speed business and high speed pleasure have made such demands on the nervous system that it can no longer withstand an all-day-every-day ration of alcohol. Drinking does not help under any condition; but in this era of keen social as well as economic competition, the nerves must have frequent respites or we may expect alcoholic breakdowns on the part of those who persist in abusing it.

Another exception is the reunion common to college men, business associates, and war veterans, to mention just three groups. Here large bodies of respected men may set out to become intoxicated for the better part of two or three days or longer. Conservative people may question the good taste of these performances, but those who indulge in them cannot be considered abnormal by any stretch of the imagination. The obvious reason is that too many normal men do it.

Now the discouraging part of this change from normal social drinking to abnormal drug addiction which wrecks so many lives is that its onset is often insidious. A man may have a full-blown case of alcoholism before he is really aware that he is the victim of a dangerous narcotic. He is drinking the same beverage that he always drank

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and that his friends are still drinking with impunity. If he had to retire to the privacy of his room in order to give himself a hypodermic injection he would realize that he was doing a thoroughly abnormal and dangerous thing the first time he did it. But when he is only drinking a little more of the same old stuff for a little longer period of time, he fails to realize that he too is a "hophead," and it sometimes takes what might be termed a prolonged catastrophe to educate him.

Taking a drink in the morning as a relief from the excesses of the night before is only one danger signal. Another one is using alcohol as a means of escape from a disagreeable reality. Life itself, particularly in these days, provides a good many reasons for nervousness and depression and so the desire to escape into a pleasanter world of fancy is pretty strong for many people. But alcohol is intended to be used for purposes of celebration and not consolation, for in the long run it makes a poor if not disastrous nerve medicine. Drink if you like to make a good time better but never to make a bad time good. Boring social functions may be excepted from the latter part of this statement. It may be all right to blow off steam on Saturday night, but the person who deliberately and with increasing frequency seeks refuge in the bottle is headed for serious trouble. The cause may seem justified, but that does not prevent the end from being tragic. Drinking to escape from the hardships of life then is the second danger signal.

Incidentally if it is true that a great many people are worried and unhappy more or less because of the depression, why is it that alcoholism has not increased by leaps and bounds? The answer is that the average man, while he may be unhappy, while he may be none too strong of will, and while he certainly knows the temporary soothing effects of a drink, simply does not choose this way out of his troubles. He instinctively knows that it will not work, and furthermore that, except for a brief period, it will make matters much worse. It is not a question of will power so much as lack of desire. In this he is fortunately diametrically opposed to the person whose nerves have become poisoned by alcohol.

I don't want to weaken the truth of my statements by being misunderstood and hence considered fanatical. Any sound theory can be made ridiculous by carrying it to an absurd degree. Plenty of normal drinkers do seek a party with their friends because they are "fed up," but they do not make a habit of it because they know from experience that it will work satisfactorily only once in a while. They go to the great majority of their parties because their friends are going also, and not because they are unhappy or worried.

This brings us to the third point in our consideration of what signs indicate that the danger line of drinking has been or is about to be passed. Is the monthly or yearly dosage being steadily increased even if slowly? Most men's habits, certainly their drinking habits, have more or less crystallized by thirty. So if a man's drinking increases after that he may easily be concerned without being accused of morbid introspection. A man who is steadily drinking more at thirty-five than he was at thirty, and more at forty than he was at thirty-five, has cause for worry, unless of course drinking has always been a matter of negligible importance in his life. This increase is often subtle, and it is generally accompanied by a series of plausible excuses. But the fact remains that the normal man tends to do most of his drinking when he is young, and his nerves and body can stand it. As he advances in age, and responsibilities develop, he drinks less. In other words he restricts his consumption of alcohol to that amount which does not injure his health, his reputation, or his efficiency.

Still another danger signal to bear in mind is how much more, as time goes on, a person depends on alcohol for enjoyment. Has he the same enthusiasm (with due regard for advancing age) as he had five or ten years ago, or is he leaning more and more on alcohol in his attempt to get happiness out of life? I do not mean he is depending on it in the same quantity, to enjoy those social functions where it is habitually used, but is his drinking slowly becoming a necessary accompaniment in the gaining of pleasure from those things which used to be spontaneous hobbies and which should be still? Has the "nineteenth hole" become the most interesting one to the golfer, and is the flask as important to the fisherman as his bait? If so, be careful.

As a final symptom to be watched we will add insane conduct, that is, behavior extremes beyond the point of ordinary drunkenness. Most men who drink to excess at all do something sooner or later which causes them much chagrin, but the man who frequently and without cause fights, insults ladies, or in any way conducts himself in a dangerous, crazy, or indecent manner, shows an abnormal mental deterioration. I am not concerned here with the moral or esthetic effects of alcohol, but such behavior as has just been mentioned denotes mental sickness, and thus it is a danger signal of serious trouble ahead.

Just as we have qualified our statements in the direction of leniency toward drinking—that is breaking rules without danger—so in the other direction too much should not be made of technicalities to bolster up oneself in the belief that one is indulging in a safe and sane manner. For instance, the man who waits until lunch time to begin drinking, but who from that time habitually keeps on for the rest of the day, need not pride himself that his use of alcohol is safe and sane. He may have one of those very rare old-fashioned nervous systems, but the chances are that unless his consumption and his reaction to it have become fixed for a considerable period of time he is a semi-alcoholic in process of becoming a full-fledged one.

To sum the matter up we may say that the danger line of drink has been reached under the following conditions:

(1) Drinking to get over the effects of previous drinking, particularly when it is done in the morning. (2) Using alcohol as a means of escape from a disagreeable reality. (3) Slowly but surely increasing the monthly or yearly dosage. (4) Depending more on alcohol for enjoyment, particularly in connection with those things to which it is not a normal accompaniment. (5) Extreme conduct while under the influence of drink, that can only be described as "crazy."

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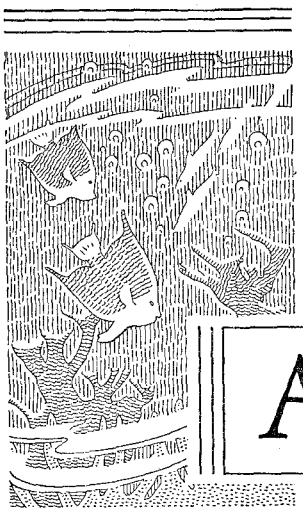

Tropical Fish — A Wife Has the Last Word on Family Hobbies — Pottery after Publishing . . . A Decorator Seeks Fast Colors in Nature. Relaxations of our readers show, as this department continues, with what variety of interests leisure hours are filled

AFTER HOURS

MULM

By Jean Davis

"Mulm," explains Mrs. Davis with Squires as an authority, "is an accumulation of waste." "Bookbinding in the South Seas" in the February Scribner's *was written by Mr. Davis on Mrs. Davis's hobby. Now, Mrs. Davis gets her innings.*

At least, says Mr. Davis, while in Tahiti she took enough interest in tropical fish to learn to spear them under water, using diving goggles. So far as he knows she was the only white woman in the islands ever to have done so.

A year ago when I gave David as a Christmas gift a tankful of tropical fish (not goldfish, not "goopies," but the exquisite large fish which live by electric heat and expert pampering) he was first delighted with them, then extremely annoyed by their death. I also was annoyed, for again I found him spending long hours in his stuffy writing room, trying to convince himself that the typewriter was his major interest in life. He brooded, and at last he admitted that his failure as a keeper of fish was depressing him.

Within the week he bought a dozen more, and he became grim and watchful of them, placing their tank between the bookshelves, aerating and heating them according to the jumbled instructions of half a dozen books on the subject. This first tank was really effective when the lights were lowered and its jewel-like contents of fish and rock and plant glowed softly against the ancient books, but the next week brought another tank, a larger one with larger fish. David is a very thorough person. He bought more tanks, more varieties of fish, more gadgets, until soon he had to build more bookshelves to hold them. Then he bought more books to fill the gaps between tank and tank. And when the fish gave birth to their numerous young he built more shelves for more tanks again. It was a vicious circle, revolved not only by his enthusiasm but by the doubtful kindliness of friends who heaped upon us tanks and discarded paraphernalia of all sorts, mostly hideous.

Soon there were 60 fish in the living room, or 110 as David reckoned it, counting the unborn young of the gravid females. There were fish at the head of my bed and at the foot, grotesque beasts as a center-piece for the dining-room table; and David moped over them all day lovingly, mumbling of "Trichogaster Tricopterus," and "Hemigrammus Ocellifer," and "Pantodon Bulcholzi." I learned that aquarists, as his sort are called, refer to their pets by their Latin names only, though I could never remember the very good reason for this. I maintained that no one could feel warmly toward a pet with a ten-syllable Latin name, but he pointed out to me that tropical fish were (1) inexpensive, (2) quiet, (3) unnecessary to house-break, (4) beautiful, (5) biologically instructive, and (6) occasionally profitable, ergo one could not help but love them.

Such was his ardor that after only a fortnight's acquaintance with his finny friends he must sell a dozen of them to a sporting-goods store. He spent half a day trying to catch them in his little net and placing them in the store tank with their proper plants. He made a profit of 47 cents exactly. It was obvious, then, that he must breed them. He did, all around my bed.

First, worms were introduced to our happy home, and David bred the white worms to feed to the breeding fish which required special nutriment. The long red tubifex worms were kept continually under the drip of the kitchen faucet, and chosen, worm by worm and carefully, by their master before he fed them to the fish. Lettuce was allowed to rot in an open jar of water to provide infusoria for the tiny fry. For three days we sacrificed ourselves on the altar of pisciculture while water aged in the bathtub, because fresh tap water was a dangerous thing; but all this trouble was worth its pain, I felt, when David came leaping to waken me one morning with the announcement that the fish had spawned. He was triumphant, changed in character completely. He showered me with attentions I had missed for months, and though still he bought underwater plants for the fish and for me no roses, I was content.

Until the fish began to die. Until two of the tanks clouded and our guests complained of a perfume to which we were already hardened. We had to dismantle the twenty gallon tanks, change the water, boil the gravel, throw the putrid plants away. During the removal of the fish a Mexican male Helleri slithered beneath the treble strings of the piano. David jumped about frantically, on top of the piano and under

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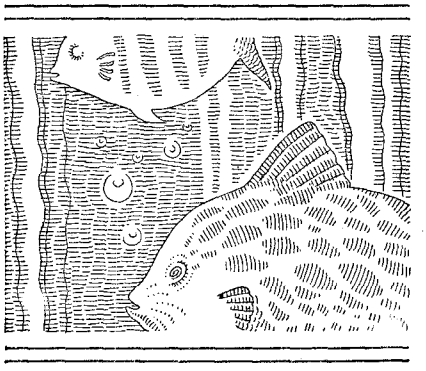
it, brandishing a useless net, till at last with a display of epithets that would have shamed any decent fishmonger he snipped two strings with pliers and saved the very dusty Helleri. Those two top strings were never used anyway, he shouted after me as I ran to the kitchen where the wash water was flooding the floor.

The Helleri lived, though I languished, as did most of the other poor fish through the corruption of their native element. Upon the gravid dead females David performed Cæsarian section, unsuccessfully, while avowing that a woman who kept her best paring-knife in any but a sterile condition did not deserve beautiful fish in her home. I agreed. The sink drain was clogged with the sediment of "mulm" from the bottoms of the tanks, and my soups were full of gravel that he had forgotten, in his anxiety, to wash from the pots.

But with clean tanks again some semblance of peace returned to the house, however briefly. The dead fish must be replaced, of course, and now David purchased the beautiful fighting fish of Siam, the Betta Splendens, which the natives breed exclusively for purposes of gambling. Unfortunately he found an ally in a friend he had not seen for fifteen years, and unfortunately Harvey too had become a Betta enthusiast. Night after night these two adult urchins convened in a darkened room over the glow of a tank that held their combatants, and nightly there was slaughter. Cock fighting or falconry was relatively tame and far less beautiful, I was assured. The dead fish were preserved in the refrigerator to be fed to the sea monster, and as likely as not I would find them fallen through the grill into the bacon or butter.

This monster was David's best beloved. It was fourteen inches long, an inch thick, finned extravagantly, and with ten barbels, or two-inch whiskers, jutting straight forward from its leering mouth. It had been given to him by Harvey, who got it from a friend who got it from a friend who got it from a friend, *et cetera*. No book described it. It was unknown unless it was the Hungarian Wels which grew to a length of ten feet and weighed at maturity 400 pounds. As it was carnivorous David kept it alone and fed it the refrigerated corpses of other fish,



which it would mostly swallow and partly munch upon throughout the day. I don't deny that it is graceful (we have it still), but I do object to its lashing about the tank directly over my bed at night, no matter how securely the tank cover fits, and I do fear that eventually we shall have to devote our bathtub to it.

"THE WET WET CLAY"

By Marie Royle

Trying to juggle a three-color book jacket to make it look like a four, persuading authors not to rewrite books after they are in type—the manufacturing end of publishing. Harpers, the old Cosmopolitan Book Company, and now, Peter B. Kyne, Harry Leon Wilson, Mary Pickford's inspirational books. Much as she loves her work, Miss Royle found that she needed a hobby for relaxation.

When my friends (or rather my acquaintances, for after all friends don't ask painful questions) look at my hobby they generally say:

"Are you able to sell much of it?"

I try to be nonchalant in answering, so as to give the impression that at some future date I will retire from the publishing business (without having made my fortune) to give my undivided attention to my hobby, which is the making of pottery. When, if ever, I can afford to do this the world will no doubt make its way to the door of my little cabin, humbly requesting that they may buy my wares. That is a potter's dream, of course, and the truth is that whether or not I sell my pots and figurines, nothing, short of the stiffening of my fingers with the rheumatism of old age, can keep my hands from the clay.

The urge to do it was in my system long before I had any opportunity to experiment—as a matter of fact, being a strong believer in heredity, I think it is in my blood, for some of my grandmother's family were well-known potters in the "Five Towns" of England. One day a potting friend gave me a jar of clay, and with it I modeled some little figures; they were crude and unfinished, but the best I could manage with an orange stick and hairpins for tools. My friend glazed them and fired them for me, and I was immensely proud of the result. But that was only the beginning.

My next step was to study Professor Binns' wonderful little book, and then to make a tour of the schools of New York where ceramics was taught. One of the things I learned was that pottery was no dainty parlor trick; it's decidedly messy and takes up a lot of space, so to go to it successfully I must have a room of my own, like Virginia Woolf, instead of dropping lumps of clay on the best rug. I thought of the cellar, but it seemed too dark and cavernous—ours is one of the old Jersey Dutch houses that was built to withstand a siege. Then an inspiration came to me. There was the "cook house" in the garden, which was the summer kitchen a hundred years ago, now filled, to be sure, with lawn mowers, wheelbarrows and a lifetime accumulation of rubbish. The floor was of dirt, the roof leaked, windows were broken, and in some places the mortar in the stone walls was crumbling away.

The actual reconditioning of my little house is a long story in itself, but it has no special bearing on the development of my craft. It was an unemployed plumber who did the work for me, and nothing daunted him. The old oven was outside the building, and no use to me, so the entrance to it was converted into a little casement window. I wanted a fireplace, so the plumber took his old car out into the country somewhere, and filled it with rocks, in order to make the chimney-piece match the walls. He built an entire new roof with a skylight in it, and laid a cement floor. A pair of carriage lamps, relics of the horse and buggy days, were wired as wall lights, and gave a finishing touch of elegance.

Having squandered my summer vacation on the building I felt I was committed to pottery from that time on.

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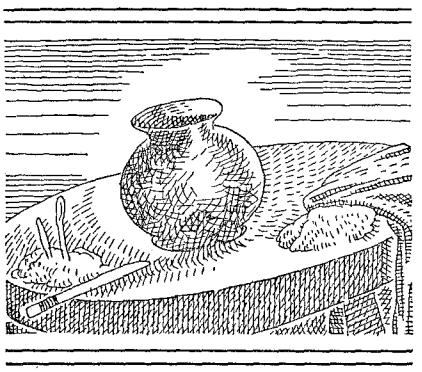
Unfortunately I had only the most necessary of supplies—fifty pounds of clay and a few tools, but no potter's wheel and no kiln. At first I built my pieces by hand, laboriously rolling coils of clay and working one above the other, smoothing them like an English cook fashioning a pork pie, then had them fired in New York; but I knew that until I did my own firing I couldn't honestly call myself a potter. I heard of a second-hand kiln (it turned out to be third-hand and about as up-to-date as a Model T Ford). I bought it sight unseen, as it was very cheap and I felt that looking it over would be of little avail to a person who knew nothing about kilns.

When it arrived, with many protesting groans from the expressman, I had that sinking feeling which comes with a bad bargain, for it looked painfully like a piece of junk that had been dropped with the ashes on the Jersey meadows. I was slightly reassured to read "School Kiln No. 3" on the door, so I felt that no matter what it looked like now, in its far-off youth it had been a kiln in good standing. It weighed about a ton. Once more the plumber, aided by his husky wife, came to my rescue. In some mysterious way they levered it up on the cement props. I had bought new pipe and elbows lined with fire clay to connect the kiln with the chimney, so when these were attached I was ready for my great day.

My kiln was evidently a different model from the one Professor Binns wrote about so glibly. He talked grandly about a damper, but I had no damper so far as I could see—except the damper on my usually cheerful spirits. I passed that by and went on to the next paragraph. "Start your oil dripping slowly." It dripped so slowly that I couldn't accumulate enough to light the burner. If I succeeded in getting more than a flickering, feeble flame the wretched thing smoked so that I became as grimy as the stokers on a soft-coal freight engine. Then the neighbors dropped in to offer advice about blue flames on oil stoves. I didn't feel at my best, but I had to take it; they knew as much about it as I did. Finally I gave it up. However, it never entered my head that I should give up my hopes of making pottery.

It was obvious there was no draft, so it must be the chimney. We, literally,



added six feet to that and my little house took on the appearance of a potato bug which had been bred to a periscope. The kiln was still sullen and cold when I next tried to fire it. I confess my enthusiasm suffered a relapse, but I'm so Scotch I can't give up without a struggle. There was only one other thing to do, short of throwing out the whole contraption, and that was to give the kiln a sinus operation with one of those vacuum cleaner things they use on oil-burning furnaces. A furnace man in the neighborhood who was willing to do it regretted his estimate on the job when he found how hard it was to reach the flues.

His work did the trick, for my third firing proved a success. I was a nervous wreck by the time that day was over, what with sitting on top of the kiln to watch the flow of oil while the temperature in the house went up to 110 (I took the thermometer outside then to prevent it from bursting with apoplexy). However, all the tantrums were forgiven. I felt myself a graduate potter. I had fired a kiln all by myself.

There have been other troubles in subsequent firings: certain glazes require greater heat than others; sometimes the glaze doesn't cover well and it's all to do over again; biscuit will crack if not properly handled, and my kiln lining needs constant patching. But those are the casualties that make a potter's life interesting.

When I acquired a wheel I felt I was coming up in the world, but every night after a couple of hours I would return to the house with nothing to show for my evening's work but a coating of clay to my elbows and a few lame muscles. It looks so easy when you see an expert potter mould a ball of clay into a hollow cylinder and then pull the walls up gradually to the desired height, before shaping it into a graceful bowl or a narrow-necked vase. But try it yourself! The thing wabbles from side to side, the wheel goes too fast, and before you know it your thumb has gone through and all is ruined. But Kipling says "There is pleasure in the wet, wet clay, When the artist's hand is potting it."

There is pleasure in glazes too; for you weigh small quantities of lovely, floury substances like white lead, feldspar, flint, and tin, adding copper oxide or some other mineral, as the case may be, for coloring. Then grind it all with water until it looks like cake icing and you have acquired a permanent kink in your arm. When it is applied to the biscuit (clay which has been fired once but is unglazed) you have nothing to show for your trouble but a dull white frosting and yet, by some hocus-pocus, the heat of the kiln will change it to a beautiful glossy green. If the fates are with you, the copper may oxidize into patches of gunmetal luster. I try all sorts of experiments to find new glazes and sometimes, of course, the less said about them the better; but there is always that element of suspense.

THE PERILS OF GARDENING

By Margaret Goldsmith

Miss Goldsmith is an interior decorator "during hours"; her "after hours" are spent in the garden of her Connecticut home. A book about her gardening experiences is scheduled for fall publication. Articles by her growing out of both her vocation and avocation have appeared in House Beautiful *and are appearing in the March, April, and May issues of* The Woman's Home Companion.

There are as many angles to the gardening hobby as there are gardeners. And just as many pests and perils. I sometimes wonder if it isn't the hazards more than the triumphs that keep us amateur gardeners going. Which leads me to my story.

Last winter, for my fireside reading, I perused the first book written in England for women gardeners, William Lawson's *A Countrie Housewife's Garden,* published in 1617. Those mellow old souls of his time knew plenty about how to garden and what to get out of the pastime. They were alive to garden

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design, to the ornamental as well as useful qualities of their favorites, such as carnations, and above all to comforting smells in a garden. Nevertheless, like most men, they evidently never bothered their heads about combinations of colors. How much would I not give to be Elizabethan in this respect!

For years now I have avoided magenta with feverish zest. I do not like it. It kills my henna reds. It fights with the cedar brown of my cottage. Yet every year something of that hue intrudes. If it isn't a sweet william reverting to type, it is a red phlox gone decadent. And friends are always bringing me plants they think I should have in that line, among them a bit of bright reddish purple beebalm, one root of which has expanded to maddening proportions next the primrose path along the brook, although I had carelessly heeled it in one May morning and purposely never watered the thing. Finally I had an inspiration. Why not go completely magenta all along the brook, just for the summer? Certain aids to magenta were already established there, such as everblooming forget-me-not, Joe-Pye-weed, and meadow-rue with its lacy fronds of off-white; snow thoroughwort, likewise hybrid mallows, both pink and white. Then, too, there was the swamp rose which grew among the mallows across the brook in a crescent of ground lying between the water and a rough stone embankment.

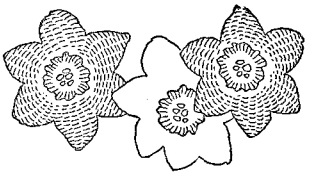
Here I set out the aforementioned amaranth beebalm, after dividing it, and added along the watercourse another variety of the same plant, described in the catalogs as salmon, but in reality a soft watermelon pink. In the foreground I planted some cerise-colored phlox, sold to me as white, and a certain vivid pinky salmon phlox which I had once purchased hoping it would tone in with Salmon Queen polyantha roses near the cottage. It had most decidedly refused to mix with queens but became amazingly affable

to its neighbors along the brook. A friend of mine donated a clump of white phlox with a lavender eye, and I joyfully embraced this opportunity to rid my dooryard garden of lush specimens of seedling phlox guaranteed to blossom the loud rosy-violet we associate with the term magenta. For once the whole length and breadth of the wild garden appeared to be under control. I was about to call in the countryside to admire the ensemble in July, when lo! what I had taken for wild blue lobelia across the brook began to redden and I realized I now had the dragon's head of cardinal flower to reckon with, and it was terrible amid the magentas. At the time I called it the Elizabethan touch and laughed it off. But just watch me move it this spring to the day lily section of the wild garden! William Lawson spoke the truth when he said, "the gardener had not need to be an idle or a lazy lubber!"

Incidentally, knowing the right conversational line to employ when in a pinch is half the fun of gardening. Some years ago, for instance, I would have apologized for the bold skunk cabbage at the foot of the slippery elm tree guarding the stone bridge, its roots so firmly entwined with the elm's that I am too faint-hearted to attempt to eradicate it. Now I call the broad leaves "architectural" and if you are an understanding guest, you assume I planned that rare specimen for that very spot.

Speaking of skunk cabbage as a hazard, have you ever dug it up in the early spring when its fascinating green and mauve hood first breaks through the ground and featured it for an indoor rock garden in a wooden chopping bowl with ferns, moss, and hepaticas as companions? I did this last April, when new acquaintances telephoned they would stop to call at tea time and I was desperate for some touch of green in the cottage. My house-guest and I were stiff in the joints at the time from endless raking and stooping to clear an acre of lawn and garden from the winter's leaves. The group that arrived for tea included, to our surprise, a boy of nine. The mother apologized profusely for bringing him, but there was no other way that afternoon. While Henry *looked* all right, we soon discovered that his parents did well to apologize in advance. He was one of those uninhibited little exhibitionists who should be—but never mind that. At any rate he sprawled out in the best chair, called for things to amuse him, refused to do anything except demand attention, ate all the cake, then pointed a skinny finger at the rock garden in the bay window, asking what *that* was. Immediately the skunk cabbage, which had, up to then, behaved very well indeed, put forth such an odor that my friend and I, exhausted as we were, pulled ourselves together and, ignoring Henry completely, with one accord burst into a torrent of conversation on chasing whales — nudism — laughing hyenas—Apache dances—anything our frenzied brains could summon. At this point Henry condescended to go outdoors. I could see his father anxiously peering out of the window frequently, suspecting the worst, as the rest of us sank back in relief.

When it was time for leavetaking and we strolled out to the drive, we discovered what Henry had been up to. All the available white stones from road and walls had been neatly cached and arranged on the lawn to form what was for that day the perfect name for the place—*Old Ladies' Home.*



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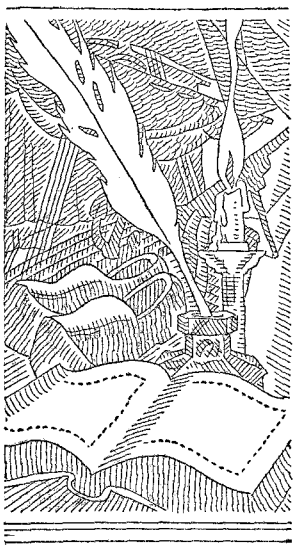
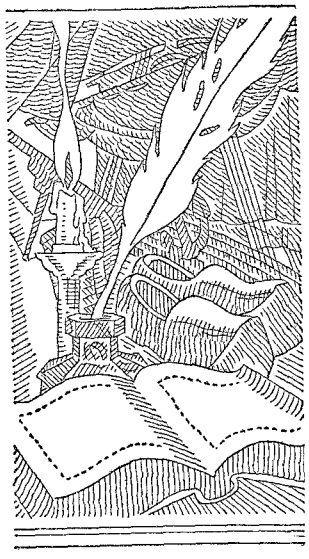


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Psychologists, Personality and Religion . . . Life of Galsworthy . . . Sarah Cleghorn's Autobiography . . . Sweden's Way . . . A Letter from George Santayana

THERE are so many otherwise intelligent persons who will not read a book if the word *religion* occurs in its title, that I almost regret that Doctor Henry C. Link named his new book *The Return to Religion*. Yet it is a book of such importance, it is so full of wisdom, it is so definitely based on experience, it is so clear and so pungent in expression, that I feel sure not only that every man, woman, and child in America should read it, but I feel equally sure that every reader will learn something from it—except those readers whose minds are imperviously armored by theories against which the artillery of facts can make no impression.

Doctor Link is the Director of the Psychological Service Center of New York City. This organization is officially described as follows: "A staff of psychologists of recognized scientific standing providing an advisory service to individuals and schools on children's behavior and educational problems: diagnosis of special aptitudes, scholastic, mechanical, musical, etc.; analysis of special difficulties in school subjects and their correction; vocational counselling for young people and adults; and counselling on personal problems of adults."

I have quoted that long statement so that my readers may know that this book comes from a trained scientific mind, and not from an emotional "uplifter." I would say that every page contains horse sense, if I thought horses had any sense.

Doctor Link is between forty and fifty years of age; he has been consulted by many thousands of individuals; and this book is the result, not of any preconceived theories, but of his study of individual cases. He is like a general practitioner, whose knowledge of disease is based on the study of symptoms in innumerable human beings, every one of whom presents a different problem. For while the symptoms of disease may be similar and a normal temperature invariable, there is nothing more complex than personality; and perhaps nothing in the universe more remarkable than personal identity.

For many years I have been an agnostic so far as psychology and psychiatry are concerned; I have always believed that a shrewd business man could make a more accurate appraisal of a youth seeking a job, after an hour's talk with him, than any professional psychologist with a series of formulas.

But this book, in the words of a letter I have just received from the author, in response to some questions I addressed to him, contains "revolutionary doctrines in psychology, not revolutionary to you, but as compared with popular thinking. The 'do as you please' or panacea psychology is so much more palatable to the popular taste . . . than ancient, unpleasant truths."

For example: Doctor Link believes that people who are about to be married and wish to live long and happily together, do not need sex instruction nearly so much as they need instruction in unselfishness, consideration, good manners, etc.

In one respect, the journalist Dorothy Dix, the scientist Henry Link, and the scholar-poet, Professor A. E. Housman, and the Gospels are in absolute harmony. I remember how impressed I was, in reading Housman's lecture *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, by this passage:

> "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life shall find it." That is the most important truth which has ever been uttered, and the greatest discovery ever made in the moral world.

Doctor Link says in his book, "No discovery of modern psychology is more important than its scientific proof that self-sacrifice is the foundation for self-realization."

The following quotations from Doctor Link's book will help to show his trend of thought and should encourage at least a "wish-belief" that may send many to the nearest bookshop.

A personality test shows that successful artists are better balanced emotionally and more extrovert than most people.

Psychological tests show that the successful employer is nearly always less self-centered and possessed of a wider range of unselfish habits than are most of his employees.

Certain plans for social reform have gained tremendous followings because they are based on the psychological weakness in so many people. Insofar as they become a permanent part of the social structure, they will destroy the very people they are intended to save.

Every step in the relaxation of educational discipline and standards accentuates the role of formal education as a wet nurse and encourages the intellectual and moral sucking habits of its pupils.

The mind coupled to religion is not so readily swayed by the passions which, under an enlarged vocabulary, parade as reason.

The intimacies of sex are more easily and more often mastered than the hundred and one less private forms of behavior which can make or break a marriage.

In their quest for happiness, I have told many clients that they would do better to use their heads less and their feet more.

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Psychological tests show that people who go to church have better personality traits than those who do not. Children who go to Sunday School likewise.

Liberalism is too often the result of an indiscriminate releasing of a person from the traditions of the past without substituting an adequate set of restraints for the future. Children who are liberal with their parents' property and Liberals who are free with the lives and property of society stem from the same source.

The strategic time to teach children to subordinate their impulses to higher values is when they are too young to understand but not too young to accept.

One of the most important and most interesting books of this and of the next few seasons, is *The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy,* by H. V. Marrot. This volume contains 819 pages, is copiously illustrated with portraits, and deals faithfully with the private life and literary career of its subject. A disarming preface describes how the author came to write the book. In or about the year 1913, when he was a boy at school, he read for the first time a volume of Mr. Galsworthy's Plays. This led him toward other books by the same author, and within a few weeks he had read *The Man of Property,* and says candidly, "I cannot overrate its effect on me."

Later he came to know his idol intimately, and a close friendship began which lasted till Mr. Galsworthy's death. I am not in the least astonished that familiarity increased reverence; for it was my own privilege to know Mr. Galsworthy, and wholly apart from his fame as a writer, he was certainly one of the finest characters, one of the most high-minded and unselfish men I have ever seen.

Young Mr. Marrot has done well to allow the story of the author's life to tell itself in letters and journals, and Mrs. Galsworthy naturally plays a large part in the biography, for if it had not been for her, he might never have become an author. The letters from his contemporaries are often extremely interesting: here is a characteristic note from H. G. Wells, written before Galsworthy's name was known to the public.

Nov. 16, 1900.

My dear Galsworthy,—

It was kind indeed of you to send me your book and I have read it with very keen interest and pleasure. I think it shows a really fine sense of effect and the figures (of the older men especially) finely modelled and drawn. I don't know whether I quite fall in with the central antithesis. You see I'm an extensive sceptic, no God, no King, no nationality—and among other things I don't believe in is this "Artistic Temperament." I've never met it to recognize it—conceivably because I haven't the necessary ingredients for its sympathetic recognition. I've a strong belief that the artist is just one sort of practical man and differs—if he differs at all—from other sorts of employed pre-occupied men in his relations to women only in the fact that his work frequently stimulates his imagination in that direction. . . .

The autobiography of Sarah N. Cleghorn called *Threescore* is in prose, but assuredly the best things in it are her poems, for she not only has the poetic temperament—she is a poet of distinction. I am very glad she chose to include so many of her verses. I have, however, read every word of the book with interest and with admiration for the spirit of the author, though I do not share all of her views. One of the most interesting chapters describes her all too brief year of study at Radcliffe, with her pen-portraits of her teachers. "Doctor Santayana's glowing and serene young face is what I best remember about the one semester when he conducted our little course in philosophy." I am very glad that she remembers Mr. Lewis Gates so well; he was one of the most able teachers of English literature in America, and his ill health was a severe loss to the world of literary scholarship. I knew him, I think, as intimately as any one, and I can vouch for the accuracy of the following description:

Anybody at Radcliffe (or Harvard) was considered lucky to have courses with Mr. Gates. Though contemptuous of the arts which are supposed to make one so, he was exceedingly popular. He was fair, slight, pale, nervous and weary-looking; cool and critical in manner, extremely impersonal, with quiet literary ardors, which his students came to share, and an obstinate, scrutinizing sincerity which I think was the basis of his fixed hold on the young.

Some years ago I said in these pages that the most civilized country in the world was Sweden. My opinion is strengthened by a new book called *Sweden: the Middle Way,* by Marquis W. Childs, who is the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Times Dispatch.* I know nothing of economics, for everything that I was taught in college (and we had the best teachers in that subject in America, Sumner and Hadley and Schwab) is now changed into something not rich but strange. Mr. Childs's book deals mainly with the economic situation in Sweden; distribution of wealth, profit-sharing in business, housing, pensions, liquor traffic, etc., etc. It is an immensely interesting book and I only wish the author had had time to discuss culture and the fine arts and such matters. For I remember when I was in Sweden in 1911, that the city of Stockholm had a larger number of theaters in proportion to the population than any other town in the world. I hope that the attention of Americans may be drawn to the facts in this book, and as several hundred copies are being sold every day, it may be that we shall learn something to our advantage.

It is not too much to say that for four years, since the appearance of *The Fountain* in 1932, British and American readers have been looking forward to Mr. Charles Morgan's next novel. As he is the drama critic of *The London Times,* he has not much leisure for continuous composition except in the late summer; but even if all his hours were his own, I think he would not produce as rapidly as most novelists, for, like George Moore, he finds his chief delight in corrections, elisions, revisions, and re-creations. I wish all writers took their art and the public—but, after all, people must work in the way that is natural to their own temperament.

Well, here is the new novel, *Sparkenbroke,* and it resembles many other novels of the nineteen-thirties, in being very long, 551 closely printed pages. The end of the story is given in the first six words of the first sentence of the first page. This does not in the least detract from the interest or the suspense; it makes the development of the hero's character and the progress of events all the more absorbing, even though, like God, we see the end from the beginning. For it is not the plot that has significance in this novel; the plot is the oldest and most conventional; will the heroine lose her virginity?

And so far as the men are concerned, they also are (but only in their relationships to the heroine) stock figures; they remind you of what George Moore in *Evelyn Innes* said of the two pictures in the Dulwich gallery. Safety and security and peace on one side, excitement and joy and agonizing tragedy on the other.

The real interest in this story is in its mystical implications, its penumbra

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of eternity, and in the austere and solemn beauty of its literary style. I think more of the author's *obiter dicta* than I do of the fate of his characters. No novelist of our time has more "high seriousness" or is more noble in his view of creative art. Possibly his appeal would be more universal if he had more humor; possibly the book would gain in flexibility. No writer is more economical with his humor; for that he has it is proved by this passage, which is the only bit of humor I remember in the whole book.

> At five o'clock next day, the dead man's sister, Mrs. Lindt, reached the house. Partly of her own nature, partly because she had been married to a Swiss watchmaker, she was persuaded that the rest of the world was irregular and incompetent, but she had none of the martial airs of a managing woman. Her weapons were quietness and unswerving certainty. "You will always find, my dear, that if one has *knowledge*, there is no need to raise the voice." Against uncommonly stubborn resistance, such as the undertaker's, she threw in her only rhetoric. "Allow me," she said, "to know best." "Undertakers," she observed afterwards, "are always very wilful men, spoiled by the laxity of their clients."

And the enormous advantage men have (in the past) had over women, where the agony of separation or even the time between episodes, neither crushes nor dulls, has never been better stated than in this passage, where the girl is speaking to the man she loves:

> . . . "You see, you have two lives, haven't you? And what happens here, in this room, is a kind of—I mean," she said, struggling for her words, "that whatever happens to you, you can say: 'Still I've got my work,' just as if a man had two houses and one was burnt down and he said: 'Still I've got my other house.' I've only one house," she added. "Do you understand now?"

The American Army in France, by General James G. Harbord, is not another book about the war. It is the continuously exciting story of a great drama by one of the chief actors. General Harbord does not love war; but he naturally rejoices that he was called on to play so important a part in it. No great surgeon *wants* a man to have a cancer; but he does want those who have a cancer to give him (rather than a rival) a chance. There are few historical works that so perfectly and completely fulfill the intention of the writer. General Harbord tells us exactly what happened "over there" and of what he saw with his own eyes. Although the hero of the book is not himself but General Pershing (for loyalty is one of his most admirable traits) it is impossible to read these pages without having an immense respect for the ability, integrity, and unassuming modesty of the writer; and every American must feel pride and satisfaction.

The dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel *Ethan Frome,* by Owen Davis and his son Donald, gave to the New York stage one of the best productions of the season. The play is now available in book form; and every reader will feel the growing tension, realizing that it will become intolerable. Mrs. Wharton has contributed a prefatory note, where the first sentence is a masterpiece of irony.

> Not long ago, a friend, fulfilling one of the most sacred and cherished privileges of friendship, sent me the report of a lecture on American fiction in which the lecturer had done me the honour to include my name.
>
> His reference to me (I quote from memory) was to the effect that *Ethan Frome* had some chance of surviving, though everything else I had written was destined to immediate oblivion. I took the blow meekly, bowed but not broken, and mindful that, though in my youth it would have been considered a discourtesy to fling such a verdict in the face of a faithful servant of English letters, other times (and especially other races) have introduced new standards of manners on my country.

A little book that should interest lovers of English literature has just appeared, sponsored by the Facsimile Text Society, and issued from the Columbia University Press. It is *Juvenilia, or Certain Paradoxes and Problems,* by John Donne, reproduced from the first edition (1633), with a bibliographical note by R. E. Bennett of Ohio University. This work is in prose, but some of the titles of the Paradoxes, as they appeared more than three centuries ago, will attract the judicious reader. "That women ought to paint," "that old men are more fantastic than young," "that only cowards dare die," etc.

LETTER FROM GEORGE SANTAYANA

Just before writing my extended comments on *The Last Puritan* which appeared in the March SCRIBNER'S, I wrote to the author and received the following reply, which is so interesting and important that I am deeply grateful to him for permission to share it with my readers.

Rome, Feb. 16, 1936

Dear Billy—

Your letter about *The Last Puritan* was one of the first that reached me, but I have put off thanking you for it until others began to come, so that I could have a certain background on which to place your judgment, other than my own necessarily internal or *a priori* view; because the hardest thing for an author, especially when he has lived as long as I have with his characters—45 years—is to conceive how they will seem to other people, when conveyed to them only by *words*. I have pictures, quite as distinct as memories; and my characters *speak to me,* I don't have to prompt them. This doesn't contradict the fact which you mention, and I point to in the *Epilogue,* that these characters speak my language, and are in some sense masks for my own spirit. On the contrary, that makes, or ought to make, them more living, since they are fetched from an actual life, and only dressed, as an actor on the stage, for their social parts. And I think you are partly wrong, like so many other critics, when you suggest that my characters are ghostly and not "living." Even the admitted literary character of their talk is not incompatible, as poetry is not incompatible in the drama, with individuality in tone and temper. Of course, I don't always succeed; yet I think, if you drop all preconceptions or clichés, you will find there is a good deal of individuality in the way my characters talk, within the frame of what you might call my *metre*. It is my writing, but it is their sentiment. Only the book is very long, it can't leave distinct images if not allowed to settle. The great point is, as with poetry, to get the mind docile and free for suggestion, and then the dramatic spell will work. At least, that is what I can't help feeling, and what is confirmed by various witnesses. One notices Mrs. Darnley's special speech; another tells me he can *hear* Rose talk; . . .

However, that isn't the point that matters most in the book or in your letter. You say I don't love life, and that faith is necessary. Very true: I don't love life unconditionally; but I enjoy the "mere living," (as Browning has it) when I am in good health, which is most of the time: and I enjoy the episodes, unless I am rudely prevented from doing so. If you have my *Dialogues in Limbo,* and will look at pp. 156–161, you will find Socrates and me defining the matter exactly. It was Oliver, not I, who didn't love life, because he hadn't the animal Epicurean faculty of enjoying it in its arbitrariness and transiency. He was a Spiritual man, incapacitated to be anything else, like Christ, who wouldn't be a soldier or athlete or lover of women or father of a family (or, even, though I don't say so in the book, a good believing Christian). Now that is a tragic vocation, like the vocation of the poet: it demands sacrifice and devotion to a divine allegiance: but poor Oliver, ready for every sacrifice, had nothing to pin his allegiance to. He was what the rich young man in the Gospel would have been if he had been ready to sell his goods and give to the poor, but then had found no cross to take up and no Jesus to follow. Faith, as you say, is needed; but faith is an assurance inwardly prompted, springing from the irrepressible impulse to do, to fight, to triumph. Here is where the third sloppy wash in the family tea-pot is insufficient. And without robustness an imposed intellectual faith wouldn't do: it would only make a conventional person. You say you can't understand how I seem to hold my own in the world without faith, and almost without the world. It is quite simple. I have the Epicurean contentment, which was

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not far removed from asceticism; and besides I have a spiritual allegiance of my own that hardly requires faith, that is, only a humorous animal faith in nature and history, and no religious faith: and this common sense world suffices for *intellectual satisfaction,* partly in observing and understanding it, partly in dismissing it as, from the point of view of spirit, a transitory and local accident. Oliver hadn't this intellectual satisfaction, and he hadn't that Epicurean contentment. Hence the vacancy he faced when he had "overcome the world."

Now what I mean by "the love of life" is expressed by Sacha Guitry in his dedication at the beginning of his *Souvenirs.*

A La Mémoire
De Celle
Qui m'a Fait
Ce Don Magnifique
La Vie.

Mr. Santayana's next letter, exactly one month later, written from Rome on March 16, brings up a most interesting subject for discussion. Furthermore, he makes the specific suggestion that I discuss it in *As I Like It.*

An important element in the *tragedy* of Oliver (not in his personality, for he was no poet) is drawn from the fate of a whole string of Harvard poets in the 188o's and 1890's—Sanborn, Philip Savage, Hugh McCullough, Trumbull Stickney, and Cabot Lodge: also Moody, although he lived a little longer and made some impression, I believe, as a playwright. Now, all those friends of mine, Stickney especially, of whom I was very fond, were visibly killed by the lack of air to breathe. People individually were kind and appreciative to them, as they were to me, but the system was deadly, and they hadn't any alternative tradition (as I had) to fall back upon: and of course, as I believe I said of Oliver in my letter, they hadn't the strength of a great intellectual hero who can stand alone.

Well, I knew some of these men very well, especially Hugh McCullough and Philip Savage; I also knew Moody (by far the ablest of them all) fairly well, though not intimately. In addition to these, there were two other young writers, David D. Wells, novelist, and Lloyd McKim Garrison, who would have been a writer and publicist, who also died young. It is astonishing to think of all these brilliant youths, who, like the University Wits of exactly three hundred years earlier (in England) flashed out at the beginning of what looked like great careers.

Hugh McCullough I remember well; his Commencement oration at Harvard was on the character of Romeo, whom he defended against the charge of being effeminate, saying he was all virility. The next year I remember him saying that peanuts were very good for insomnia; he himself was always full of fun and high spirits. He was, however, very angry when the *Century Magazine,* after accepting a poem he had written, insisted on changing a line in it. McCullough had written, "And in the west the waning moon is low" or something like that. The editor called his attention to the fact that the waning moon is not seen low in the west at the time described in the poem, to which the young poet replied that he would put such and such a moon wherever he so and so pleased, to which the editor replied that he might do that in some magazines, but not in the *Century,* so it was changed from waning to weary.

Young Mr. Savage taught me a good lesson which I never forgot. He gave a party in his rooms in Holworthy one evening, and as he held out a box of cigars toward me, I asked "Are these cigars mild?" and he replied "I haven't the slightest idea." That is the last time I ever inquired into the nature of any proffered gift. On that same evening there was a graduate student who appeared to be socially extremely active. "Who is that?" asked Savage. I told him. "He seems to be a person of considerable ease."

If Mr. Santayana means by the "system" the intellectual atmosphere at Harvard in the eighties and nineties, all I can say is that I found it inspiring. It is true that most graduate students in English were required to spend most of their time in minute linguistic studies; but as I refused to do this, I enjoyed my life there immensely.

But if he means the atmosphere of Boston, that might be a quite different story. I knew very little about that. Boston meant to me the theaters, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Spring visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Lewis Gates and I used to walk back from Boston to Cambridge after midnight; those were great nights for me.

The eighties and nineties were not favorable to young American poets. Perhaps it was because the great poets were dying and the new ones seemed comparatively insignificant. Longfellow, Emerson, Rossetti, and Thomson died in 1882, Arnold in 1888, Browning in 1889, Tennyson, Walt Whitman, and Whittier in 1892, Christina Rossetti and Holmes in 1894. Edwin Arlington Robinson produced his first two volumes in 1896 and 1897—but it was not until the years just before the World War that the renaissance of poetry began.

This group of young Harvard poets should have lived ten or fifteen years later.

The most famous passage in the *Apocrypha* and one of the best in the Bible is of course in the First Book of *Esdras,* giving the account of the speeches of the three young men, each attempting to maintain what he believed to be the strongest thing in the world. The first said Wine is the strongest: the second, the King: the third said Women are the strongest but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.

Robin Flower, Deputy Keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, happened to hear me read aloud the passage from *Esdras,* when he was on a visit to the United States last autumn. He told me there was an old Irish folk-tale (Mr. Flower teaches the Irish language at the University of London) that contains a story quite similar to the one in *Apocrypha.* I asked him for it and after his return to England he was kind enough to send it to me. Before reading it, I suggest that one reads again the passages in *Esdras,* beginning at the third chapter. Here is the Irish folk-tale:

There was a famed king over the Greeks, Solomon his name. Now a king of his subject districts made a great feast for him. Great drunkenness got hold of them. The king had them in distrust. "Do ye watch over me tonight," said he to three of the faithful of his people. "It shall be done," said they. In this wise did they keep the watch with a barrel of wine beside them and a serving lad holding a torch to them. Everyone of them was making pleasure for his fellow. "Well now," says one of the three, " 'tis well for us. We give thanks to our master. Well is it with the bodily senses. They have bliss save for one thing. The feet have bliss, for they are outstretched without movement. The hands have bliss serving the body. The eyes have bliss beholding the food. The noses have bliss to smell it. The lips have bliss to taste it. But one thing there is that hath no bliss, that is, our hearing, for no one of us hears pleasant speech from another." "A question, whereof shall we hold discourse?" "Easy to answer. let us seek what power is mightiest on earth."

"I know it," says the warrior of the Romans, "it is wine. For wine it is that hath bemused the host so that they lacked sense and reason and became daft and drunken and so fell in slumber under the feet of their foemen."

"A good point," said he of the Greeks, "but

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it likes me better to say that greater is the power of the prince to whom the wine has been given. A prince is mightiest of men. Man is most deserving of worship of all the creatures. 'Tis his power that has made us to be without drunkenness or sleep though we are drinking wine."

"Good," says the warrior of the Hebrews, "the creatures given there are excellent." Nemias-serus was his name, that is, Nemias the slow.

"More like to me it were," says he, "that woman's power is greater. 'Twere no marvel were ye reminded of that on the morrow."

So they abide till morning. "Well now," says the king, "what was the discussion that ye held last night?"

" 'Tis this of which we held discourse, what power is mightiest on earth."

"I said," quoth the warrior of the Romans, "the power of wine."

"I said," quoth the warrior of the Greeks, "the power of the king."

"I said," quoth the warrior of the Hebrews, "the power of woman."

The queen was at the king's side. His golden diadem was on the king's head.

"Wine is strongest," said one. "The king's power is strongest," said another.

"What, have I then no power?" said the queen, striking her hand upon the king's crown so that it fell upon the floor.

"Slay her," cried they all. The king looked aside. The queen smiled. At that the king smiled straightway.

"The woman shall take no harm," said the king. "Behold now," says Nemias-serus, "her power is strong." " 'Tis true," said the king.

Mightier is the power of woman than any power. For in her brow sits her devil that goes with her and wards her and hath power to prevent that all of evil that she doth be accounted to her for blame.

Professor and Mrs. Edward Capps and Professor and Mrs. Leslie Shear, all of Princeton, are having an exciting time directing the archæological excavations in Athens. In February Professor Capps wrote me:

> Athens is very much as usual, except for the almost complete absence of tourists, and it would be an ideal time for tourists to be here, for shopping is peculiarly attractive, since the merchants are crazy to sell something, even at disastrous reductions in price. The Grande Bretagne goes on as usual, with the same efficient service.
>
> On the night of the twenty-second, Shear will again entertain the School people in celebration of the beginning of the sixth campaign of excavation in the Agora. We shall think of Annabel and you, and drink your health in the strongest and best that would seem appropriate to toast those so beloved over here.
>
> This campaign opened with a bang by the discovery eight feet down a well next to the Theseum, of a magnificent bronze shield bearing the inscription

ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ ΑΠΟ ΛΑΚΕΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΩΝ
ΕΚ ΛΑΦΥΡΩΝ ΠΥΛΟΝ

> You recall, with your marvelous memory, that in July, 425, the Athenians, led by Kleion and Demosthenes, took captive the two hundred and ninety-two surviving Spartans who were devastating the island of Sphacteria, and brought them to Athens, holding the poor devils prisoner on the Acropolis, and decorating their finest buildings with the Spartan shields. Pausanias saw a whole string of them on the Painted Stoa in the middle of the second century after Christ.
>
> The shield we found is beautifully decorated, and though badly corroded and dented is capable of restoration. It is a swell shield, and I prefer to attribute it to no common soldier of the 292, but to the famous general Brasidas, for Brasidas led the Spartan fleet against the Athenians on the island, and as he dashed his ship against the shore, intending to land, he fell wounded by many missiles, and dropped his magnificent shield overboard. As Thucydides said, this was set up as a trophy. Where he does not say, but Athens was the only place where as many people could gloat over this fine bit of booty.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Cecil W. Lewis, a student at Teachers College, Conway, Arkansas, has just completed the reading of the entire poem.

Mrs. Wm. M. Kenyon of Minneapolis sends me a good epigram written by the famous improvisatore Theodore Hook (1788–1841). It concerns one of the oldest tea-houses in the world, Twining; and Mrs. Kenyon saw the epigram recently in this very ancient shop of Twining and Co., the tea-merchants on the Strand. I shall certainly pay it a visit on my next journey to London.

On looking up the Twinings, I find that Richard Twining (1749–1824), the Head of the tea business on the Strand in the eighteenth century, came from a very old family. His half-brother Thomas was a distinguished scholar and translated Aristotle. He was a first-rate critic, spoke several languages with ease, and was a master not only of the theory and history of music, but played the violin, harpsichord, organ, and "the new piano-forte." His letters to his tea-brother Richard are said to be full of interest—I must look them up. He seems to have been one of the best letter-writers in the golden age of epistolary masterpieces. The Twinings were a very remarkable family.

Well, here is Hook's epigram on the

HOUSE OF TWINING

It seems in some cases kind nature hath planned
That names with their callings agree;
For Twining the Tea-man that lives in the Strand
Would be Wining deprived of his T.

The former Cockney pronunciation of *Wining* for *Whining* is now (alas!) almost universal in the best English society.

From the astronomer James Stokley I have received the following good story. Last winter he was present at some public entertainment where there were several musicians and speakers, etc. The presiding officer came forward and made the following announcement, reading from a paper so that he would be sure to make no mistakes. "I have been asked to announce that we are soon to have the pleasure of hearing a great musician. Unfortunately this does not seem to give his name. He is a zimbalist, whatever that is. No doubt you music-lovers know what it means."

TITLES OF BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH PUBLISHER AND PRICE

The Return to Religion, by Henry C. Link. Macmillan. $1.75.

The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, by H. V. Marrot. Scribners. $5.

Threescore, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. Smith and Haas. $3.

Ethan Frome, dramatization by Owen Davis and Donald Davis. Scribners. $2.50.

Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. $2.75.

The American Army in France, by Major General James G. Harbord. Little Brown. $5.

Juvenilia, or Certain Paradoxes and Problems, by John Donne (reproduced from first edition 1633, with bibliographical note by R. E. Bennett). Columbia University Press. $1.60.

Sweden: the Middle Way, by Marquis W. Childs. Yale University Press. $2.50.

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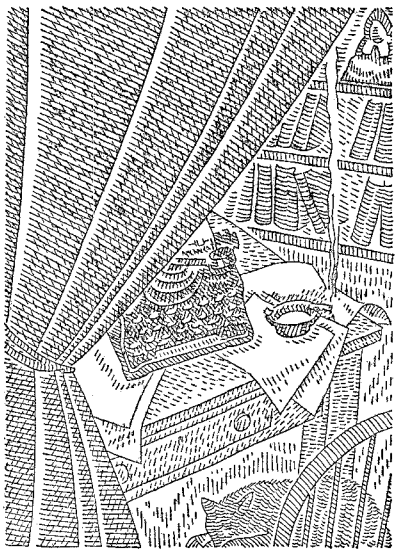

Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . Is the next war impossible . . . Other comments on Roger Burlingame . . . Newspaper comment on Consumer Cooperatives . . . V. F. Calverton and Southern Culture

HUMAN Waste in the Colleges," in the September, 1934, issue, by **John R. Tunis,** described the Pennsylvania Study of the Carnegie Foundation, showing the effects of a college education on thousands of present-day undergraduates. In this number, in "Twenty-Fifth Reunion," Mr. Tunis attempts to find out just what 500 men have done since 1911 with a college education. He has been thinking and working over these records for more than a year, and has been working at them intensively for the last three months. He has been assisted in gathering material by two classmates, Alexander Wheeler, secretary of the class, and L. L. Winship, editor of *The Boston Globe,* and by W. H. Wheeler, 1910, vice-president of the Cosmos Press of Cambridge, printers of the Class Report.

Marlise Johnston, whose stories have appeared in SCRIBNER'S from time to time, says: "I have done all the conventional things—like having my tonsils out and getting married—and none of the thrilling things like getting shipwrecked or exploring pyramids. I was raised in the Middle West and am now living in Boston where I get along fairly well by being hypocritically humble about being raised in the Middle West. . . . 'This, My Wedding Day' is also the title of a short novel I'm writing."

It is rare these days to find men—and especially a man and his wife—who have forsaken "civilization" to live in and explore the least known and farthest corners of the map. But **Desmond Holdridge** and his wife are doing just that. They go almost everywhere by boat, for Mr. Holdridge has been a seaman since he was seventeen. Last September he wrote "Adventure in Tropical Living" which tells of their life on the island of St. John, in the Virgin Islands. "Salt Island's Event" is the story of another of the little-known and isolated posts in this group of islands. Since then he has been having adventures among the Indian tribes in Brazil, which he knows well. It is his fourth trip to that part of South America. His second trip was made for the Brooklyn Museum, and the results of the third, spent mapping the unknown stretch between the Rio Branco and the head of the Orinoco, were published by the American Geographic Society. We hope to hear more of his present trip soon.

The more that people in high places in the sports world are in the public eye and public print, the more their background and personality become exaggerated and distorted. It is refreshing and revealing to have "Education of a Tennis Player" from **Helen Wills Moody's** own pen.

Leland Stowe, winner of the 1930 Pulitzer Prize for the best example of foreign correspondence of that year, ex-vice-president of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris and for many years Paris correspondent of *The Herald Tribune,* is now on *The Herald Tribune* staff in New York City. It is his business to know what is what in the present political picture and in "Six Men and an Elephant" he gives his preview of the Republican Convention in June.

Anthony Brunell was born in 1902 and was thus young enough to miss the World War and what he calls "all the nonsense about lost generations." He practised structural engineering in New York all through the years of the Great Boom and had a hand in the designing of many of the skyscrapers of that era. "Flags Aloft" is the first of his stories to appear in SCRIBNER'S.

Struthers Burt, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, is, like a true novelist, always aware of and interested in the people among whom he is living. His last article, "Wanted—a Butler," which appeared in the March issue and was quoted editorially from New York to Louisville, to the coast, and back again, was his commentary on certain Americans typified by a group who summer on parts of the Maine coast. "The Wood Choppers of Nass" is a sketch of quite another type. Mr. Burt who is at present at his home in Southern Pines, North Carolina, writes: "Next to the Irving Place Burlesque, the present fight between Hoover and Landon is the most revealing show in the country. It is certainly stripping the boys to the bone."

Studies of the cosmic rays have various by-products and "Oxford and Chicago: A Contrast" is one of them. **Arthur H. Compton's** cosmic-ray work has caused him to travel extensively from his home base in the Ryerson Physical Laboratory at the University of Chicago. This "has brought me into close contact with university life not only in Europe and the United States but also in the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean. The immediate occasion for writing this article was my experience as Eastman Visiting Professor at

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Oxford during the year 1934–35. In the midst of this college year I returned for a month to my home in Chicago. The contrast between these two great centers of civilization was thus presented to me most forcibly. Oxford stands for civilization's permanent values; Chicago for its new ones. This is what I have tried to indicate in my article. Too often I find those interested in the cultural aspects of civilization are inclined to take the position that the old, established culture is the only one which should be recognized in education. It is this view to which I am objecting in calling attention to the distinctive contribution that can be made by an educational institution in a part of the world where the habits of life are changing most rapidly."

1935 was a momentous year in the **Alvah Bessie** household. A Guggenheim Fellowship and a second son arrived on his doorstep practically simultaneously. His novel *Dwell in the Wilderness* appeared in the fall and after having lived in Vermont for nearly five years he moved with his family to Connecticut and from there to Brooklyn, where he is now living and working on a new novel with a purely Vermont locale.

Early in April **Grace Flandrau**, author of "Going to the Lake," was not finding the weather in her home town to her taste. "Oh, not to be in Minnesota now that April's here," she wrote. "However, an attack of bronchitis, brought on by our lovely sub-zero spring, has given me a good chance to renew acquaintance and enthusiasm for some writers I greatly admire, Wolfe, Saroyan, Hemingway, Faulkner, Kay Boyle. . . . Also had time to indulge in mutually exclusive and in any case impossible wishes. For a farm, for a certain New England cottage, to return to the Congo for a short trip. Having almost finished work on my book of Congo stories I feel a great desire to go back to Africa. . . . Anyhow, am in St. Paul for the moment with nothing more adventurous in prospect than a visit to New York."

Herbert L. Towle, who writes "Business Cycles and Business Men," has been connected for most of his life with the manufacture and marketing of capital goods—power plant equipment, machinery, industrial building material, etc. Economics is a hobby with him. His approach to it is not that of the professional economist, but that of a business man seeking better ways to apply economic principles in practice. "I believe that when the history of the 'New Era' cycle comes to be written, it will be found to be almost a perfect case study for the kind of cycle most likely to occur in future. Also that, when we find a way to control those cycles, none of our other economic problems will prove quite so difficult. I believe that the 'more abundant life' will finally be attained, not by political meddling, but by painstaking cooperation of economists and business men." Mr. Towle's articles have appeared in the magazine from time to time.

Though he graduated from Harvard, studied at Oxford, and was awarded an honorary degree by the University of the South, **Norman Foerster** has been associated for over twenty years with State Universities—Wisconsin, North Carolina, and Iowa, in the last of which he is now director of the School of Letters. In 1930 he edited a much-discussed manifesto, *Humanism and America*. He is the author of a number of books, including *American Criticism* and *The American Scholar*.

Richard R. Peabody, author of "The Danger Line of Drink," died of a heart attack on April 26, just as this number was going to press. Mr. Peabody, who was a nephew by marriage of the Reverend Doctor Endicott Peabody, headmaster of Groton School, studied at Groton and Harvard, and was a captain in the Fifteenth Field Artillery, Second Division, during the War. After the War he devoted his time to making a study of drinking habits and was the author of *The Common Sense of Drinking* and other books on the subject.

OUR AUTHORS SAY

"At present, twenty-five years after graduation, one in six is trying to tell the others how to invest money the other five haven't got."
John Tunis. P. 321

"What collectors forget is that they, with all their leisure and all their wealth, do not advance the arts."
Sempronius. P. 329

"I think of a number of people who have impressed me greatly. Gertrude Atherton . . . Lady Astor . . . William Lyon Phelps . . . And John Priestly, whose tennis is somewhat like my writing."
Helen Wills Moody. P. 336

"Perhaps the most amazing thing about the Governor of Kansas is the fact that he leads the field for nomination by the Republican Party although he has scarcely denounced the New Deal at all."
Leland Stowe. P. 340

"In Chicago, life is based upon technology and science. . . ."
Arthur H. Compton. P. 355

"Despite the opinion of prohibitionists, the man who is somewhat under the influence of liquor every evening is by no means an alcoholic."
Richard R. Peabody. P. 370

When in the same issue we publish an article by **Roger Burlingame**, "The Impossible Next War," telling people that there can't possibly be a next war because the country would go bankrupt, and another by **Bertram Fowler**, "The Masses Go Into Big Business," telling what progress has been made and can be made in practical trust-busting, the newspaper editorial backfire is enormous. We feel it essential to make room for some of it in our columns. *The Baltimore Sun* says, in part, of Roger Burlingame's article:

No Silver Lining

Roger Burlingame, who has made a considerable study of the soldiers' bonus in politics, makes the cheerful prediction in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE that there will be no next war because the cost of paying the surviving soldiers makes war costs prohibitive. The last war, in which some four million American soldiers were involved and which caused some 350,000 casualties, Mr. Burlingame declares has cost since the Armistice an average of $1800 per man in uniform.

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This figure is rising instead of falling as the years and the bonuses go by. . . .

Surely here must be the silver lining of the bonus cloud. We may have to submit to dictation by a favored class ever demanding new gratuities from everybody else, but at any rate there will be no new war. Unfortunately, there is little ground for such optimism. The veterans, when not busy collecting bonuses, spend their energies egging politicians to adopt measures which normally result in our being involved in the wars which we cannot, because of payments to veterans, afford. And experience suggests that no country ever refrained from war because it couldn't afford it. More probable would be a repudiation of the whole debt structure, including the debt to the veterans, so that the nation could proceed with the war unhampered.

Nevertheless, it makes a pleasant idea. Until Mr. Burlingame wrote his piece, it began to look as if the bonus were a bonus and nothing more.

Doctor E. W. Reeves, former 1st Lieut., M. C., 125th Infantry, U. S. Army, takes issue with Mr. Burlingame, who is, we might mention, himself a former 1st Lieut. in the 308th Machine Gun Battalion:

Slackers?

Sir: Why a magazine that is supposed to be high class should accept and give such prominence to the article of a slacker trying to belittle the former soldiers, is quite beyond my ken.

The article in April issue, "The Impossible Next War" by Roger Burlingame, obviously a slacker, demands my reply.

This entire article is so dirty and slanderous that it could only have been written by a slacker, or one of the new order of "Sons of Slackers." He is not big enough to go to the root of the matter and tell us how through the work and influence of our pacifists we were utterly unprepared for war. How our business men and slackers were allowed to profiteer upon our families while we were over there fighting for even their necks along with our own families.

He does not tell us of those who were afraid to fight, staying home and drawing wages never before then even dreamed of, which we had to pay them. Then the so-called bonus, is a gratuity.

In truth, Congress, as he well knows, only threw us that measly bone as a sop, to try and make us forget how they had allowed us to be gypped. They were not men enough to pay even that outright, as they did everybody else, the railroads, etc., but we must wait years or die to get it, and then because we were getting tired, and they needed our votes, they decided to pay.

Following the Civil War, there was much scandal caused by the Republican Party which continued so long in uninterrupted power, pensioning all of the Union soldiers.

Maybe that could happen again, but let us hope not.

However it is not up to War Time profiteers, slackers or the "Sons of Slackers" to have a word to say.

Any real man should watch the situation, see that justice is done, and help to prevent graft.

About Bertram Fowler's article a nation-wide syndicate comments in the Traverse City, Michigan, *Record Eagle* and elsewhere:

Consumers' Competition

Monopoly in consumers' goods and services grows more difficult in this country, without regard to governmental prohibitions. Consumers are taking things into their own hands. The masses, as an article in SCRIBNER'S expresses it, "go into big business." They are operating for their own benefit, for instance, 2000 cooperative filling stations. Altogether there are said to be nearly 7000 consumers' cooperatives in the United States, doing a business of more than $1,000,000 a day, with the number and volume of business rapidly growing.

This is a comparatively recent development. First farm producers banded together for cooperative selling, then they added cooperative buying, and then city consumers got into the game. In any case, they aim to save the middlemen's profit. And they usually seem to succeed—when their own middlemen are efficient and faithful, and when their enterprises are not over-capitalized. There are failures, of course, and successes are seldom so great as the prospectus indicates, but usually there seems to be a saving effected somehow, and people also take a proprietary pride in belonging to such institutions.

What their growth may do to our established business system is another question.

Carl A. Saunders, in his column "Today's Business" in *The Cincinnati Post,* says:

Growing Cooperatives

Part of this business landscape we now are viewing is a movement that has grown by leaps and bounds in recent years. It is an outgrowth of wider education in the methods of business operating for profit. Some believe consumer cooperatives may well prove effective in adjustment of our economic difficulties. The current SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has an article in which it is stated that "this year in America the two million members of more than 6500 consumer cooperatives did business in excess of a million dollars a day."

An amazing growth of the movement in both retail and wholesale distribution is shown. And no less a personage than Edward A. Filene has come out openly for consumer cooperatives, declaring in a recent talk: "By enabling the public to buy more than it has been buying, they will increase production, increase employment and increase the opportunities for business in every line." Here in these cooperatives are little men organizing and playing the same game that their brothers in big business are playing. Under good management something big certainly will come of it.

And Raymond Clapper, whose Washington column "National Affairs" in *The World-Telegram* in New York is syndicated to papers all over the country:

"Muscle In"

Something else is happening which should give private business pause. An article in April SCRIBNER'S, "The Masses Go Into Big Business," tells of the rise of cooperative selling in this country. Some 2,000,000 members of 6500 consumer cooperatives did a business of more than $1,000,000 a day last year. There are 2000 cooperative gas and oil filling stations in the country.

Author Bertram B. Fowler says this is a revolt against profit-taking. Cooperatives sell at the market but the profits, instead of going to absentee stockholders, are returned to consumers in ratio to purchases. The idea long ago became entrenched in Europe. Sweden's success with it is attracting wide attention here through the study of Marquis W. Childs' *Sweden: the Middle Way.*

The cooperative movement discards political action as a method of dealing with economic ills and goes into business for itself. Unlike Socialism, it is a device for bringing down prices without abolishing the profit motive. It merely shifts the seat of the profit motive from the seller to the purchaser. Cooperatives hold second place in Minnesota as statewide distributors of gas and oil. In North Dakota, where they are organized in 88 towns, they lead all private companies in gasoline sales.

This is a kind of undeclared revolution. Instead of attacking the existing private distribution system, the consumers just quietly muscle in on the game themselves.

The Boise, Idaho, *Statesman* says:

An Economic Battle

All over the country steps are being taken, according to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, to combat economic maladjustment not by attempted government action, but through cooperative effort.

The so-called Rochdale cooperative movement recognizes first the basic soundness of the capitalist method of production, and is based upon a feeling that maldistribution is the major trouble with the world today. From there it proceeds to organize huge cooperatives which are designed to overcome this faulty distribution.

The interesting thing about the movement is that it does not depend upon any form of governmental aid. The fellows who have organized these cooperatives have suffered in one way or another from the maladjustment of not only recent years but other depressions, but they do not run howling and squealing to the government; they seek to bind up their own wounds and to take care of their own problems.

It is perhaps significant that England, Scotland, and the Scandinavian countries, traditionally the homes of political liberty, personal independence and self-reliance, are the centers of this movement.

One of the large Scottish cooperatives has its own tea plantation, to say nothing of other producing facilities.

There is no attempt to run without profit; but the profits go back to the stockholders and customers in proportion to their purchases, after a sound reserve is set up and liberal salaries paid.

The scheme is perhaps chimerical for universal adoption, but it has its points, and is interesting as showing what people can do for themselves without governmental interference all the time.

Inis Weed Jones writes from New York:

Praise for the April Issue

Sir: Again my conviction is verified that SCRIBNER'S is America's soundest magazine.

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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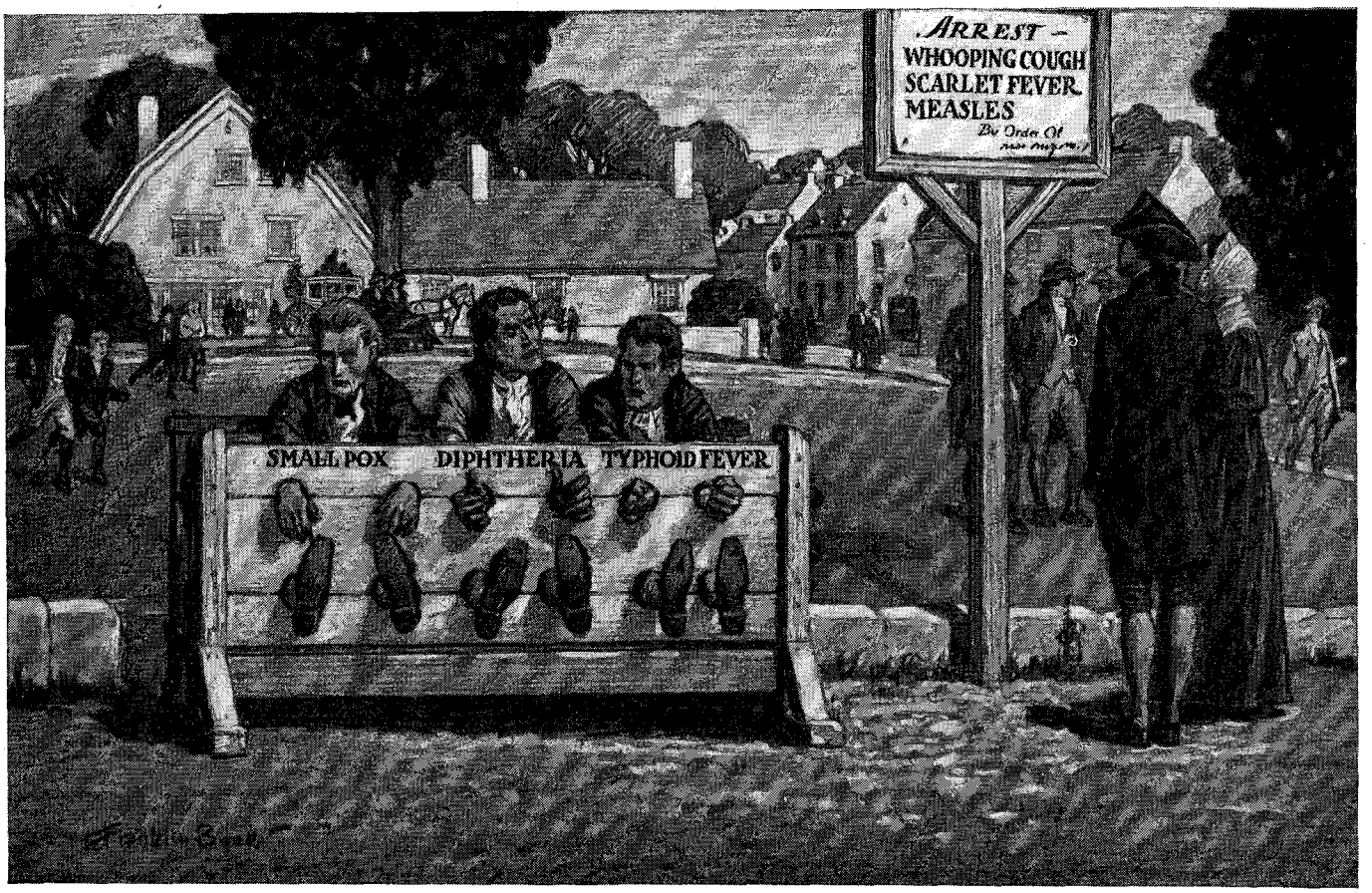


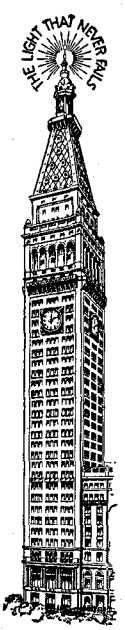
Arrest these Enemies

WHAT wouldn't mothers and fathers have given in Colonial days to guard their children against the diseases which today your doctor can prevent?

Three of the scourges which formerly took thousands of lives can be kept under control. Every child, and adult too, can now be protected against smallpox, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Smallpox has practically disappeared in the States where vaccination is widely practiced. In communities where families ignore this protection, it still smoulders, though protected families are safe.

Diphtheria is rapidly being stamped out by immunization against it. Nevertheless, 3,000 children in this country died of it last year. Have your baby inoculated when he is six months old. A later test will determine whether or not further inoculation is desirable. Then, should diphtheria break out in your neighborhood, he will be immune.



Typhoid claims comparatively few victims except where suitable sanitary and preventive medical practices have been neglected.

Your doctor can tell you of the means that are used to check epidemics of scarlet fever, whooping cough and measles — and of the vaccines, antitoxins and serums which soften the attacks of these diseases and make the after-effects less damaging.

If, when you were little, you escaped serious consequences from any or all of these diseases, you were lucky. Don't let your child run the same risks. At the time of your child's regular physical examination, the doctor will be able to advise concerning immunization and the building up of resistance against disease.

You are welcome to a free copy of "Out of Babyhood Into Childhood." When you ask for it please address Booklet Dept. 536-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from page 320)

group and war against it. Such war is honorable when waged from the outside; it is dishonorable when waged from the inside. In this connection, distinction should be made between actual revolution and desirable change.

Mr. Finley, in his second paragraph, takes exception to my statement that a man owes a duty to his employers simply because they are his employers. I quote his last sentence: "If a teacher believes that the capitalist system should be overthrown, he cannot be intellectually honest if he supports it, even though he has a commercial obligation to do so." I do not see how the commercial obligation can be thus disregarded. If a teacher becomes convinced that the capitalist system should be overthrown, he should be ashamed to get his living by serving it. The intellectually honest—the honorable—procedure, is to break relations with the system and attack it from the outside. This is what Norman Thomas has done, as well as many other able, honest, and admirable socialists. Such men deserve nothing but respect from their opponents. I cannot, for example, imagine Mr. Thomas drawing pay from a conservative institution and at the same time undermining its foundations. He is not only too honest; he is too intelligent.

To many, the article "Philandering Wives" in our February issue appeared, as we felt it was, a warning to those who might be tempted to go and do likewise. To others, it appeared in a different light. From Parkersburg, W. Va., came the following:

Morals of the People

Sir: I have read the article in SCRIBNER'S February issue, "Philandering Wives."

I was surprised and regret that SCRIBNER'S would accept and publish an article of that character.

Is it not the duty of such a publication as yours to consider the morals of our people, especially the young?

This article certainly will have the effect of making many people believe that there is not much wrong in participating in such "affairs" and that it is being done to a very large extent, with the partial security of "birth control," and may influence many to commence indulgence in such practices with the belief that they may thus secure many thrills and forbidden "pleasures" of life without the loss of much of their self respect or honor.

From Mrs. Phœbe Bailey of Urbana, Ill.:

"Take Gold With You"

Sir: I had read your "Philandering Wives" in February's issue and was giving it some thought (smugly, as a successfully married woman would do!) when I met a friend. He is a man close to eighty, who was a leader in educational circles for over forty years and whose experience with life has been varied and deep. And as we talked I spoke tritely and said, "Times have changed." And he agreed that much had indeed changed; that, as a matter of fact, practically everything he now used in his daily life was either new or so changed in form as to be virtually new. "But," he added, "honesty, faith, and good plain thinking do not change."

This is, of course, the answer to Philandering Wife, and obvious when expressed so simply. And I am moved to write these lines, impatiently—that one old enough to be both wife and mother should be so naïvely simple—but also sympathetically; for your Philandering Wife is obviously young and disillusioned. She has been married nine years, she has three small children and life stretches on rather bleakly—and her only error, it would seem, was that she wanted Romance. And unfortunately, she thinks she has a case—that perhaps no other young woman married any number of years from one to nine has felt life was over because Romance had fled. If this were true, I venture to say that even our facile divorce courts could not handle all the cases!

As a matter of fact, her error was not in wanting Romance at any cost, but in failing to do a bit of plain thinking; to differentiate between self pity and a clear view of the situation; and to remember, as my friend said, that honesty and faith do not change with the calendar date.

She will think I am an old fogey whose romance is so far behind that I have forgotten its actuality. She'd be surprised! I'll admit I have almost forty years to my credit; and if hardships seem to lengthen the time, you could add many more. But I have not forgotten.

I entered my own marriage directly from college—a spoiled young thing with no preparation other than a fairly extensive trousseau and a romantic idea of what it was all about. My husband had an assistantship in a large University and earned $1200 a year. I thought of fraternity dances, my position as a "faculty wife," and friends coming into dinner. But the war came and dreadful illness spread all through the community. Prices were so high that our small salary hardly covered necessities. And I never saw my husband except when he was physically and mentally exhausted and when his conversation did not consist mostly of where to find enough ampules of camphorated oil for those students who were ill! And I asked myself wearily at the end of that first year as I scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and turned out apologies for dinners—Where was my beautiful Romance?

Then the war was over and a baby arrived—as babies do. And now my husband must work for Advance Degrees, long weary hours out of each day. At the end of the second year I asked again, How could romance live when you blindly went about from day to day always trying to catch up on dirty dishes and clothes, with the additional responsibility of a baby for whose care you had no training, and with a backache added to your heartache.

The third year and we must pack up and go away for a Doctor's Degree and live (on borrowed money) in three of the most awful furnished rooms I ever hope to see. The trousseau by this time was worn pretty thin, tempers were short in such crowded quarters and dispositions harassed by the insecurity of the future. And then another baby, and illness, and accidents and family difficulties with "his" family and "my" family.

Philandering Wife has recalled to me all these years as I look back over twice the length of her married life. And what does my achievement record say: A happy and completely satisfying home—not luxurious, but comfortable; a husband, successful and well thought of in his profession and admired in his community; two healthy sons of whom I am justly proud; and myself approaching middle age in the security built upon understanding and good faith and not upon the belief that all my difficulties lie conquered in the past. And I have learned that if marriage is a contract, it is also life; that in hard times one must have recourse to something more substantial than material things; and that "if you would sail the Indies for gold, you must take gold with you."

From Ludington, Michigan, comes a letter from Mr. William F. Heldstab:

Romance of a Different Kind

Sir: The confession entitled "Philandering Wives," in your February issue reveals two major errors.

First a wrong appreciation of life's values. Second that sex is the central motivating power of successful married life.

After the writer of this article learns from her experience that her house has tumbled in upon her she vaguely hopes that some will reassure her of what she has secretly believed to be the truth about a true romance. Now she would have some one of the gods say to her: there are values in the marriage relation more wonderful than the gratification of the sex urge.

I suggest that she read again the story of our progress as a nation—and note the powers which drove our fathers and mothers into the face of privation and danger and so to success. What was that dynamic force that made us a nation of home loving citizens, a people of great resources, a people who became the leaders among the nations of the world in much that is grand and good? Indeed it was a romance of a different kind.

The Brownings enjoyed a romance which all of us could rightly covet, two souls united in their pursuit of beauty and truth. This does not exclude the sex expression but puts it in its proper place.

For obvious reasons the following is anonymous:

"In a Trap"

Sir: I have just finished reading in your April issue the four criticisms—all by doctors—of Nancy Hale's story, "Love Is Not Love." It was interesting to me that all the articles were by doctors. I wonder if the doctors know the emotional lives of their patients?

To me Miss Hale's story is only too true. It would be a fair picture of my own life if the positions of the man and woman were reversed! I know because I am the wife of a diabetic. The position of the husband or wife of a diabetic is just as pathetic as Miss Hale makes it in her story. Patients do not reveal their love lives to their doctors. True, the patient seems to enjoy a fairly normal life. But we the husbands and wives are "in a trap!"

From the book *This Man Landon,* by Frederick Palmer:

We know his formal education and the training of his career. But there is another kind of education which comes from reading. Landon goes over lists of books in the advertising pages of the *Atlantic, Harpers,* and SCRIBNER'S and selects the latest books he wants, history, biography, finance, and economics. (For lighter reading he is devoted to O. Henry and likes a detective story.)

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